Jan. 27, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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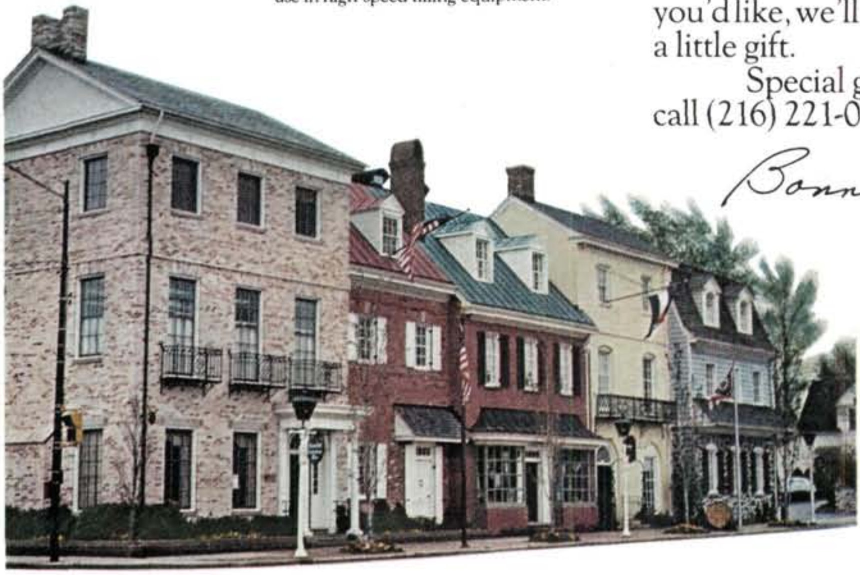

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ALL OVER TOWN—The director, Dustin Hoffman, tries to rescue Murray Schisgal's inept play, but in vain. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BIG WINNER—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2.)

BLACK PICTURE SHOW—Dick Anthony Williams, Carol Cole, Linda Miller, and Albert Hall shine out in a play that is less rich in meaning than its author, Bill Gunn, has tried to make it seem. Mr. Gunn directed. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

BLACK THEATRE SERIES—The last in a series of productions: Roger Furman's "The Long Black Block," performed by the New Heritage Repertory Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, at 8, and final performance Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

BLASTS AND BRAVOS: AN EVENING WITH H. L. MENCKEN—Paul Shyre's able impersonation of Mencken, who took a dark view of his fellow-creatures, nearly always with reason. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—A superlative revival of Tennessee Williams' preposterous and yet immensely entertaining Gothic romance. Elizabeth Ashley is a superb Maggie, and Fred Gwynn's Big Daddy is on a par with Burl Ives' unforgettable original. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 8.)

DANCE WITH ME—A revival of a comedy by Greg Antonacci. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 23. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

DIAMOND STUDS—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A musical, NEW GIRL IN TOWN, by George Abbott and Bob Merrill, based on O'Neill's "Anna Christie," is the fourth show in this season's series of eight. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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EQUUS—A brilliant psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 26.)

GOD'S FAVORITE—Last year, Neil Simon was doing over Chekhov. This year, it is the Book of Job. His confidence in himself is misplaced. Vincent Gardenia is exemplary as a contemporary Job. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

IN PRAISE OF LOVE—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel make Terence Rattigan's little play about marriage in the middle years seem far more substantial than it really is. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MADHOUSE COMPANY OF LONDON—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.)

THE MAGIC SHOW—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

MAN ON THE MOON—A musical by John Phillips, with Mr. Phillips, Genevieve Waite, Monique Van Vooren, and Dennis Doherty, in a production designed by Andy Warhol and directed by Paul Morrissey. Previews through Tuesday, Jan. 28. Opens officially on

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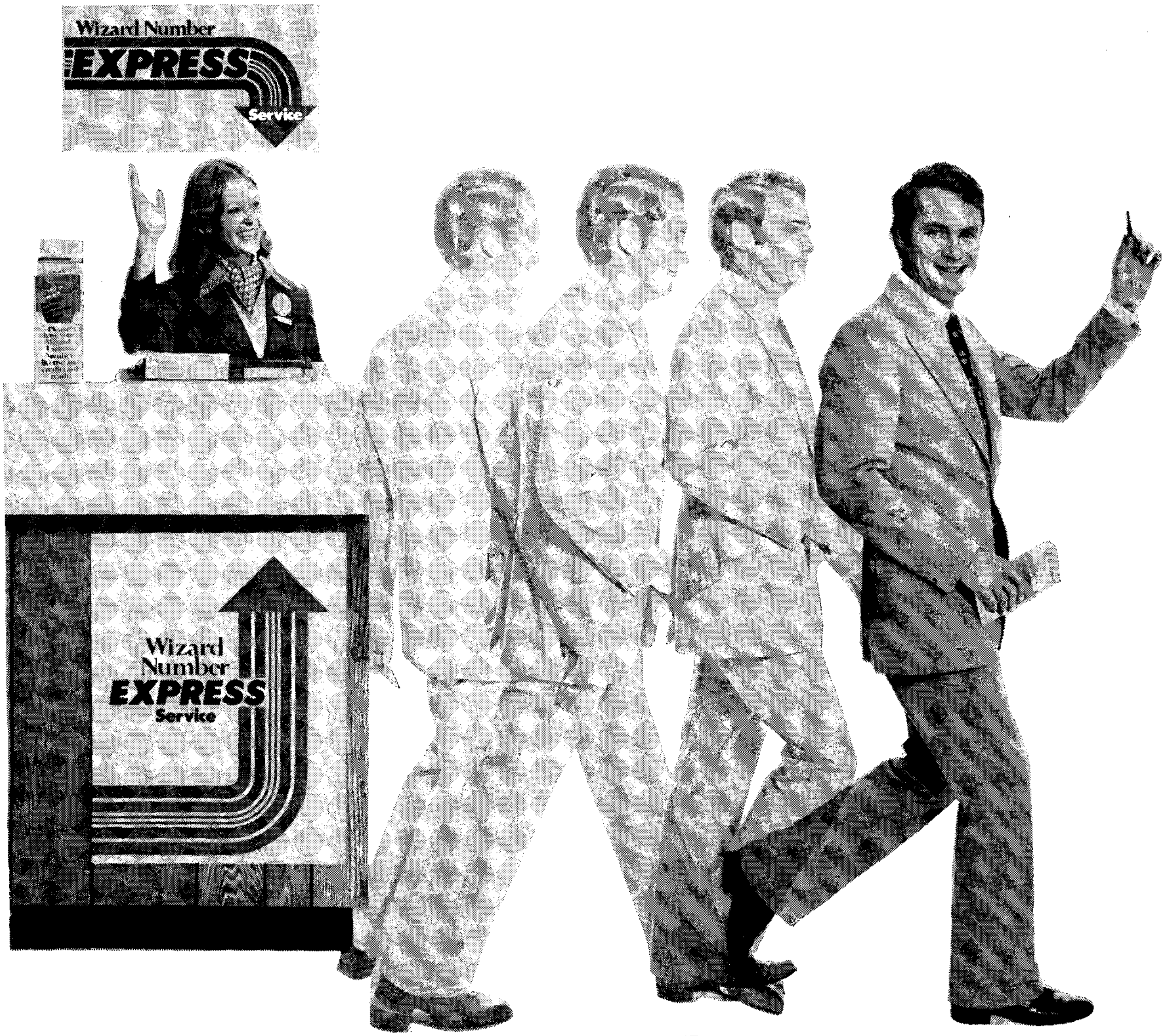

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, Jan. 29. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—In spite of the title, the time is May Day. That's Shakespeare for you. A rambunctious and often very funny version of a lovely comedy. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Of Mice and Men—James Earl Jones and Kevin Conway in a well-nigh perfect revival of the Steinbeck classic. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Philemon—A tenderhearted, overlong musical about a clown in Antioch, some two thousand years ago. By Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, who wrote "The Fantasticks." (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Friday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Pretzels—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Ritz—A comedy by Terrence McNally, with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. Directed by Robert Drivas. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rivals—A revival of Sheridan's first play, now two hundred years old. Very broadly played by a delightful cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

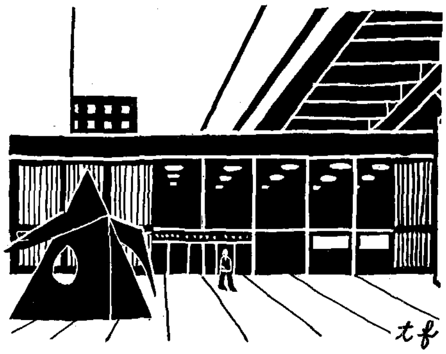
The Seagull and **Our Late Night**—An unsuccessful production of Chekhov's great play, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **THE SEAGULL:** Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 22-25, at 7:30. . . . **OUR LATE NIGHT:** Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 29-30, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 7:30 and 9:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Seascape—A four-character play by Edward Albee, with Deborah Kerr, Barry Nelson, Frank Langella, and Maureen Anderman. Directed by the author. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 25. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 26. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Wood as Holmes and Philip Locke as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Thursday, Jan. 23, at midnight.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD,** a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND,** two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 2 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)



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Tea—A play by Erwin H. Lerner. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 23-26, at 7:30. Free.)

The Ups and Downs of Theophilus Maitland—A musical with a book by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) and music and lyrics by Micki Grant. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Where's Charley?—The Frank Loesser musical of 1948 has been rather uneasily revived, this time with Raul Julia playing the part created by Ray Bolger. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wiz—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Yentl the Yeshiva Boy—A play adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story by Leah Napolin and Mr. Singer. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,137 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-23, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Dybbuk Variations" and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Saltarelli," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Sinfonietta," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 26, at 1: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 28-29, at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Saltarelli," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Pulcinella.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Sinfonietta," and "Prodigal Son.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Bugaku," and "Pulcinella." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Pas de Quatre," "Dark Elegies," "Grand Pas Classique," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Harbinger," "Gemini" (première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Concerto.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Harbinger," "Unfinished Symphony," "Fall River Legend," and "Concerto.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: "Billy the Kid," "Pas de Quatre," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Fall River Legend," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Billy the Kid," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7:30: "Napoli Divertissements," "Fall River Legend," "Gemini," and "Les Patineurs.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Theme and Variations," "Gemini," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Fall River Legend.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Gemini," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: "Concerto," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Napoli Divertissements," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 2.)

Nureyev and Friends—With Merle Park, Louis Falco, leading soloists of the Paul Taylor Dance Company, and others, in the final performances of a five-week engagement. The program: "Apollo," "The Moor's Pavane," "Aureole," and "Flower Festival in Genzano Pas de Deux." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 25.)

Kazuko Hirabayashi Dance Theatre—"Silence" (première), "Nympheas" (première), "Night of the Four Moons with Lone Shadow," and "Mudai." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, at 8.)

Chhau—The masked dance of Bengal, performed by a troupe of twelve. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Monday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Cliff Keuter Dance Company—Friday, Jan. 31, and Sunday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Musete di Taverni," "Visit," "Plaisirs d'Amour," "Murder of George Keuter," and "Voice.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3: "Amazing Grace," "Musete di Taverni," "Plaisirs d'Amour," "Station," and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Burden of Vision." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 598-3060.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Rashied Ali—Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three, Thursdays through Sundays.

David Amram—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). French horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes, with a quartet. Mondays at ten.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Drums, leading the current Messengers. From nine-thirty to two, except Mondays.

Mike Bloomfield—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Electric guitar, with Barry Goldberg, Mark Naftalin, Nick Gravenites, Roger Troy, and others. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 24-26, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Bricktop and Hugh Shannon—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten until two; Shannon is here alone on Tuesdays as well.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays. Beginning Monday, Jan. 27, Max Kaminsky will fill in for Eldridge.

Bill Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, with bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Marty Morrell, at ten, through Sunday, Jan. 26.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Mondays at ten.

Terry Gibbs—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vibraharp, with Barry Harris, Milt Hinton, and Ray Mosca; from nine-fifteen to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine to one.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, except Sundays, beginning Friday, Jan. 24.

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Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Marian McPartland—Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, with a quartet. From nine-forty-five to three, through Saturday, Jan. 25.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Kenny Rankin—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals, guitar, and piano, with a quartet. Starting Friday, Jan. 31, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Irene Reid—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Vocals, with a trio, from nine-forty-five to three, starting Thursday, Jan. 30.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, starting Tuesday, Jan. 28.

Sarah Vaughan—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Vocals with a quintet, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Jack Wilkins and Eddie Gomez—Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Guitar and bass, respectively, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, from ten to two.

Mary Lou Williams—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, through Thursday, Jan. 23.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An excess of nautical bric-a-brac—riggings, ropes, lanterns, nets, some fake fish—hangs from the rafters. On Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Duke Cleamons and his trio provide music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

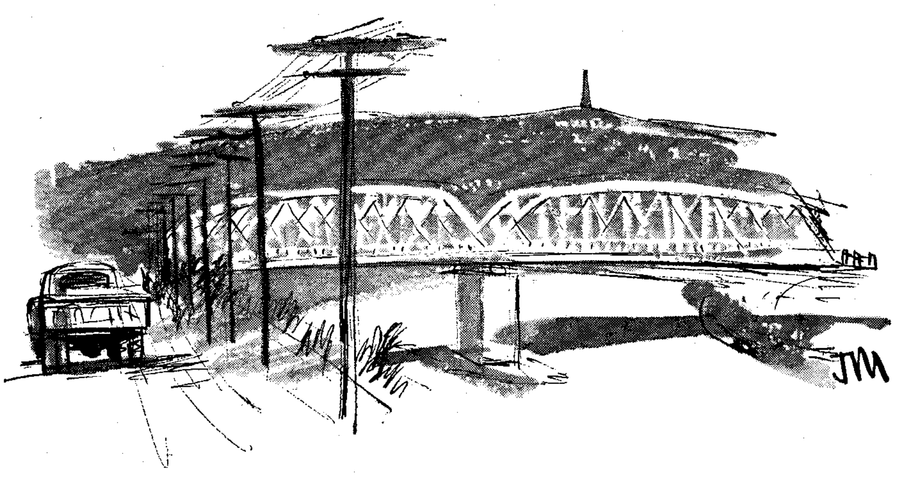
Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. She's here from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head, and she seems to know just about every standard. She could probabl open her own branch of the A.S.C.A.P. musi library. On Mondays, the bar is disassembled to make room for the five or six Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grov Street Stompers—who play here part-time After they've put eight nonmusical hours int other pursuits (like earning a living), thes energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and many others. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St (243-0245)—Trumpeter Joe Newman head up a very fine quartet—guitarist Ted Dunbar, drummer David Lee, and bassist Buste Williams—through Saturday, Jan. 25. Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 27-29, pianist Cedar Walton holds forth with his quartet On Thursday, Jan. 30, onetime Basie vocalis Irene Reid returns to these quarters with he trio. Miss Reid is a clear, authoritative worldly singer with a varied repertoire. He soul numbers are refreshing, primarily because her style is rooted in blues rather than in rococo gospel mannerisms. One of her bes moments takes the form of a lengthy repetition of the line "I'm feeling mighty good!" as her backup crew chugs along playing raw rhythm-and-blues riffs. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays. Soul food.

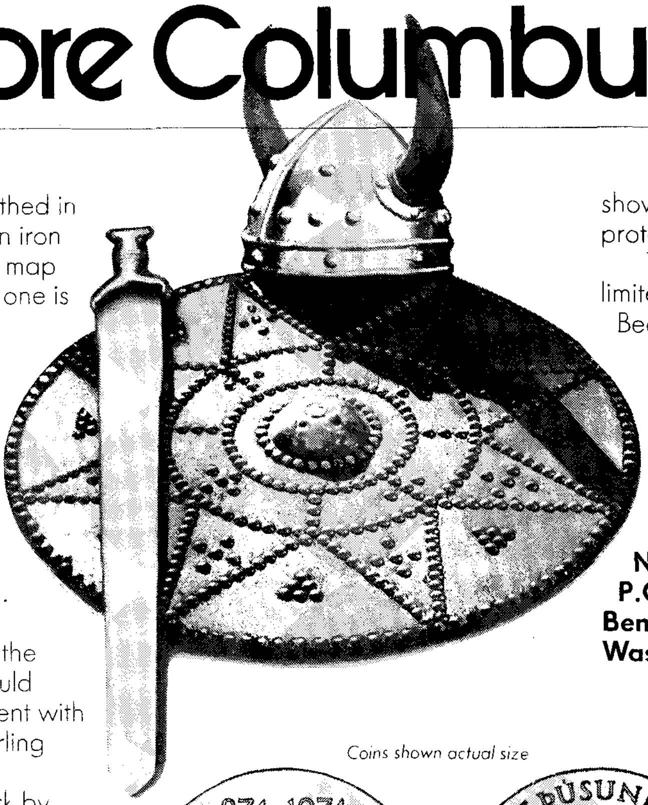
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An aptly named, giant-size concern where hordes of enthusiasts come to hear the latest in rock, folk, and commercially successful jazz. Two rock bands—the Turtle and the Hello People—have the stage to themselves on Wednesday, Jan. 22. Mike Bloomfield, one of the first guitarists of the sixties to perfect the appropriately whining wailing, and sensitive role for the electric guitar in a blues-band context, arrives from the West Coast with a bunch of other rock-and-blues luminaries—Nick Gravenites Mark Naftalin, Barry Goldberg, and Roge Troy, to name a few—on Friday, Jan. 24 Guitarist Don Preston and his band alternate with the Bloomfield crowd through Sunday Jan. 26. From Tuesday through Thursday Jan. 28-30, comic Don Imus trades sets with singer and guitarist Kinky Friedman. Flutis Tim Weisberg comes in to play opposite Kenny Rankin on Friday, Jan. 31. Rankin once simply regarded as a folkie—a contemporary of Donovan and a precursor of James Taylor—sings a wide range of material, from compositions by Antonio Carlos Jobim to Peggy Lee standards like "In the Name of Love." His voice, a delicate tenor, nearly slips into a falsetto at times, and this trai may have disturbed casual listeners in the past. But nowadays his backing musicians are usually quite capable, and his musical taste is invariably right on target. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Thursday Jan. 23, and Monday, Jan. 27. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—This animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar is replete with paintings done in a variety of styles. Piano-bass duos are the current musical fashion: Tom Garvin and Harvey Schwartz perform through Saturday, Jan 25; on Monday, Jan. 27, Al Haig, who was among the first bop pianists and who has resurfaced on the New York music scene during the past couple of years, begins collaborating with bassist Percy Heath. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the slapped and occasionally slapstick bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the **Bemelmans Bar,** Marian McPartland, after weathering five days of playing second banana to Manhattan Transfer in the Café, is now playing piano in a pleasant room that has never housed music before. The move was a splendid decision. The piano has been placed *in medias res*, and it is like listening to her in one's living room. Indeed, the situation is the most agreeable she has had in the twenty years she has played in New York. The result, on opening night, was exceptional music. There were versions of "My Kinda Love," "Indiana," "Blue Room," "Sweet Moonsong," and Dave McKenna's irresistible blues "Cookin' at Michael's Pub,"



It's quite possible that they got here before Columbus did.



A runic inscription unearthed in Minnesota, the remains of an iron smelter in New Brunswick, a map at Yale University. While no one is sure, it seems likely that the Norsemen reached North America in their long dragon prowed ships long before Columbus landed.

We do know that one Ingolfur Arnarson and his brother reached Iceland in 874, about 1100 years ago.

It is fitting therefore that the Central Bank of Iceland should have chosen to mark the event with a special limited issue of sterling silver coinage.

The issue has been struck by the British Royal Mint in proof quality to a standard of ·925 pure silver. The dies have been specially polished and the blanks struck with extra firm pressure to show the designs to best advantage.

A Bull, a Bird, a Dragon, a Giant

In Icelandic mythology the country has four guardian spirits; a bull, a bird, a dragon and a giant. They protect the land from invaders. Now, these protective spirits have been woven into a beautiful design to form the common reverse of both coins in this limited Icelandic anniversary issue.

The coins themselves

They are two in number and in the denominations of 500 and 1000 kronur. They depict two of Iceland's traditional legends.

The 500 kronur coin is 35 mm in diameter and weighs 20 grams. The obverse depicts a woman leading a two year old heifer. By tradition, the distance she could cover between dawn and sunset was the boundary of her land.

The 1000 kronur coin is 39 mm in diameter and weighs 30 grams. The obverse depicts two settlers staking their land claim. A man lit a fire at sunrise, walked all day and lit another at sunset. The distance between the two fires marked the boundaries of his territory.

The Icelandic Anniversary Set

The two coin Icelandic proof set is handsomely packaged in an elegant presentation case which shows the set to advantage and protects it as well.

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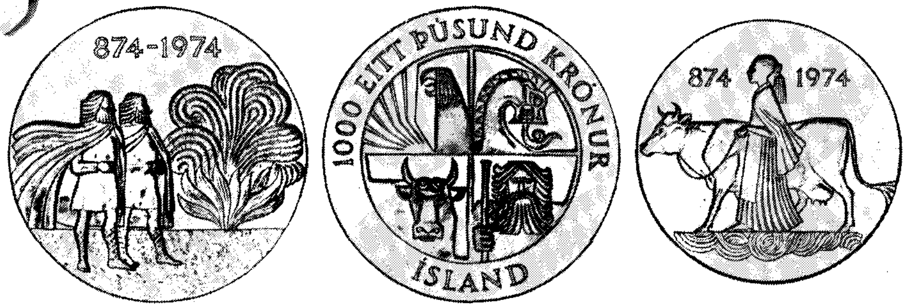

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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as well as two fine songs from Sylvia Syms, who, after she had sat in, declared in trumpet tones, "I haven't heard a pianist this articulate since Art Tatum." Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ**, Manhattan Transfer devotes itself to spirited revivals of thirty- and forty-year-old harmonic-vocal numbers. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Some careers never wear out. Consider the singer Helen Humes. She made her first recording—"Black Cat Moan" and "A Worried Woman's Blues"—in 1927, when she was fourteen. In 1938, she began four years with the greatest of the Count Basie bands, and then she went successfully into Barney Josephson's Café Society Downtown. In the fifties, jobs began to get scarce, but she worked with Jazz at the Philharmonic and did some rhythm-and-blues singing. In the sixties, jobs got very scarce, but she was with Red Norvo for a time, and she spent ten months in Australia. Now she has emerged from semi-retirement to take the first substantial New York night-club engagement she has had in over thirty years. (She will be at the Cookery into April.) She is bigger and sadder and slower, but she is singing better than she ever has. Her voice, which has always been lightsome, in the manner of Mildred Bailey, retains its remarkable purity, and so does her diction. It is a small voice, a birdy voice, but she makes it sound big and rounded. She does this with her admirable sense of dynamics, which, particularly on ballads, allows her to skim from a near-whisper to what in contrast seems a shout. And she does it by taking extraordinary chances and carrying them off—the way, for instance, that she will start a second chorus of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" by hanging back three or four beats and then catching up with a sort of hurrying legato phrase. She is an exciting singer, and it is clear where the early, electric Dinah Washington came from. Helen Humes' material includes blues of all species and moods, and such indestructible songs as "You're Drivin' Me Crazy," "If I Could Be with You," "The Nearness of You," "Birth of the Blues," and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter." Ellis Larkins, fresh from keeping Anita Ellis on course at the Bird Cage, in Michael's Pub, is her accompanist, and, as always, he is a marvel. When she "shouts" a blues, he swells discriminately; when she idles through "If I Could Be with You," he grows mournful and dark; and when she sings a lullaby-ballad, he is all silks and sachets. Mary Lou Williams, whose landmark status becomes her, gives way to Helen Humes and Larkins on Friday, Jan. 24. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Little changed in some twenty years, this spacious and inelegant jazz preserve has recently reopened. The most striking addition is a red-and-white specimen of campaign-button art, nearly three feet in diameter, emblazoned with "FIVE SPOT" and hanging on the back wall of the bandstand. Drummer Art Blakey and his current version of the Jazz Messengers deliver some straight-ahead mainstream missiles Tuesdays through Sundays. Pianist Dave Matthews is in charge of a twelve-piece band that storms the place on Monday nights. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese food.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, bassist Wilbur Little, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, who has spent considerable time with George Shearing's group, plays from six to nine Mondays through Saturdays. Snacks.

JACQUES AT THE VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—The operations at Jacques, a little retreat formerly in business further west down Bleecker, have been transferred to the Village Corner, a pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated in the corner at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Max Kaminsky will fill in for Eldridge for two weeks, starting Monday, Jan. 27. Sundays, Kaminsky's Dixieland Band holds forth from eight to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Vibraharpist and West Coast innovator Terry Gibbs is heading up a quartet that includes pianist Barry Harris, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ray Mosca. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band celebrates Dixieland jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **BIRD CAGE**, Larry Kert sings at nine-forty-five and eleven, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A restaurant on the tag end of a one-story, mall-like building that also houses a five-and-ten and other shops, and that looks like an afterthought sitting in the midst of upper-West Side high-rise urban renewal. A rhythm-and-blues quartet composed of four fine studio musicians—Cornell Dupree, Gordon Edwards, Richard Tee, and Chris Parker—performs through Wednesday, Jan. 29. Music from ten until three.

MUSIC ROOM, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—The greatest hits of the fifteenth century—and some occasional ragtime, folk, and atonal music thrown in—are likely to be heard in this modest little restaurant and bar from seven until eleven (from six on Sundays). Many of the young professional musicians and singers who are here to display their skills (which vary in degree) in small ensembles or as soloists normally perform with such musical monoliths as the New York City Opera Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and the American Symphony Orchestra. A basket placed near the front of the dining room serves as a kitty, where patrons—mostly Columbia-area residents and upper-West Side musicians—can drop contributions. Solo lutanists, pianists, singers, and guitarists abound during the week; Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for chamber trios.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans, with shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Actress, director, and consultant to the New York Public Theatre Novella Nelson winds up her latest singing stint after Saturday, Jan. 25. She is aided, as always, by a supporting trio led by bassist Richard Davis. On Tuesday, Jan. 28, singer and pianist Peter Allen returns with his repertoire of bittersweet, schlock-chic (or is it chic-schlock?) compositions and his Elton John mannerisms. On Sundays, Joanne Baretta sings at nine and eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

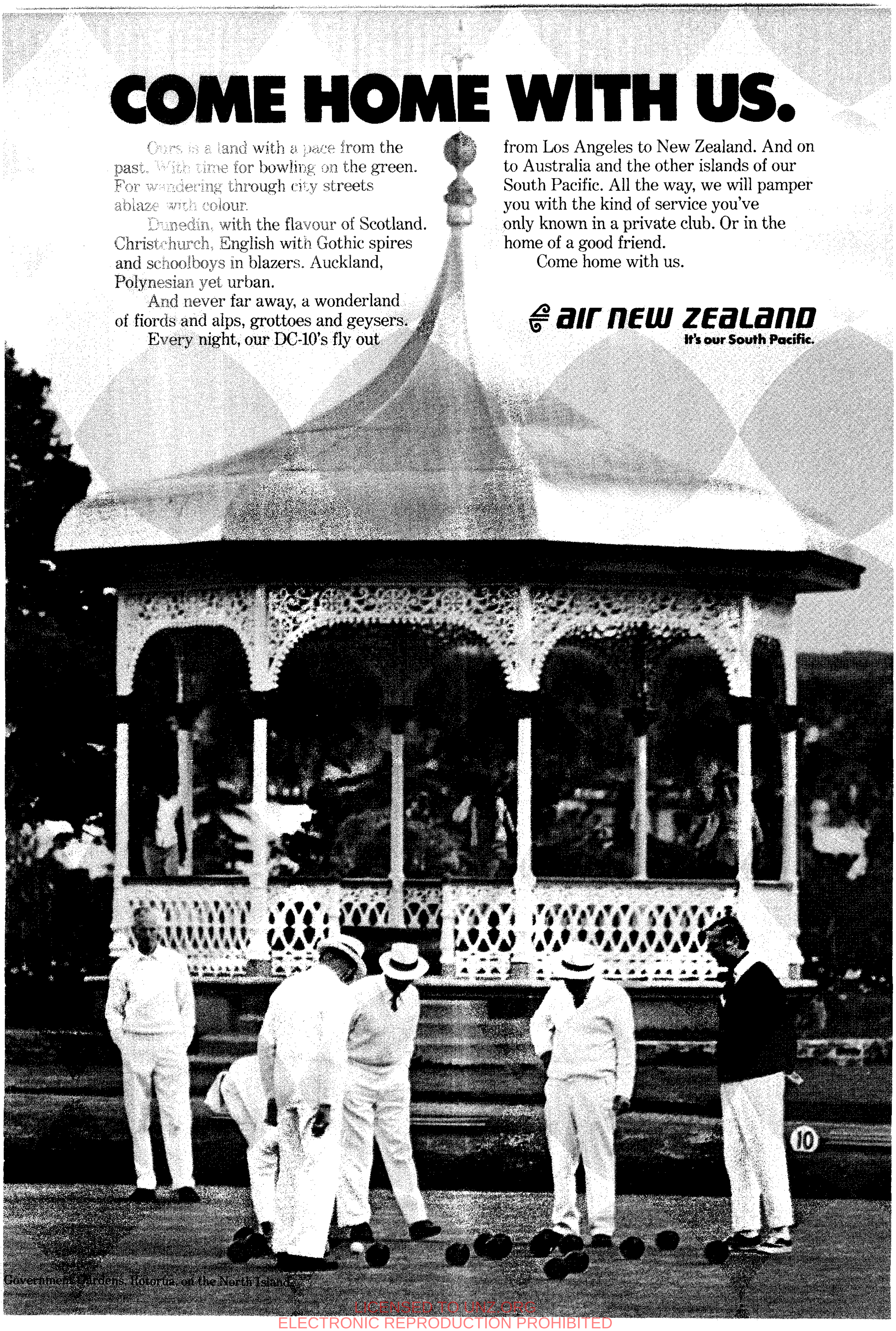
ST. JAMES INFIRMARY, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A jazz hideaway situated in a properly sombre basement but with an uplifting décor—a colorful wall of Art Deco cutouts and tables covered with glistening white cloths. David Amram, who seems to enjoy playing his many different kinds of music as much as his audiences enjoy listening to them, is joined by guitarist Charlie Chin, bassist Brian Torff, and others on Monday nights. His music is derived from Brazil, the Middle East, the West Indies, and the street; some of his compositions are "Horn & Hardart Succotash Blues," "Tompkins Square Park Consciousness Expander," the theme from "Pull My Daisy" (an underground film classic), and the waltz from Arthur Miller's "After the Fall." On Wednesdays and Thursdays, pianist Mike Longo works with a bassist. (On Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 29-30, the bassist will be Ron Carter.) The music begins at ten.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Bricktop, a woman with a past, is transforming these two small rooms above a Greek-French restaurant into a saloon of almost museum-like chic. A star fixture of her own Paris club (Bricktop's) in the twenties and thirties, and, after the war, proprietress of a similarly named bistro in Rome, she remains, at eighty, as pungent and as forceful with a song as ever. She sings without a microphone, establishing an immediate intimacy that is more electric than anything younger club-goers may be accustomed to. When she crosses the room to sing at one's table, as she invariably does, it's serious business—there's nothing campy about it. She generates a world that most of us have only experienced thirdhand and diluted in films of the forties. Hugh Shannon, who is himself no spring chicken, is the singer-pianist who accompanies and sings along with Bricktop. An international café-society luminary in his own right, he can serve up a frivolous salad of Porter or Hart with just the right touch of condiments. Shannon performs from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Bricktop makes her appearance Wednesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his young, enthusiastic musical coterie. Alto and soprano saxophonist Lee Konitz is here on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, pianist Albert Dailey leads a trio, and on the following Friday and Saturday (Jan. 31-Feb. 1), singer Bobby Hill comes in with a trio. Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

STUDIO 77/ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful posters and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty and intense music of Rashied Ali and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilson, saxophonist James Vass, and pianist David Durrah. Ali was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of that innovator's career, and Ali has since used Coltrane's Ultima Thule as a base camp for further reconnoiterings. Music for

MAURICE FREED



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the adventurous Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soft drinks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Those who might mistake this exurban-looking establishment for a natural-foods vegetarian-hash house and, as a result, be put off will be pleased to learn that it is not only an exemplary restaurant and bar but a first-rate listening room. On Wednesdays from nine to one, guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli offers meticulously crafted solos that evolve from his classical structuring of standard jazz tunes. He has been compared with George Van Eps, a pre-electric picker of the thirties who relied on chordal rather than single-string melodic techniques. (In fact, Pizzarelli's electric guitar is a Van Eps seven-string model.) On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, pianist Dick Katz works with bassist Chuck Israels from ten to two. Two sprightly, experienced young musicians—Jack Wilkins and Eddie Gomez—perform on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1. Wilkins was the guitarist for Buddy Rich's septet last year, and Gomez, a longtime one-third of the Bill Evans trio, is one of the most colorful new virtuosos on acoustic bass.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Bill Evans' trio plays some of that jazz through Sunday, Jan. 26. On Tuesday, Jan. 28, pianist McCoy Tyner, another rigorous Coltrane alumnus and one who has become firmly established in the front ranks of contemporary pianists, descends the stairs with his quartet. The Monday-night slot has been turned over to Gil Evans and his wonderfully up-to-date fifteen-piece aggregation. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Neil Fox works with a bassist Mondays through Wednesdays. Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Nat Jones and *his* bassist take on the musical chores. The music runs from eight to two. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg, when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and pianist Dill Jones on Mondays and Tuesdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, frolics with bassist Ted Cromwell and drummer Ronnie Cole. A bop quintet takes the stand on Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays boogie-woogie master Sammy Price performs with drummer Jo Jones and tenorman Paul Quinichette. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café**, pianist Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Steven Weltner plays solo piano Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dinnertime singing (and suppertime singing, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) in the **persian room** is being done by Hildegarde. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the **plaza restaurant**, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the **palm court**, from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while Ruth Andrews provides the piano music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does an additional stint on Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

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Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday. Miss Fell's final night will be Friday, Jan. 31.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sarah Vaughan does the carolling at dinner and supper in the **maisonette**. Anthony Terini's band provides the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Pianist Joan St. James plays in the **st. regis room** Tuesdays through Saturdays, from seven to midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Michèle Amateau—Oil and sand paintings on canvas, some with shapes suggesting vegetable forms; first solo show here. Through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Karel Appel—Oil paintings from the early sixties by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through Feb. 15. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Birmelin—A series of paintings and drawings entitled "Apartment Living" and dealing with some of the more unusual problems related thereto. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

David Lee Brown—Abstract steel sculptures. Through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Abstract paintings from the nineteen-thirties. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Peter Campus—A closed-circuit installation of cameras and projectors in which the viewer is a participant. Through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Dado—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world, done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Oscar de Mejo—Naïve paintings of sports scenes. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Simon Dinnerstein—Detailed, realistic paintings and drawings. A large triptych, in which the artist and his family figure, is the focal point of the exhibit; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jud Fine—Sculptures, and a single sixteen-foot painting done in various mediums; also, a series of collage and pencil drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Sam Francis—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, executed in the fifties. Through Tuesday, Jan. 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lionel Gilbert—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Chaim Gross—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Satish Gujral—Constructions made of wood covered with thin sheets of iron that have been baked in a kiln with color dyes and filings of different metals, giving them textural effects, by an Indian artist. Through Feb. 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Tom Hardy—Welded-bronze pieces. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gillian Jagger—Large abstractions made from nylon fibre and based on the anatomy of the horse. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Floyd Johnson—Stained and sprayed abstract paintings in a bannerlike format. Through Feb. 22. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Bronze and terra-cotta genre sculptures. Through Feb. 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Henri Michaux—Paintings done with India ink and acrylics. Through Feb. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Henry Moore—Recent lithographs and etchings by the British sculptor. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Motherwell—Recent paintings and collages that reflect the artist's calm, unhurried strength and self-assurance. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Kevin Pearsh—Abstract paintings with seemingly furtive references to the figure by an Australian; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lee Savage—Paintings of figures, including several "Bicentennial" notables, among them the Father of Our Country as naked as a jaybird. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Salvatore Scarpitta—Eight life-size sleds, constructed from wood and other materials, plus some large cut-out-canvas wall pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

William Scott—Drawings (abstracts, still-lifes, figures) in blue gouache, pencil, ink, and charcoal. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Vincent Smith—Watercolors of African scenes. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Jill Spelman—Abstract paintings. Some of them are placed at angles and touch along one edge in a way to complement each other. Through Feb. 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Sergio Gonzalez Tornero—Surrealistic paintings by a Chilean artist who lives in this country; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 8. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Wood and painted-wood constructions derived from the form of the automobile, plus some drawings. Through Feb. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Cora Kelley Ward—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Halsted S. Welles—Carved sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

David X. Young / Herbert Kallem—Semi-abstract paintings, mostly with distinct figurative elements, and a group of watercolors done in Haiti. / Small metal "found" sculptures, including a bristly bird with a pair of tin shears for a beak and pitchfork prongs for a tail. Through Feb. 15. (Summerhalt, 143 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by James Rosenquist, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **babcock**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Clyde Lynds. Through Wednesday, Jan. 29. . . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Hugo Consuegra, Carmen Herrera, and four other Cuban artists who work in New York. Through Feb. 23. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **deitcher**, 20 E. 67th St.: Drawings, mostly, by Fernando Botero, Oscar Bluemner, Christo, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **fairtree**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: An exhibit of works by over thirty-five contemporary craftsmen from different parts of the country includes ceramics, carved-wood figures, quilts, and embroidery pieces. Through March 1. . . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A diversified exhibit that includes oils by Léger, gouaches by Calder, and bronzes by Maillol. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of European portraiture (both paintings and sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through March 1. . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings dating from 1915 to 1920 by Patrick Henry Bruce, James H. Daugherty, Jan Matulka, and Jay Van Everen. Through Thursday, Jan. 30. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Richard Hickam and Jon Friedman, and constructions by Maureen McCabe. Through Friday, Jan. 31. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Matta, Kokoschka, and Picasso. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Drawings by five artists—Billy Al Bengston, John Duff, Pierre Haubensak, Frederick Wardy, and Mia Westerlund. Through Feb. 8. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, and other Americans. Through Feb. 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ALLAN D'ARCANGELO—Large, hard-edge abstractions, based on steel girders and cables and imbued with an illusion of depth, by an artist associated with the Pop movement in the sixties, when he painted a series of abstractions based on the American highway. The new works have a tense, problem-solving atmosphere that is a reflection of and commentary on their subject matter. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

ELEANOR ANTIN—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 8. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM-ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU (1825-1905)—A show of seven works by the nineteenth-century French Salon painter. It is running concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract paintings that stress color and texture. Starts Saturday, Jan. 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

KATHLEEN COOKE—Drawings of animals and nudes. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

PAUL FEELEY (1910-66)—Paintings of emblematic color structures. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

HERBERT FERBER / ATTILIO SALEMME (1911-55)—New welded-steel sculptures. / Drawings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARY FRANK—An assortment of terra-cotta heads, torsos, arms, and legs, assembled into six large, sensual reclining figures, mostly female. This technique, born of necessity (the artist's kiln was too small to fire the works as a whole), results in a pleasant fluidity of composition. Through Feb. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

MATTA—A comprehensive show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures done over the last forty years by this noted Chilean Surrealist. Through Feb. 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DONA NELSON—Abstract paintings usually based on a grid and striking a balance between symmetrical and asymmetrical elements. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

JO ANNE SCHNEIDER / BEVERLY CHESLER—Paintings, some of shoes, others of brooms and dustpans. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. / Figurative collages, with emphasis on the female nude form. Through Feb. 8. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

TIGER TATEISHI—Paintings by a Japanese artist, now resident in Italy, who imparts a curious Oriental wit and flavor to the surrealist manner in which he paints; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

ROBERT VICKREY—Realist egg-tempera paintings: expertly rendered sun-kissed children, nuns with headdresses like gull wings, and a sombre, change-of-pace picture or two. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN WILLENBECHER—Constructions of geometric forms (pyramids, balls, rectangles) in a funereal mood and mostly in homage to the eighteenth-century French architect Etienne-Louis Boullée, whose celebrated works included a design (never executed) for a memorial to Sir Isaac Newton in the form of a gigantic sphere, big enough for people to walk around in. Through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 231 E. 60th St.: Paintings and drawings by Bierstadt, Prendergast, Homer, and others. Through Feb. 8. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Alice Neel, Jack Beal, and Elaine de Kooning are among the painters represented in an exhibit of informal portraits of the artists' families and friends. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: An unusually rich collection of paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Europeans, including practically every Name you can think of—Klee, Léger, Picasso, Arp, Delvaux, Giacometti, and so on. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—At the **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Calder, Cornell, Nevelson, Noguchi, and David Smith. Through Feb. 22. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Pieces by Chryssa, Robert Indiana, George Rickey, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 25.

GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE—"Words in the Forms of Poems" is the title of this show, and the words are certainly there, by the thousand, neatly typed and posted on the gallery walls; the poetry must be in the eye of the beholder. Through Feb. 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT BLUE—Realistic airbrushed paintings of women disporting themselves in sadomasochistic attitudes; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

BRUCE BOICE—Acrylics on canvas; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

TOM BOUTIS—Explorations of the square, done in pale acrylics and with strips of the canvas left unpainted. Through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

HOWARD BUCHWALD—Oil paintings, each of a geometric form in a square or rectangular field. Through Feb. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

ARTHUR COHEN—Large paintings of architectural details in a chapel of St. John in Lateran, in Rome, which this young American artist has been engrossed with for several years; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 5. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway.)

DEAN FLEMING—Abstract acrylic paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

EMILY FULLER / JOAN GARDNER—Paint and metal powders, cut-glass tinsel, sand, and flour are sewn into sleeves of plastic sheeting that are suspended in groups from the walls and ceiling. / Drawings, some of which served as inspirations for the images in an animated color film by the artist, which is also on view. Through Wednesday, Jan. 29. (55 Mercer Street.)

MARY ANN GILLIES / LUCY SALLICK—Sculptural structures made of welding rods covered with macramé. / Still-lifes. Through Feb. 12. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

BARBARA KRUGER—Sewn-and-painted wall constructions. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

MARY MANN / HELEN IRANYI—Lightweight sculptures, predominantly of fibre glass, that are suspended and that move. / Abstract paintings done in bright, translucent colors. Through Thursday, Jan. 30. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—Three installations that incorporate, among other things, films, moving objects, and sound. Through Wednesday, Jan. 29. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

MIMI SMITH / GARY WILLIAM SMITH—Wall drawings of household objects, executed in string and tape measures. / Squinched-up-looking floor pieces made of sorely abused chairs. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

JOAN WITEK—Black-and-white drawings, paintings, and constructions, all on the theme of the square. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: David Novros has selected this show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Mark di Suvero and Joanna Pousette-Dart. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Works on paper by Kes Zapkus, and paintings by James Dearing and Elizabeth Murray. Through Feb. 5. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Jake Berthot, sculptures by Don Sunseri, photographs by Thomas Arndt, and conceptual objects by Al Souza. Through Saturday, Jan. 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

DAVID ALEXANDER / PAUL NARKIEWICZ—Paintings, including a twelve-foot diptych entitled "Waterlilies." / A series of oil and watercolor landscapes. Through Tuesday, Jan. 28. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

KENNETH NOLAND—Paintings done early in his continuing struggle with the circle. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

DAVID SLIVKA—Painted-wood sculptures, one, monumental in size, exhibited outside, and four smaller works inside. Through Feb. 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. . . . ¶ Another enormous piece, entitled "Machu Picchu," at Grace Plaza, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.)

RICHARD VAN BUREN—Strange shapes, some resembling oversize insects, in poured-and-pigmented fibre glass. Through Thursday, Jan. 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

GROUP SHOW—Traditional African art (masks, figures, and so forth) from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JARED BARK—Pictures taken in photo booths. Some are of the inhabitants of the various cities the artist visited as he travelled along the coast of California. Others are abstract images. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

RUTH BREIL—Photographs. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Portogallo, 72 W. 45th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LEE FRIEDLANDER—Photographs taken within the last decade. Through Feb. 9. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

NANCY HELLEBRAND / BRETT WESTON—Portraits of London working-class people. / Abstractions based on natural and structural forms, by a son of Edward Weston. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EVA RUBINSTEIN AND JOSEPH SALTZER—Photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A retrospective exhibition of more than a hundred and twenty-five prints. Through March 1. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **elliott**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Man Ray, T. H. Emerson, and Julia M. Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty photographs. Through March 1. (Open Mondays.)... **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Three shows: photographs by Cartier-Bresson taken in Russia during visits in 1954 and 1973; "Classics of Documentary Photography" by Robert Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, Werner Bischof, and Dan Weiner; and color photographs by, among others, Ernst Haas, Gordon Parks, Marc Riboud, Howard Sochurek, and Jay Maisel. All through Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.)... **midtown y gallery**, 344 E. 14th St.: A large exhibition called "Coming of Age in America: A Critical Exhibition Comparing Our Attitudes Toward Youth and Aging." Through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)... **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Phillip Leonian, Kenneth Lipston, John Mast, Paul Zengara, and others. Through Tuesday, Jan. 28. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extraordinary exhibition called "The Great Wave" shows more exactly than has ever been shown before the influence of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese Ukiyo-e woodcuts on nineteenth-century French Impressionists. Woodcuts by Utamaro, Hokusai, Harunobu, Hiroshige, and others have been hung next to prints by Cassatt, Degas, Manet, Bonnard, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Vuillard—woodcuts that could have been the very ones that the Impressionists had in mind (or before them) as they worked. Excellent typewritten signs accompany the works, written by Colta Feller Ives, who prepared the exhibition and is the author of a book based on it for sale at the museum. Through May 11....¶ An exhibit jointly organized by the museum and the National Museums of France to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. It includes works from the museum and from the Louvre, as well as from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Some, such as Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," have never before been shown in this country. Through Feb. 16....¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31....¶ Five small, luminous paintings of scenes closely observed from nature by a young California realist, Maxwell Hendler, make up the first in a series of exhibits focussing on artists whose achievements are not yet recognized by the general public. Through Feb. 2....¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—An enormous Man Ray retrospective, occupying three floors, of paintings, drawings, collages, assemblages, ready-mades, rayographs, and photographs. Through March 2....¶ Visitors to the Man Ray show are also unwitting visitors to an exhibition of twenty-three paintings by the French Salon artist William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905) on the fifth floor, where the elevator operator, deaf to all pleas and remonstrances, ejects all passengers. The pictures with nude women and children in them, such as "Nymphs and Satyr" and "Alma Parens," have a certain redeeming pornographic value, but most of the stuff is plain laughable (though not all that funny) nineteenth-century bathos. Seven more works by Bouguereau can be seen upstairs at the Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St., through Saturday, Feb. 1, and a work called "Song of the Angels" is on permanent view in a chapel at the Forest Lawn Memorial Park and Cemetery, in Hollywood Hills, California. Through Feb. 2. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—American prints (1913-63), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including optical works in which stationary forms (mainly squares and bars) appear to move and change shape, plus an enormous new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Sunday, Jan. 26.... ¶ Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The first stage of a biennial survey of contemporary American art (including paintings, sculptures, and video tapes) by artists who have not had solo shows in New York and have not participated in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. Through March 23. The second stage will open Monday, Jan. 27, and the third stage, Tuesday, Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles), on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

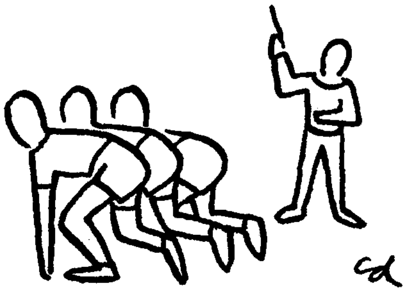
Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Through March 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Sunday, Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Forms in Metal," a joint exhibit with the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, is a show of utilitarian objects made between 1700 and the nineteen-forties (for instance, a silver mug by Paul Revere and a pewter soap box by Ashbil Griswold), on loan from museums and private collections. Through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty volumes—novels, scientific works, nature studies—demonstrating the first use (in 1844) and later progress (through 1914) of photography as illustration. Through Feb. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of photographs, taken in May, 1938, of the large apartment in Vienna where Sigmund Freud lived and worked for nearly fifty years. Through Sunday, Jan. 26....¶ Thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)



Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager....¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection....¶ A small display of various early editions (including a first edition of 1516) of Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." All through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—In a joint effort with the Finch College Museum of Art, this museum is showing functional and sculptural pieces made by metalsmiths from 1940 to the present.... ¶ A selection of stained-glass panels designed and made by Robert Sowers. Both through March 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage includes costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30.... ¶ Paper toys, among them dolls, doll houses, animals, games, and puzzles, dating from the early nineteenth century. Through March 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display observing the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Frost. Among the articles on view are manuscripts, first editions, and correspondence. Through Friday, Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)...¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

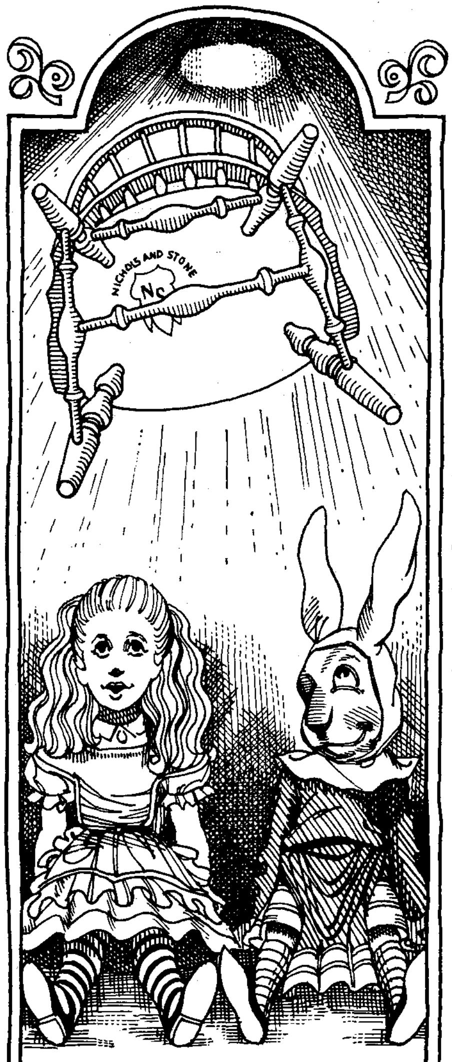
New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A show of models and sketches by contemporary scene and costume designers. Two notable exhibits are Ming Cho Lee's set for "Boris Godunov" and David Mitchell's set for "Short Eyes." Through March 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 22: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; conducted by Thomas Schippers....¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 23: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kanawa, Roberta Peters, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf....¶ Friday evening, Jan. 24: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Loretta Di Franco, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling....¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 25: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers....¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 25: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 27: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine....¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 28: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; Max Rudolf....¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 29: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carlo



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bergonzi, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 30: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Loretta Di Franco, Irene Dalis, Frank Guarrera, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 31: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 1: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kanawa, Roberta Peters, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 1: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carlo Bergonzi, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 24, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 7:30 (all with Nicanor Zabaleta, harp, and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute). ... ¶ Bernard Haitink conducting on Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 31, at 2; *Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb.* 4, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Aldo Ceccato conducting—Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8: With, among others, Janice Yoes, soprano; Ara Berberian, bass; and the Wayne State University Symphonic Choir.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8: With Lorin Hollander, piano.

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a performance of Strauss's opera "Daphne" in concert form, with Elisabeth Carron, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Richard Kness, tenor; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 7:30.)

Israel Chamber Orchestra—Gary Bertini conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

All-Beethoven Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Charles Treger, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

New and Newer Music—Harvey Sollberger conducting, with Janet Steele, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2:30.)

Light Fantastic Players—Daniel Shulman conducting a chamber orchestra. (Horace Mann Auditorium, Teachers College, Broadway at 120th St. Monday, Jan. 27, at 8. For tickets, call 865-6793.)

New Music—Pierre Boulez conducting two programs of premières and second hearings. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30: The Juilliard Ensemble, at the Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30: The Juilliard Orchestra, at Alice Tully Hall. (For free tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Ruth Laredo, piano, and Hamao Fujiwara, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—William H. Scheide directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

RECITALS

John Wion—Flute, with the Tokyo String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French chamber music for winds. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Grigory Sokolov—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Rey de la Torre—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery *Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Jan. 24,* at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Grete Sultan—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony Orchestra—The second in a series of six concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

LaSalle Quartet—The second in a series of four concerts presenting the complete quartets of Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Bach Collegium of New York—The second in a series of three all-Bach programs performed by Judith Hubbell, soprano; Yuval Waldman, violin; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Robert Miller—Piano, in the second in a series of three programs of contemporary American music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Syntagma Musicum of Amsterdam—An instrumental and vocal ensemble in a program of medieval and Renaissance music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Vladimir Spivakov—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 5:45: **SYLVIA SYMS**.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 5:45: **LINDA HOPKINS**.

Sly and the Family Stone—With Kool & the Gang. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Final performance Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

J. Geils Band—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3.

Bucky Pizzarelli—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The second of two programs of the music of Count Basie, this one covering the years 1950 to 1970, with Joe Newman, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, and Helen Humes. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

Linda Ronstadt and Tom Rush—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7.

Barbara Cook—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 26, at 8.

The Crusaders and Charles Earland—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.

Eddie Martinez and the Contemporary Latin Jazz Ensemble—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.

Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Charlie Daniels Band—Academy of Music. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8.

Melba Moore—With Bobbi Humphrey. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Country in New York—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Roy Clark, Diana Trask, and Buck Trent. (Felt Fôrum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 7.)

Joe Walsh and R.E.O. Speedwagon—Academy of Music. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Kansas City-Omaha, Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Feb. 1, at 1:30.... **NAS-**

SAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:05.

Darts—United States Open Darts Championship. (Marc Ballroom, 27 Union Square. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25-26, at noon. Tickets at the door.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Thursday, Jan. 23, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Jan. 26, at 7:05. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8:05.

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1; through Saturday, May 31. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 15.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 31, at 6:45.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25-26, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Feb. 1, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 866-0016.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Everybody, Everybody." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 1 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Harvey Shapiro and Theodore Weiss reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 27, at 8.) . . . ¶ W. S. Merwin reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 8. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Winter Antiques Show—American, English, Continental, and Oriental furniture and decorations, plus several complete room settings. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 24, through Sunday, Feb. 2. Weekdays, noon to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Jan. 23, at 2: Japanese swords, fittings, and armor, and Japanese, Korean, Tibetan, Nepalese, Indian, and Southeast Asian works of art; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 23, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: Chinese paintings, snuff bottles, and works of art; Japanese, Chinese, and Korean furniture; decorations; and rugs. From several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 10:15: Haitian paintings, from many owners. Seventy-seven of these wildly colorful and imaginative primitives are now on display in the lobby and on the third floor. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 2: American, English, and Continental silver; from various sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 23.

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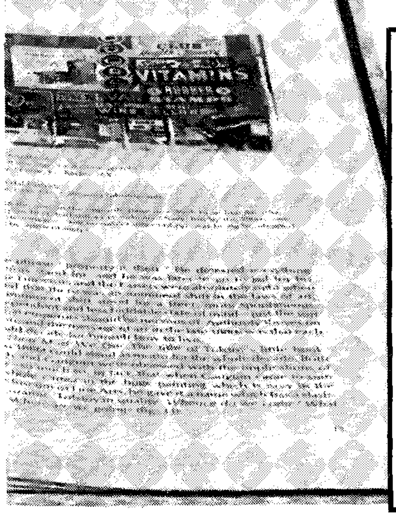

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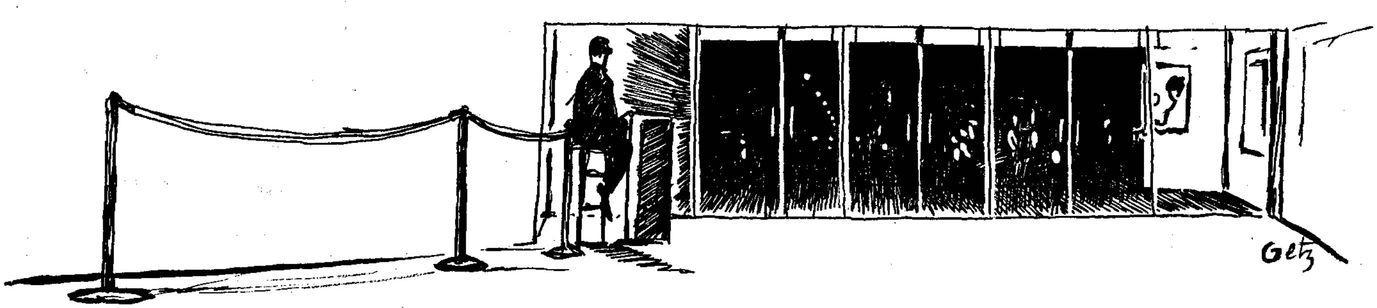


THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 26: "Scenes from a Marriage."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 25: "M" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much."
Jan. 26-28: "Algiers" and "Ecstasy."
From Jan. 29: "Pygmalion" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 28: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" and "Juggernaut."
From Jan. 29 (tentative): "The Odessa File" and "Law and Disorder."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Brother of the Wind."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 26: "Death Wish."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 28: "Young Frankenstein."
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Steppenwolf."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Jan. 28: "Young Frankenstein."
From Jan. 29: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front Page."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Macon County Line."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Jan. 28: "The Man with the Golden Gun."
From Jan. 29: "The Street Fighter."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Brother of the Wind."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Through Jan. 26: "Badlands" and "Rebel Without a Cause."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: "Faustine."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Jan. 26: "A Woman Under the Influence."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: "A Woman Under the Influence."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Blazing Saddles."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 25: "Lacombe, Lucien."
From Jan. 26: "Love at the Top."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Godfather, Part II."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 28: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Gambler."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 26: "The Night Porter."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: "The Night Porter."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 26: "Scenes from a Marriage."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 26: "American Graffiti" and "The Sting."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Godfather, Part II."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather, Part II."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Freebie and the Bean."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Abby."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Jan. 28: "The Man with the Golden Gun."
From Jan. 29: "The Street Fighter."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Jan. 28: "The Gambler."
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 28: "Badlands" and "Mean Streets."
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 26: "The Night Porter."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: "Mr. Ricco."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 28 at one or another of the theatres: "Harry & Tonto" and "Cinderella Liberty" / "Blazing Saddles" and "The Producers" / "Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain" and "Old Fashioned Woman" / "Sleeper," "Bananas," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Jan. 23: "King of Hearts" and "How I Won the War."
Jan. 24-25: "King of Hearts" and "Bedazzled."
Jan. 26-27: "King of Hearts" and "A Thousand Clowns."
Jan. 28-29: "King of Hearts" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
From Jan. 30: "King of Hearts" and "A Very Curious Girl."
Note: Sunday, Jan. 26, one performance, at noon: "A Raisin in the Sun."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 26: "Brother of the Wind."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: "Brother of the Wind."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Paperback Hero."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 26: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: "La Rupture."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Front Page."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 22: "Forbidden Games" and "Sundays and Cybèle."
Jan. 23: "Beauty and the Beast" and "Les Visiteurs du Soir."
Jan. 24: "Thieves Like Us" and "Paper Moon."
Jan. 25: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Midnight Cowboy."
Jan. 26: "Jules and Jim" and "The Soft Skin."
Jan. 27: "M" and "Ministry of Fear."
Jan. 28: "Three Strange Loves" and "Summer Interlude."
Jan. 29: "A Free Woman" and "Young Törless."
Jan. 30: "Casque d'Or" and "Port of Shadows."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Jan. 28: "Young Frankenstein."
From Jan. 29: "Murder on the Orient Express."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 28: To be announced.
From Jan. 29: "Mr. Ricco."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Jan. 26: "The Gambler."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: "The Gambler."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 26: "Scenes from a Marriage."
Jan. 27-28: "Galileo" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Jan. 29: "Scenes from a Marriage."

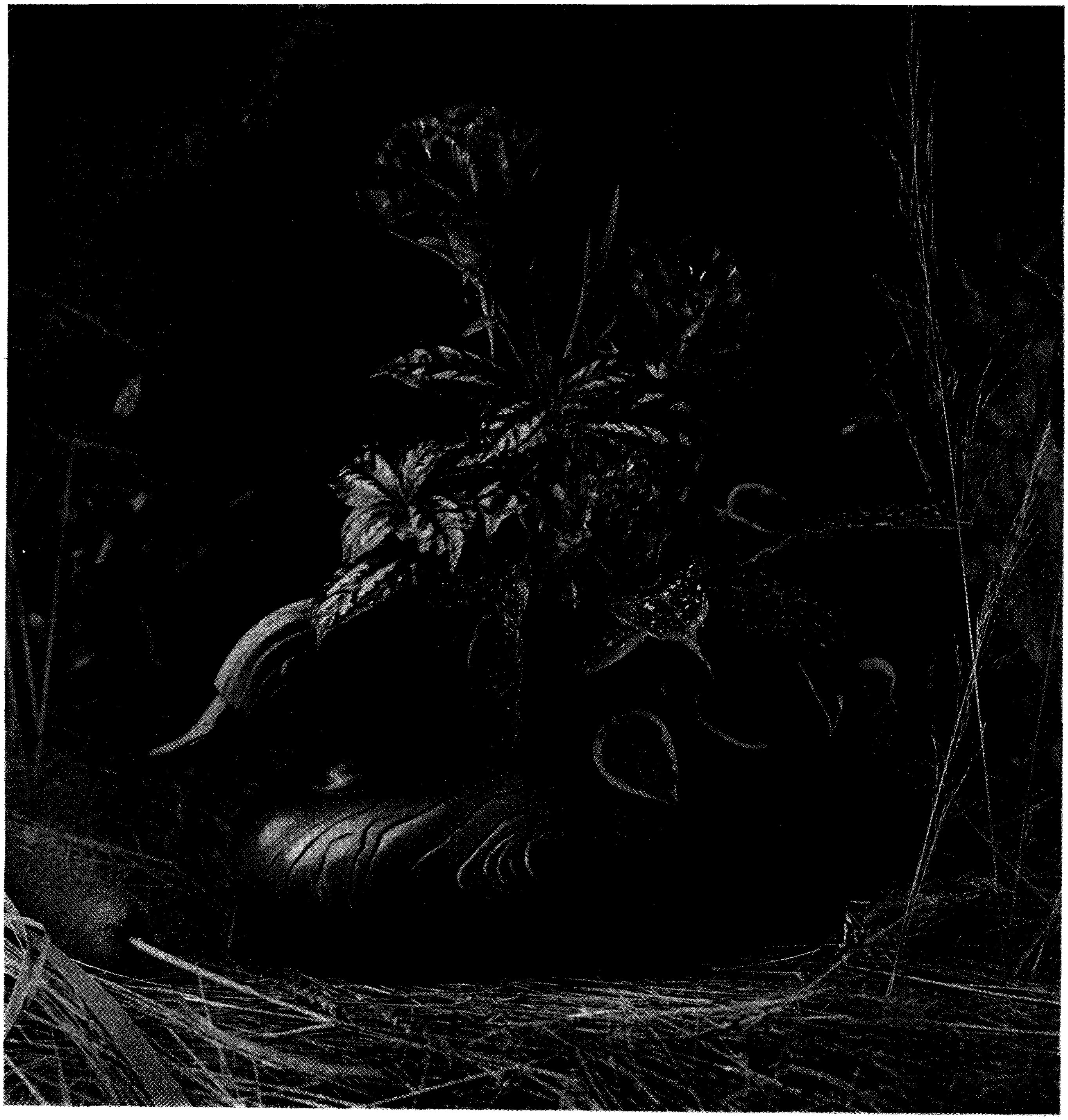
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"American Graffiti" and "The Sting."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Night Porter."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 28: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" and "Juggernaut."
From Jan. 29: "Death Wish" and "Serpico."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 22 at 5:30: "Voyage to Italy" (1953), directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders. . . .



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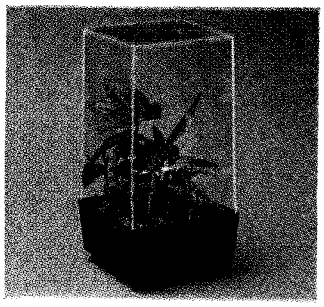

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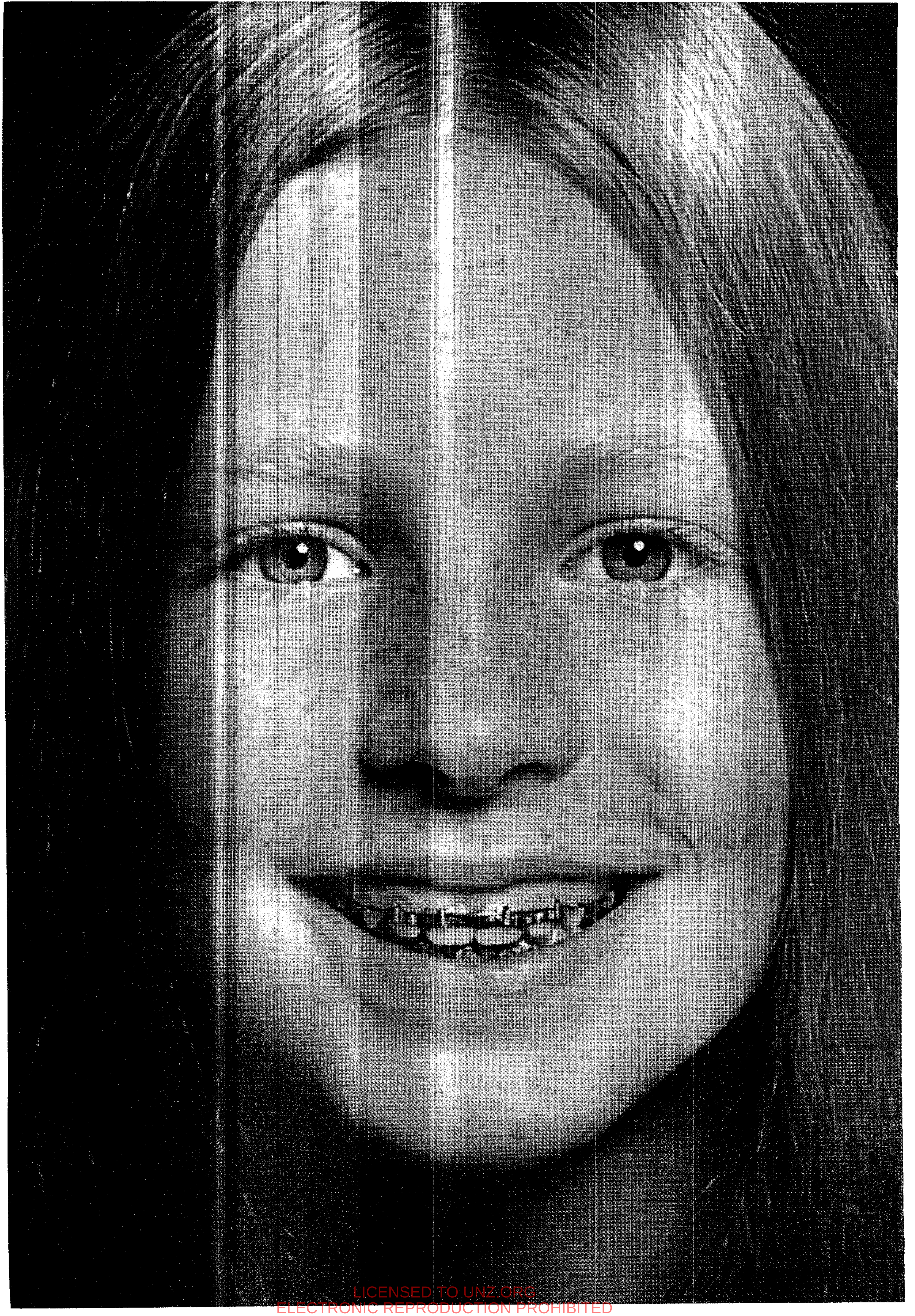

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New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 23: "The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond" (1960), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Ray Danton. . . . ¶ Jan. 24: "The Bullfighter and the Lady" (1951), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Robert Stack, Gilbert Roland, and Joy Page. . . . ¶ Jan. 25-26: "A Time for Dying" (1968), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Richard Lapp, Anne Randall, and Bob Random. . . . ¶ Jan. 30: "I Was Born, But . . ." (1932), a Japanese silent film, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; English inter-titles. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 28: A program of four films made by Sidney Peterson during the late forties. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 29: "Native Land" (1942), directed by Paul Strand and Leo Hurwitz, with songs and narration by Paul Robeson. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Eisenstein, Flaherty, Frampton, Kubelka, MacLow, Hill, Griffith, Ivens, Markopoulos, Hanoun, Jacobs, and others. Showings Jan. 22-23 at 5, 7, and 9:30; Jan. 24 at 6 and 10; Jan. 25 at 12:30, 6, and 8; Jan. 26 at 6; and Jan. 28-30 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Abby—With William Marshall and Terry Carter, directed by William Girdler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Algiers (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed by John Cromwell, it's a remake of the infinitely superior French film, "Pépé le Moko," directed by Julien Duvivier—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and studio lighting make it all seem so artificial one can get giggly. In the role that Jean Gabin made famous, Boyer (who may be an even greater actor than Gabin) is reduced to giving so many passionate, hot glances at the inhumanly beautiful Lamarr that he almost becomes a self-caricature. He plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. Sigrid Gurie is the native girl in love with Pépé, Joseph Calleia slinks about corners as the suave detective, and Gene Lockhart is the rotten squealer. James M. Cain had a hand in the dialogue. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 26-28.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—One of the rare films that genuinely deserve to be called controversial. Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell. It's about a thirty-five-year-old widow, freed from the grim boredom of trying to please a dull man, who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and good-hearted bitching, the picture moves with a breakneck vitality; it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Sutton; starting Jan. 29.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (8/13/73) (Symphony. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through Jan. 26.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (72nd Street East; through Jan. 28.)

Badlands—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a killing spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (First Avenue Screening Room; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 28.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Elgin; Jan. 24-25.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain—A documentary about the Shoshone Indians of Nevada, narrated by Robert Redford. Directed by Joel L. Freedman. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

Brother of the Wind—A wildlife movie photographed in the Canadian Rockies. Directed by, and with, Dick Robinson. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Guild. No performances Jan. 27-28.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30.)

Cinderella Liberty (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Gramercy; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 29.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Ecstasy (1933)—This romantic, sensuous Czech film, directed by Gustav Machaty and starring the very young Hedy Lamarr, was originally intended to be called "Symphony of Love." It was banned here, and then released, and then withdrawn, and finally reissued in so many different versions that everyone who talks about it appears to have seen (or imagined) different sex acts. The theme is Lawrencian, as Henry Miller pointed out in the definitive essay on the picture, "Reflections on Ecstasy," and the sex scenes are both explicit and symbolic. The peculiarity of this famous picture is that it's innocently absurd and yet delicately, tenderly erotic. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 26-28.)

EMMANUELLE—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

FAUSTINE—With Muriel Catala, directed by Nina Companeez. In French. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 29.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 22.)

FREEBIE AND THE BEAN—With Alan Arkin and James Caan, directed by Richard Rush. (86th St. East.)

A FREE WOMAN—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

THE FRONT PAGE—The third film version of the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play, this time with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. Directed by Billy Wilder. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

GALILEO—From Bertolt Brecht's play. The first presentation in the American Film Theatre's second season (primarily subscription). With Topol, and Georgia Brown, Edward Fox, John Gielgud, and Margaret Leighton, directed by Joseph Losey. The film will be shown on Jan. 27 and 28 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, First Avenue Screening Room, Columbia II, Juliet 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., U.A. East, Greenwich, Guild, Playboy, Loews 83rd St., and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information call 489-8820.

THE GAMBLER—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St. No performances Jan. 27-28. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Jan. 28.)

THE GODFATHER, PART II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

HARRY & TONTO—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

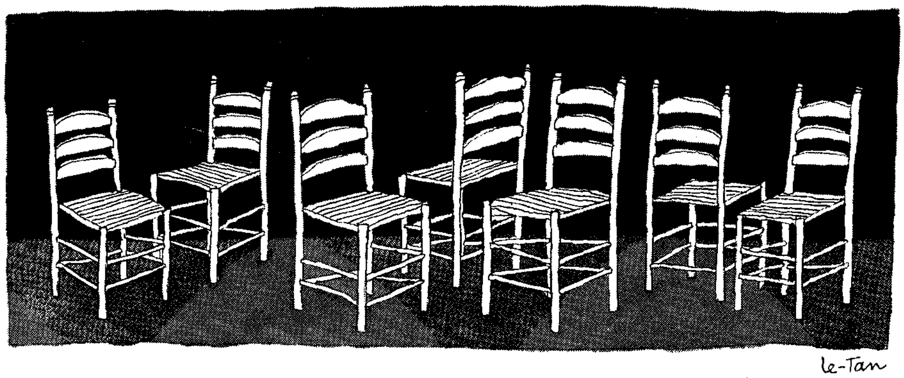
HOW I WON THE WAR (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to "Catch-22." With Michael Crawford and John Lennon. (Elgin; through Jan. 23.)

JUGGERNAUT—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Jan. 28.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin.)

LACOMBE, LUCIEN—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events



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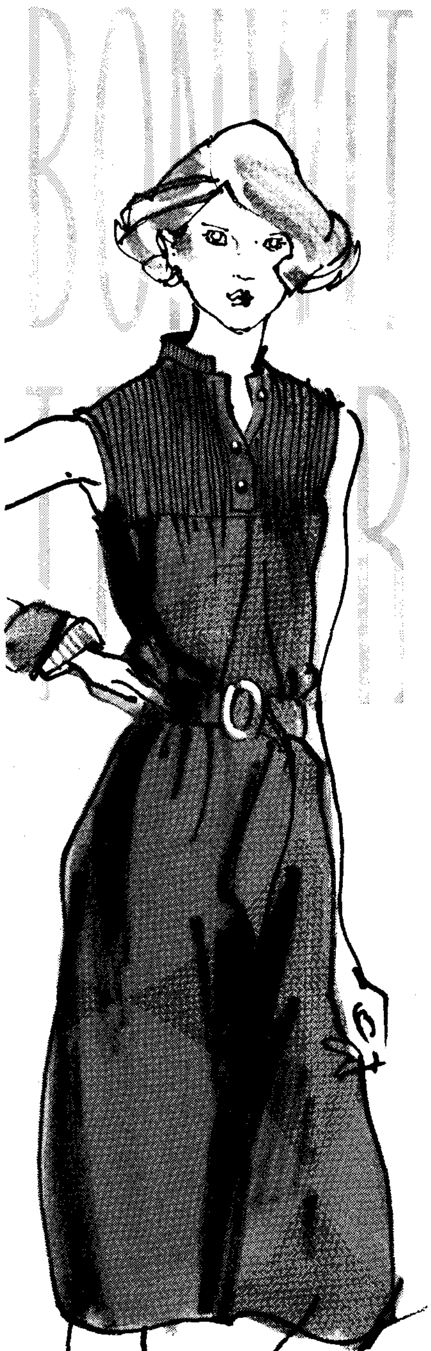

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 25.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones—A concert on film. (Playboy; through Jan. 26.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 29, tentative.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

Love at the Top—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 26.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 27.)

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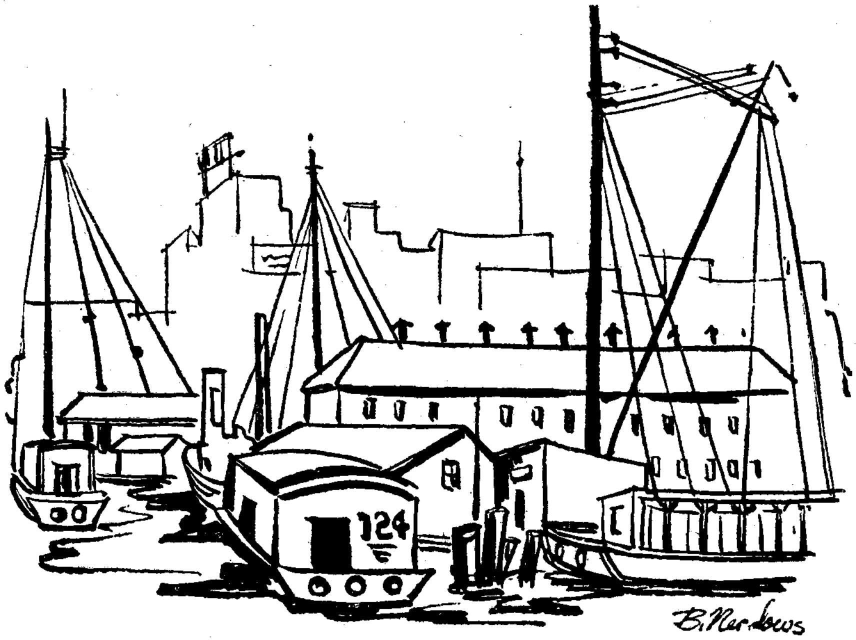
Macon County Line—With Alan Vint and Cheryl Waters, directed by Richard Compton. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 25.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Jan. 28.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 28.)



Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25.)

Ministry of Fear (1945)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable Paramount picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is the unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cutthroat Dan Duryea. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 27.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Elgin; Jan. 28-29.)

Mr. Ricco—With Dean Martin, directed by Paul Bogart. (Greenwich, and Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 29.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, and Baronet. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Jan. 29.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Thalia. . . . ¶ Juliet 2. No performances Jan. 27-28. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Jan. 26.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 29, tentative.)

Old Fashioned Woman—A grandmother (Mabel Tilton Coolidge) as seen in a documentary made by her granddaughter (Martha Coolidge). (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

Paperback Hero—With Keir Dullea and Elizabeth Ashley, directed by Peter Pearson. (Festival.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 24.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Marcel Carné's film, written by Jacques Prévert, with Jean Gabin as a hero cornered by society. Infinitely less good than the two collaborations with Prévert that followed ("Daybreak" and "Children of Paradise"). The film greatly attracted foreign audiences of the time by its then unfamiliar and rather glamorous Gallic pessimism. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that famous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr

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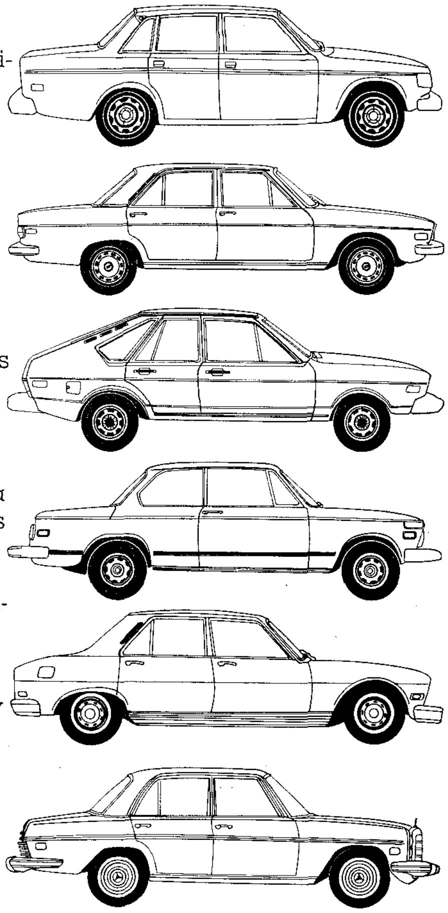

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as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 29.)

A Raisin in the Sun (1961)—Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a Negro family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. Adapted by Lorraine Hansberry from her own play, directed by Daniel Petrie. (Elgin; Sunday, Jan. 26, one performance, at noon.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (First Avenue Screening Room; through Jan. 26.)

La Rupture—With Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy; starting Jan. 29.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon, looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. An Alexander Korda production. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 29.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ New Yorker. No performances Jan. 27-28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Jan. 26.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Olympia; starting Jan. 29.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

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Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Eastside Cinema.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties: the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Symphony. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Jan. 26.)

The Street Fighter—A martial-arts film from Japan, in dubbed English. X-rated for its violence. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Jan. 29.)

Summer Interlude (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 28.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 22.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Jan. 28.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 24.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Elgin; Jan. 26-27.)

Three Strange Loves (1949)—Originally called "Thirst," this is one of the finest and most original of the early Ingmar Bergman films. With Birger Malmsten and Eva Hennings. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 28.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that comprise the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

A Very Curious Girl (1970)—With Bernadette Lafont, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Elgin; starting Jan. 30.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Regency.)

Les Visiteurs du Soir (1942; American title, "The Devil's Envoys")—A romance based on a French legend: "And so in the beautiful month of May, 1485, the Devil sent on earth two of his creatures in order to drive the human beings to despair." The director, Marcel Carné, and the writers, Jacques Prévert and Pierre Laroche, intended a magical and seductive film poem, and they certainly had the cast for it—Arletty, with her incomparably lustrous eyes, Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny (who in his youth, unfortunately, looked like a wooden Indian). But it turns allegorical and becomes rather slow and over-stylized. Perhaps the sentiments (the Devil himself is unable to corrupt true lovers) are a little too fragrant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Columbia II. No performances Jan. 27-28.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Paramount; through Jan. 28.)

Young Törless (1968)—A first feature film by a young German director called Volker Schlöndorff, who has worked with Resnais, Malle, and Melville. The story is from Robert Musil's classic novel about a German military academy before the First World War. The film is better than the book—more lucid, and not overbearing in its tacit points about the guilt of the passive. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

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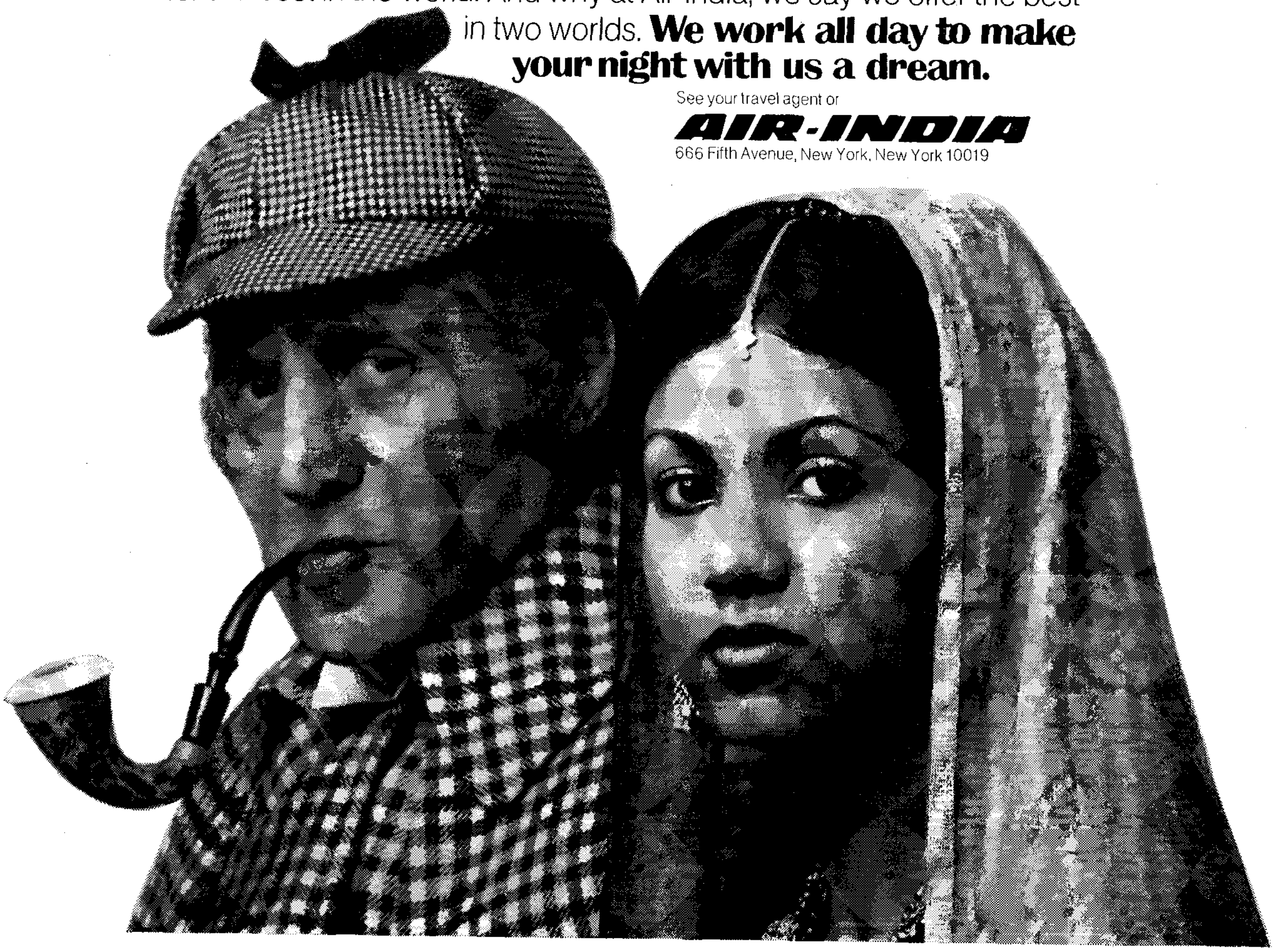

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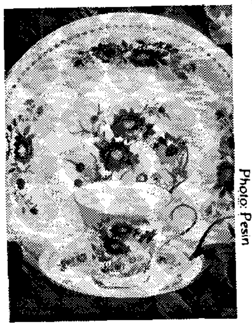

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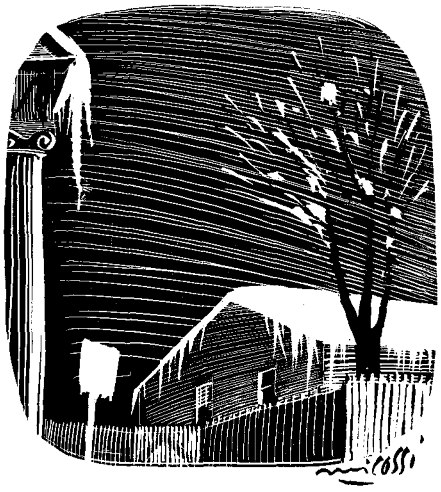
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT has often been said that without Judge John Sirica's courage and independence the sordid and essential story of Watergate would never have been told. But it can also be said that by his judicial behavior Judge Sirica has taught us over again much the same lesson we learned from Watergate: that ours is a government of men, not laws. Many of his acts in this long affair demonstrated not the stern necessity of the law, not mercy, not justice, but capriciousness. From the beginning, when he unjustifiably held long sentences over the heads of the original Watergate burglars to force them to talk, to the end, when he arbitrarily released John Dean, Jeb Stuart Magruder, and Herbert Kalmbach from prison before their sentences expired, Judge Sirica made the blind and fickle nature of the law clear. Dean shouldn't have been sent to prison in the first place, because he did more than anyone else to bring out the truth—and bringing out the truth was Sirica's justification for his own loose conduct as a judge. Magruder, who was thought by President Nixon and his top aides to be one of the weakest links in their chain of defense, seems to have done little besides try to save himself, and probably should have been made to serve out his rather modest sentence. And Kalmbach, who obstructed justice by helping to buy the silence of the Watergate burglars, could have been imprisoned for that crime rather than for selling an ambassadorship and for illegally raising campaign funds—crimes that every Administration has been guilty of and no one had ever been prosecuted for before. In the end, Judge Sirica demonstrated that the fate of any citizen who has broken the law depends on which judge he draws. Like politicians, judges may be good or evil, wise or foolish, compassionate or vicious, sane or mad. Since the total lesson that we may take from this long and painful American experience is that the survival of our system of government depends on the men who run it, and that it could easily collapse if they are the wrong men, the only security against future Watergates and the destruction of the Republic is in the hands of the "sovereign people," who delegate their power as citizens to others. It is up to them—to all of us—to think hard before electing a person to any public office, for a good system can survive only if it is run by the best people.

A COLLEAGUE of ours had a talk the other day with Father Robert Drinan, the Jesuit priest who serves Massachusetts' Fourth Congressional District in the House of Representatives. Father Drinan, a Democrat, was in an uncommonly buoyant mood, because his party's caucus had just voted to put an end to the House Internal Security Committee (H.I.S.C.), the infamous successor to the even more infamous House Un-American Activities Committee (H.U.A.C.). When Father Drinan was first elected, in 1970, the leadership judged it fitting to seat him on the Judiciary Committee and on H.I.S.C. He is, after all, a distinguished member of the bar and a former dean of the Boston College Law School. From the day of his election, he dedicated himself to the goal of abolishing the H.I.S.C. He said he had not expected so early or complete a success. The caucus vote was by voice, and if there were any dissenting voices they were not very audible. He had expected the official vote in the House to follow the caucus vote by a few days; actually, it followed by only one day. While Father Drinan was getting ready for the last battle, the battle was won: on the opening day of the Ninety-fourth Congress the House killed H.I.S.C. and transferred its jurisdiction to the Judiciary Committee. The interment, Father Drinan said, half-seriously, came before he had finished writing his eulogy or recovered his vestments from the dry cleaner's. About that, he has no real regrets. He does, however, lament the fact that the abolition of the H.I.S.C. was only one provision in the proposed House rules on which the members were voting, since it means that no one will ever know for a certainty who was for—and, more important, against—the legislative demise. Some representatives, of course, have already said; others unquestionably will say; but in all likelihood many will stand mute. Father Drinan pointed out that the President should honor him for his contribution to Whipping Inflation Now. In the last Congress, the H.I.S.C. budget was seven hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. It had a full-time staff of about forty, and dossiers on hundreds of thousands of people. The files will be in the custody of the Judiciary Committee. Their future is uncertain. "We could deep-six them or recycle them," Father Drinan said. "But under proper supervision they should prove invaluable to historians. We might break the seal in 1984. And I can always boast that I served on the most useless committee in Congress."



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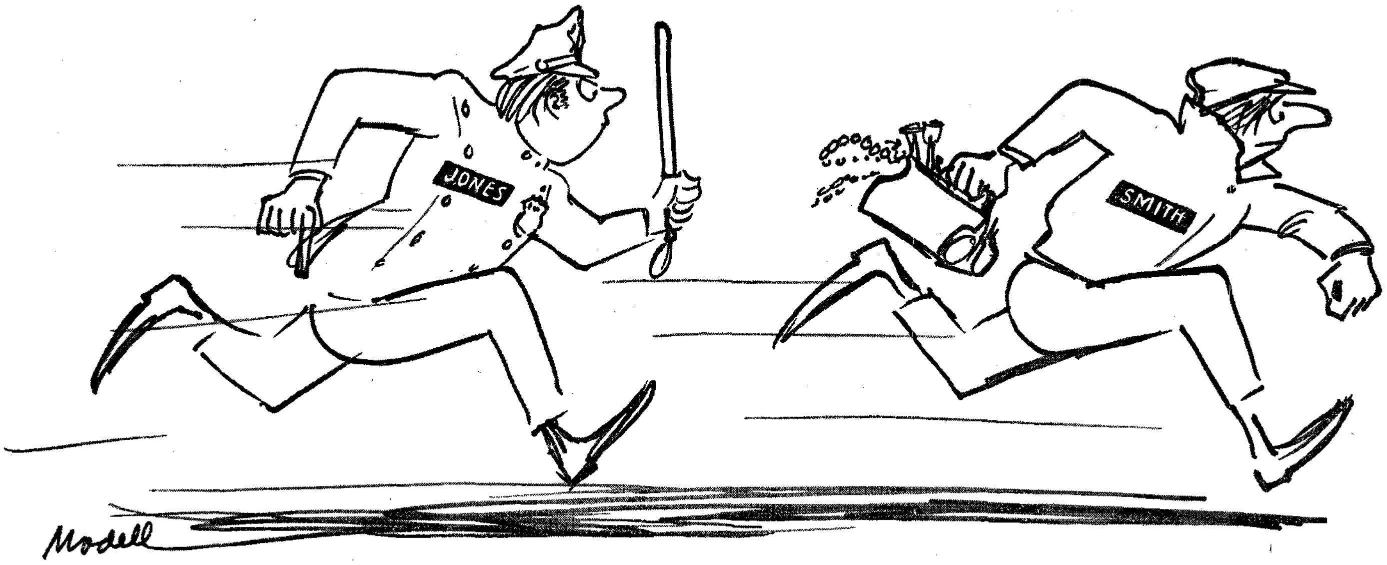
Two Gatherings

THE fourth annual International Star Trek Convention, at the Americana on January 10th, 11th, and



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12th, really was incredible. This tribute to TV's best science-fiction show, which has been off the air for almost six years, except for reruns, really packed them in, and it cost six dollars a day, or ten dollars for the whole weekend. We looked in on the Saturday afternoon. Three crew members of the star ship Enterprise—Captain Kirk, Chief Engineer Scott, and Lieutenant Chekhov (William Shatner, James Doohan, and Walter Koenig)—were holding a press conference in the Princess Ballroom, along with Hal Clement, the painter and sci-fi author, and the professionally precocious Mason Reese, the eight-year-old red-headed boy who makes TV commercials. Mason Reese had a phaser (ray gun) in one hand and a communicator in the other. The questions were about why the show had been cancelled. Nobody really knew.

Then somebody asked, "What *are* dilithium crystals, anyway?"

James Doohan said, "If you've watched 'Star Trek' all these years and don't know, I can't tell you now. Aren't they the matter-antimatter crystals?"

William Shatner said, "No, no, that's not what they are. You put them in your bath if you have sore muscles."

And a nine-year-old girl named Radha Korman came up to us and said, "The Princess Ballroom has a good view and clean windows."

Downstairs, there were a whole lot of people, as well as things for sale. On the way down, a girl in a fur bikini passed us, and a cardboard phaser bearing the legend "STAR TREK LIVES!" hit us on the head. There were "Star Trek" film clips, key chains, neck chains, phasers, jigsaw puzzles, medals, T-shirts, uniforms; T-shirts that if you scratched them smelled like Southern Comfort; wooden nickels, comic books, and paperbacks; a 1975 Beatles Calendar; and Vulcan ears. The most popular character in "Star Trek"—the First Officer of the Enterprise, Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy)—came from the planet Vulcan, where the people have pointy ears and think logically. They have eliminated emotion from their thinking, because they found it didn't work.

Two questions from the "Star Trek" Trivia Contest questionnaire:

The Poison put in Lt. Riley's milk was (A) A concentrated Theregan derivative (B) Tetro lubisol (C) Botulinus.

What drink did Balok offer Captain Kirk? (A) Ploomik (B) Tranya (C) Saurian brandy.

•

RICK GUTTENBERG, a friend of ours who's an instructor at the New York Sailing School, a City Island outfit run by a former adman named Glenn Card, walked us through the National Boat Show at the Coliseum last week. "The big trend this year," he said, "is for sailboats to look like motorboats, and for all boats to look like mobile homes. The other big trend is toward digital gadgets."

He paused before the International Marine Instruments COMBI VI display. This was a unit that had two sets of digital dials, as well as several sets of clockface dials. It was designed to show you, for nine hundred and ninety-five dollars, the speed of your boat, the speed of the wind, the speed of the boat relative to the wind, nautical mileage, whether you are accelerating or decelerating, and how close you are sailing to the wind. "Sail with a Total Data Center," said a sign.

Rick said, "We're on our way to see the big, big item in the show—the Morgan Out Island 51 Ketch." But then he stopped again. He was looking at a Fairchild. A Fairchild is a small, rear-projection movie-display unit that folds up into an attaché case. It is a trim craft, and, from the look of things, if you are going to open an exhibit at a boat show, you are going to need a Fairchild, because these units were scattered all over the Coliseum. A Fairchild and a couple of directors' chairs, and you're in business. There were also hundreds of directors' chairs in the Coliseum. This Fairchild was showing a color movie of a man water-skiing and then rising on his skis two feet off the water. The exhibit was for the Custom Dynamics, Incorporated, Dynaflite Hydrofoils (U.S. Patent No. 3164119), sixty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents, which are metal gadgets you clamp on the bottom of water skis. "Experience the thrill of flying," said the Fairchild.

You have to wait in line fifteen minutes before you can get on board the Morgan Out Island 51 Ketch, but, as Rick said, "it's worth it." Rick added, "This is the first sailboat ever built with a trash compacter. With both air-conditioning *and* a fireplace. With a bathtub. With a washer *and* a dryer." The boat costs about a hundred and fifty thou, and Morgan had sold a total of six of these fifty-one-foot items by the time we trooped aboard. The boat in the show had just been bought by a grocer from Rhode Island. The Out Island 51 also has a double bed and a stereo system, and it's bigger than our apartment. Bob Wall, of North Fork Shipyard, a salesman on board, said that one man could easily sail it by himself. "You just set the sails and take it easy," he said.

"Yeah," said Rick. "But then you have to run belowdecks and take the clothes out of the washer and put them in the dryer.”

Fashion News

AUDREY REID is the efficient and usually friendly Traffic Control Agent (T.C.A.) who often works the corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue during the lunch hour and who frowned at us when we jaywalked there the other day. What surprised us was not the frown but Officer Reid’s new *beige-and-brown* uniform. We had grown used to the old blue-gray outfits—“Air Force blues,” as they’re known in the garment trade—which the Department of Traffic adopted in 1960, when it copied the designs of the pilot and stewardess uniforms of a well-known airline that specializes in making runs between New York and Miami. But about a year ago Benjamin Ward, then Commissioner of the Department of Traffic, decided that it was time for a change—perhaps because people kept mistaking women T.C.A.s for representatives of the Visiting Nurse Service. Commissioner Ward sent a man to Washington, and this man discovered that the majority of the uniformed forces in the United States wear beige-and-brown. (It’s also a fact that several police departments, particularly in the South, dress their officers in combinations like maroon-and-gray and forest-green-and-oxford-gray, but it’s unlikely that we’ll ever see any of that in New York.) Once the decision was made to switch colors, Mr. Ward turned the matter over to Nat Yanofsky, the assistant director of the Department’s Traffic Control Bureau. Mr. Yanofsky, inspired by the New York City Police Department uniforms, decided that the T.C.A.s should look just like policemen, except in beige-and-brown—which means that they hardly look like policemen at all. Whatever.

The new jackets (fifty-five per cent wool, forty-five Dacron) are beige, with four fake pockets and lots of brass buttons embossed with the seal of the City of New York. Unlike the N.Y.P.D. uniforms, the jackets don’t have vents, because T.C.A.s, who don’t carry guns, rarely need to make lightning-fast moves to the hip. The pants are chocolate brown, with a stripe along the outer seam of each leg; the hats are beige and brown; and the overcoats, parkas, and women’s pocketbooks are all brown.

Apparently, most T.C.A.s agree that the new uniforms look much smarter than the old Air Force blues, although Audrey Reid thinks the hat she has to wear is too airline-pilotish, and not very feminine. Also, her ears tend to get cold on the job, so she has knit a special brown wool stocking cap to wear underneath her parka hood. Meanwhile, Mr. Yanofsky, the man responsible for all this, goes to work each day in civvies. Anyone who questions his wisdom as a fashion expert will be heartened to learn that when we went to visit him recently at his office in Queens he was wearing electric-blue double-knit slacks with thin knitted stripes; a blue-and-white-and-gold plaid jacket; a white shirt with blue stripes of varying widths; and a black-and-gray Paisley necktie that just didn’t belong.

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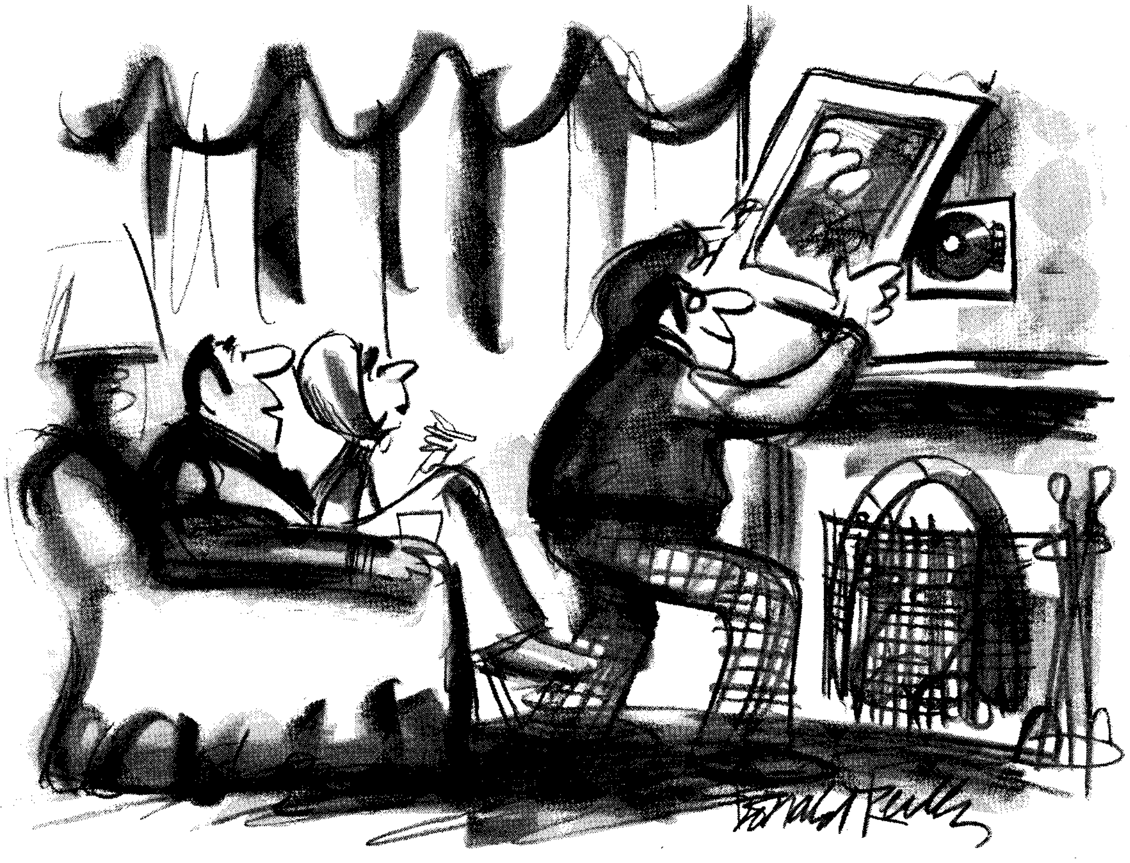
HALSTON, the uninomial clothes designer, unveiled his new collection of men’s clothing last Monday evening at a fashion show in the second-floor lobby of the New York State Theatre, in Lincoln Center. A runway had been erected in the middle of the room, and it was surrounded by tables at which people were drinking free drinks and eating tiny, crustless sandwiches. All but a few of the people were men, and many of them wore glasses. We’re not saying that *all* the glasses were aviator glasses. However, all the glasses were wider at the edges than at the bridge of the nose.

J. Raymond Donnelly, president of Halston Menswear Inc., made a few opening remarks. “I strongly believe that you will see today an important statement of the way we live today,” he said. He used the phrases “total-design concept,” “slimming silhouette,” “competitive pricing,” and “vital development in retailing.” Then eight young men in suits and overcoats mounted the runway, four from each side. While loudspeakers played deracinated rock music—the kind that is normally heard only on cruise ships—the young men walked back and forth. Some strolled, others gave it more of a swagger. Some smiled, others looked grave. All remained calm in the face of the problem confronted by all fashion-show models: how to avoid giggling even though in a matter of a minute or so one will be furiously undressing and dressing in clothes belonging to somebody else.

We sat between Bobby Zarem, the



“Gee, thanks, Bob, but we saw your gold bar last time.”

extremely successful show-business press agent, and a pretty young woman from the fashion office of Saks Fifth Avenue. Bobby Zarem told us that he is hoping to get a suit or two at a discount, because his brother Danny Zarem works for Halston. All the Zarems are professionally interested in the surface appearance of things. A third Zarem brother, Harvey, is chairman of the plastic-surgery division of U.C.L.A. Medical Center.

On the stage, the models were walking around in sports clothes made of Ultrasuede, a fabric Halston uses a lot of. Ultrasuede is the Astroturf of leathers. The Halston Menswear collection is an attempt to bridge the gap between the world of *haute couture* and the world of the two-pants suit. This is what is meant by the juxtaposition of the terms “total-design concept” and “competitive pricing.” The clothes were not extreme. Something about their cut reminded us of France in 1959. They came in varied but subdued colors, like compact cars. The models continued to remain calm. Several resembled Ken, Barbie’s boyfriend. They had large jaws, aquiline noses, and faintly wiggish, blow-dried hair. We glanced over the shoulder of the young woman from Saks to see what she was sketching. She had done an excellent rendering of a shirt-jacket and slacks, with the colors noted. For the face and head, she had drawn an out-of-focus egg.

Three Days In L.A.: Day One

A REPORT from our friend the fellow-citizen:

A lot of people go crazy over the holidays, but me, I went to Los Angeles. This guy I know, an architect that they call Hammerin’ Hank, calls me up and says he’s had an invite to a memorial service for the famous Russo-Greek philosopher Georges Gurdjiev, at Forest Lawn cemetery, out at the Church of the Recessional, which is an exact replica of Rudyard Kipling’s favorite church and has an exact replica of his famous poem “If” outside, carved in stone. Well, I admit I’m intrigued, because this Gurdjiev is the guy who has written, apropos of the experiences of life, “You always make a profit,” meaning no matter what happens, and also because “The Loved One” has just been on TV, as well as I’ve got nothing much on for the next couple days, and I’ve never been to Los Angeles. And it occurs to me, How can you say you really love N.Y. (my town) if you’ve never been to L.A.?

So I tell the architect I’ll go with him, and then, naturally, he tells me to make all the arrangements. So I call up the cemetery out there to inquire about the service, and a lady asks, “What is the name of the deceased?” I tell her, and she says, “Just a moment; I’ll get his folder.” And she comes back with the name of the lady who has set up the service—Mme. Cybele Gold. And Mme. Gold, when I reach her, says that this will be the first public commemorative service her outfit, the Institute for the Development of the Harmonious Human Being, Inc., has put on, and that Forest Lawn is just so clean and beautiful and you get great service there. She says there’s a great feeling to the whole place, and she tells me about the Church of the Recessional.

And late the next night the architect and I are airborne to L.A. on a night flight that stops in Chicago. Me and Hank and a big girl from Haiti are sitting three abreast on the plane, which is called the Territory of Guam. I am reading “Now Wait for Last Year,” by Philip K. Dick, the great science-fiction author, who lives north of Disneyland. It is a very funny book, and I read, “Her feet were bare and each toenail bore a shiny decal depicting—he bent to see—a scene in color of the Norman Conquest. The smallest nail on each foot glittered with a picture too obscene for him to contemplate; he went to hang his coat in the closet.” The woman with the toenails is the wife of Dr. Sweetscent, the hero. The book concerns the war between the humans and the reegs, and discusses the diabolical time-warp drug JJ-180. Old Hank is reading “The Importance of Living,” by Lin Yutang, and reading his favorite bits—about the importance of loafing and the importance of smoking—out loud. The Haitian girl is complaining about her ears.

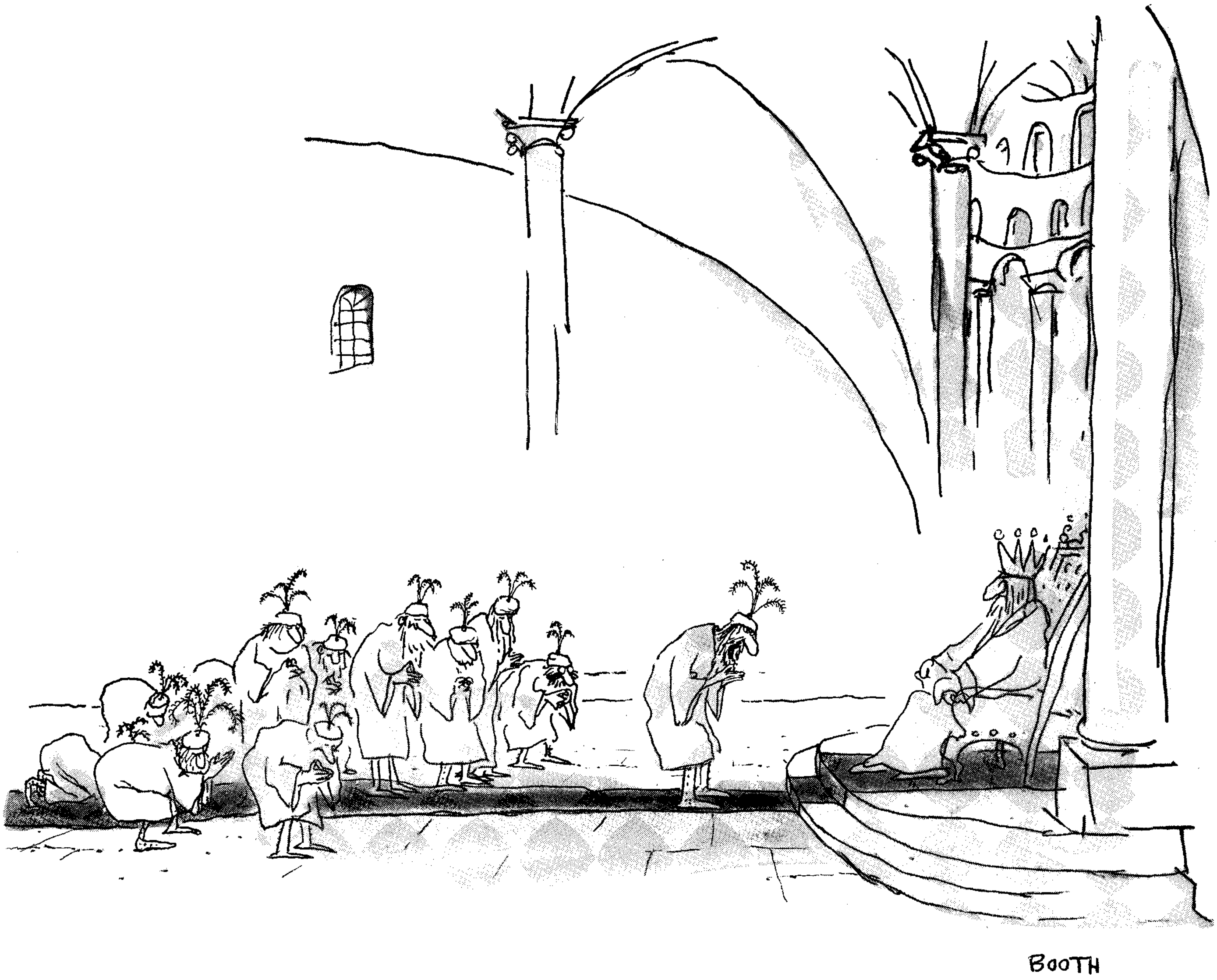
Right behind us is a talkative character, which is something the airlines seem to have inherited from the trains, and he is talking about plane crashes he has survived: “I remember one time we hit so hard all the oxygen masks fell out of the racks.” The guy’s a courier and flies N.Y.-L.A. twice a week. Five hundred and ten thousand miles a year, he says—a round trip to the moon every year. “Today,” he says, “I was in L.A. at noon, flew to New York, and now I’m on the way back. Of course, now I’m on a holiday schedule. That means I’ll be off for four days in a row.”

TO OUR READERS

Effective with our February 3rd issue, our one-year subscription rate will be increased from fifteen dollars to eighteen, and our two-year rate will be increased from twenty-five dollars to thirty. The newsstand price will be increased from fifty cents to sixty. We regret these increases, but we find that they are necessary.

Then, all of a sudden, a snack (¾ of a triple-decker sandwich), a nap, lights out the window, an airport, a palm tree still with a Christmas wreath, a car, and there we are, driving through Los Angeles while I thought I was reading about the reegs. First impressions: An almost full moon. Mongolian BBQ. A giant doughnut twenty feet high. Cho Cho San Beauty Salon. Drive-in fish-’n’-chips. A building covered with Arabic writing, and nothing else. Little Joe Hairstyling & Trichology Salon. It’s unbelievable, it’s huge, they haven’t ever left the forties. “It’s Queens!” say I to Hank. “It’s worse!” says he to me.

AFTER a wash and a brush at the Continental Hyatt House, on Sunset Boulevard (Gene Autry used to own this hotel; now it has many rock musicians and groupies), it’s downtown to The Original Pantry Café, “We Never Close,” at Ninth and Figueroa, across from the Finkle Arms Apartments, for breakfast. It’s 6:25 A.M., and the sky is a steely pink. Nobody we meet in Hollywood has ever heard of this place, because it’s downtown, and downtown doesn’t exist in their minds, having been ceded to the Mexicans. And so downtown you see movie marquees like “KENO TONITE 10 COMMANDMENTS BATTLE OF THE AMAZONS HIT MAN”—that’s *one* movie theatre. “SCREAMING TIGERS HONG KONG CAT DEEP THRUST SHANGHAI KILLERS KUN FU EN ESPANOL”—that’s *one* more. It’s funny. Downtown is still there, lots of old office buildings, still standing, quite tall, so they could always have a city if they wanted to. You also actually see buses and taxis and people on the streets—all just like in a real city. But the Hollywood Angelenos pretend only the freeways are real, so they have never heard of The Pantry—fresh-made sourdough bread, early-morning working-class crowd, slabs of sweet cured ham, home fries, tile floor, fifty years old, jam-packed, tables shared, sassy waiters, all the coffee you can drink, reasonable prices. Noisy, good cheer. One woman is wearing a camel’s-hair-and-leopard-skin cowboy hat, 2″ brass hoop earrings, Certainly



"Having concluded, Your Highness, an exhaustive study of this nation's political, social, and economic history, and after examining, Sire, the unfortunate events leading to the present deplorable state of the realm, the consensus of the Council is that Your Majesty's only course, for the public good, must be to take the next step."

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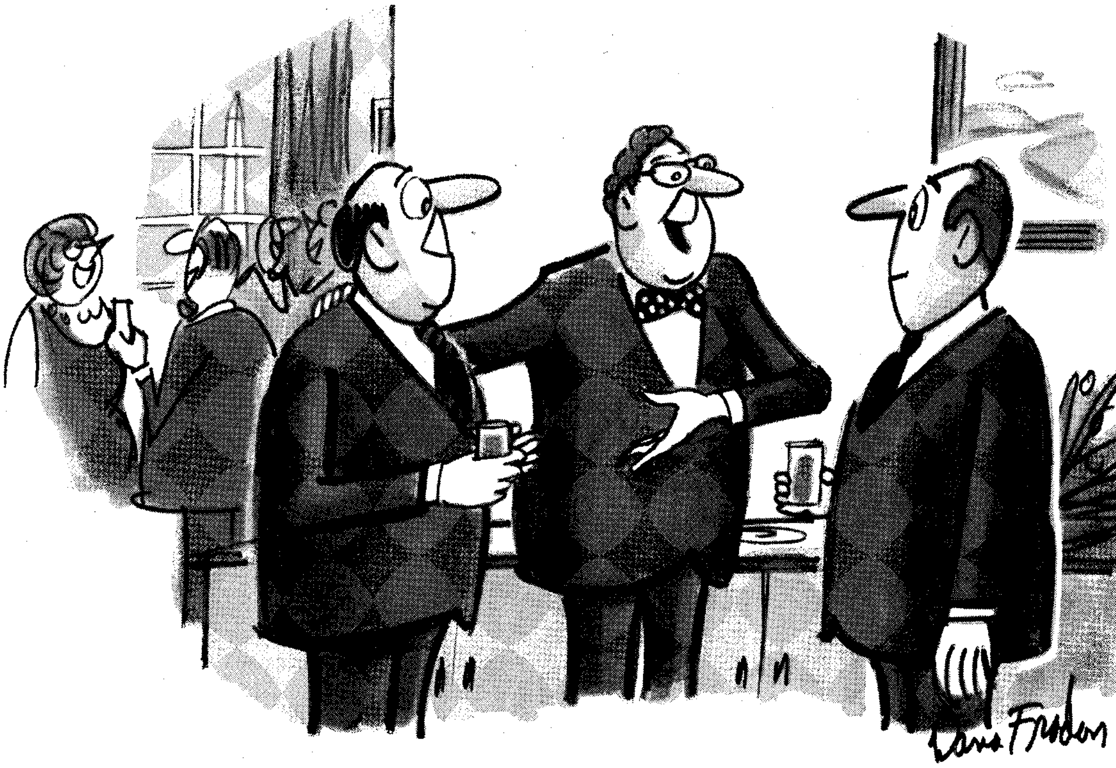
Red lipstick, harlequin shades, a camel's-hair suit, and a leopard-skin blouse. Best breakfast I ever ate.

MORE driving. Objective: the original Farmers Market, at Fairfax and Third, in West Hollywood. Beautiful weather. A warm 60° and no smog. San Francisco weather, actually. Up Mulholland Drive for a panoramic view from the Hollywood foothills. Through Santa Monica and Venice and around and about. Santa's Acres. Official Smog and Lamp Station. A Sav On Drugstore, where you can get half a gallon of Count Vasua vodka for $6.79. Pup 'n' Taco. Orange Julius-and-car-wash. The Ultimate Burger. Automobile books. World Famous Tommy's Original Hamburgers and Hot Dogs. Future campus University of Judaism. Academy of Atlantis—Astrology Classes, ESP-Psychic Classes. Scuba Haus. Chez Jay. Lucy's Mariscos Tacos Pastrami Tostadas. SCHICK Center for the Control of Smoking. A barefoot girl at Wilshire and Cienega. A little beach on the Pacific in Venice. A quiet nook where we parked in a little parking lot, and Hank took a nap while I put my finger in the Pacific. A few kids, a few picknicking old people, a few Mexicans, a few bums. All quiet—the ocean, too. The Farmers Market is cute: the lower East Side in California, the ultimate Mall. A hundred and sixty shops and stalls and restaurants, pet shops and produce and pork shops and pizza and poultry. Etc. Tasty food and sort of a playstore atmosphere—like the children's zoo, where you can pet the sheep and feed the chickens. But you can't buy Carlton menthol cigarettes, as Hank discovered. To his disgust. What's with this burg, anyway? No amenities. Under a tree stocked with twittering sparrows, we drank coffee and ate buttermilk doughnuts and watched a stout party in a pepper-and-salt full beard and a short-sleeved tattersall jumpsuit. Also a young twerp trying to impress his girl, and himself, by introducing her around as Sally Struthers, which she wasn't, and showing off his Hemingway Spanish by shaking hands with a Mexican busboy.

LUNCH in the M-G-M commissary—the Lion's Den—in Culver City, not too far from Venice, with a couple of transplanted New Yorkers: Ulu Grosbard, the producer, and his assistant, Marian Brayton. Expected gorillas and nuns and peers of the realm and cowboys and Indians to be eating lunch, but just people. Soup is



"Frank, this is Gil Parker, one of the Administration's leading apologists."

good, though. Ulu says he'll take us after lunch to see the famous M-G-M back lot, which is now blowing down but still unbelievable. We talk about the new disaster pics. I make a joke and say, "Everything has already been burned down or sunk or blown up in the movies. What's left? Pestilence?" "Oh, that's next," says Ulu. "They're making a movie now in which Festus plays a mutated cockroach." Ulu says Californians are slightly Germanic. Very affable and very pleasant, they take their time and cling to rules. L.A. has no focus, he says. So Hank asks if there is a Chinatown. Yes. "Well," says Hank. "Any town with a Chinatown, that's the focus for me. I keep everything straight by asking, 'How many miles is it from Chinatown?' "

First thing we see in the back lot is a New York subway kiosk. Must be last N.Y. subway kiosk in the world. Fantastic; justifies whole burg, as far as I'm concerned. Then, pockmarked but extant, and realer than real: London's Waterloo Bridge in plaster; the main street of Andy Hardy's home town; a hilly French street, complete with *boulangerie,* from a W.W.I movie; a freestanding pagoda; the Tower of London, with gibbet and portcullis; a New York street with a tobacco shop, a tailor shop, a sign painter's store; and a Tudor manor house so opulent you would have to call it Threedor. My breath has left my lungs, the center of my chest is glowing. So many possibilities here in these conjurations. It is very exciting. "This was *the* place when it came to production values," Ulu says. There is also—for some reason—a parking lot with thirty new Opels and thirty new Buicks in it. And one new set: the Transylvania Station, from "Young Frankenstein." ("Pardon me, boy, is this the Transylvania Station?") And a Hudson River pier full of bits of plaster brick walls and plaster stone walls in storage. And a huge water tank for special effects. And a sound stage so big it has a real Broadway stage inside it. And concrete bunkers full of film. "All the film of the thirties"—Ulu's explanation—"was nitrates, and extremely inflammable. There are millions of feet of film in here, all the great M-G-M pictures, which they're going to have to make copies of and get rid of. But the project is so enormous no one knows how long it will take."

PHIL PROCTOR, of the Firesign Theatre, the Los Angeles quartet of comedians, lives north of Sunset Boulevard in a house in the hills that Rudolph Valentino built for his aunt as a tax write-off. Who else lives on his street? Oh, Robert Q. Lewis's ex-wife, Dalton Trumbo, Regis Philbin, Johnny Mathis, the producer of the Mary Tyler Moore show, and the owner of Dino's (a bar), who has a huge swimming pool in his living room. Hank and I dropped in on Proctor and his wife, Sheilah Wells, after lunch, and we ended up going off with them to the Polo Lounge, the most exclusive bar anywhere—it's in the Beverly Hills Hotel—where the only celebrity we saw, aside from Proctor, was Bobby Riggs. We also saw a woman reading the same page of a novel twenty times while she waited for a date who never arrived, and a midget dressed up like Johnny, the page boy in the old Philip Morris commercials. As Hank put it, who could ask for anything more or less? It wasn't the real Johnny, because I happen to know he retired to Sheepshead Bay, where he keeps a boat. We had guacamole and anchovy dip and Old Fitzgerald. The place was spotless. Very pem-pem. Hank suggested it must be cleaned by tongue every day. Perhaps the joint is operated by the Raffia. Proctor said that there was one of the main buffalo ranches in the world on Catalina Island, and Hank said he had once sailed past Catalina in a Japanese freighter. By now, Hank and I had been up for forty-eight hours. We went to another bar, which was supposed to be just like a New York bar and had a picture of John Lindsay. Where did we eat? Oh, yeah—Ports, a writers' hangout run by Jock and Micaela, who also paint shoes and chairs. Proctor took us there. The food was good, and all I remember is they have an old gas oven full of books and a piano instead of a jukebox, and Hank talked about how he used to play poker with Kudabux, the famous magician who used to drive a car around Times Square blindfolded, dough over his eyes, and his head wrapped in gauze. Proctor said, "Fly now, peyotl later." Proctor also gave me a copy of the Firesign Theatre's new record, "Everything You Know Is Wrong," which will also be seen as a movie. Topflight. It's about when the aliens land. You can tell they're aliens because they don't know what milk is. The record is addressed to seekers everywhere, because there's a seeker born every minute.

ROSES, RHODODENDRON

ONE dark and rainy Boston spring of many years ago, I spent all my after-school and evening hours in the living room of our antique-crammed Cedar Street flat, writing down what the Ouija board said to my mother. My father, a spoiled and rowdy Irishman, a sometime engineer, had run off to New Orleans with a girl, and my mother hoped to learn from the board if he would come back. Then, one night in May, during a crashing black thunderstorm (my mother was both afraid and much in awe of such storms), the board told her to move down South, to North Carolina, taking me and all the antiques she had been collecting for years, and to open a store in a small town down there. That is what we did, and shortly thereafter, for the first time in my life, I fell violently and permanently in love: with a house, with a family of three people, and with an area of countryside.

Perhaps too little attention is paid to the necessary preconditions of "falling in love"—I mean the state of mind or place that precedes one's first sight of the loved person (or house or land). In my own case, I remember the dark Boston afternoons as a precondition of love. Later on, for another important time, I recognized boredom in a job. And once the fear of growing old.

In the town that she had chosen, my mother, Margot (she picked out her own name, having been christened Margaret), rented a small house on a pleasant back street. It had a big surrounding screened-in porch, where she put most of the antiques, and she put a discreet sign out in the front yard: "Margot—Antiques." The store was open only in the afternoons. In the mornings and on Sundays, she drove around the countryside in our ancient and spacious Buick, searching for trophies among the area's country stores and farms and barns. (She is nothing if not enterprising; no one else down there had thought of doing that before.)

Although frequently embarrassed by her aggression—she thought nothing of making offers for furniture that was in use in a family's rooms—I often drove with her during those first few weeks. I was excited by the novelty of the landscape. The red clay banks that led up to the thick pine groves, the swollen brown creeks half hidden by flowering tangled vines. Bare, shaded yards from which rose gaunt, narrow houses. Chickens that scattered, barefoot children who stared at our approach.

"Hello there. I'm Mrs. John Kilgore—Margot Kilgore—and I'm interested in buying old furniture. Family portraits. Silver."

Margot a big brassily bleached blonde in a pretty flowered-silk dress and high-heeled patent sandals. A hoarse and friendly voice. Me a scrawny, pale, curious girl, about ten, in a blue linen dress with smocking across the bodice. (Margot has always had a passionate belief in good clothes, no matter what.)

On other days, Margot would say, "I'm going to look over my so-called books. Why don't you go for a walk or something, Jane?"

And I would walk along the sleepy, leafed-over streets, on the unpaved sidewalks, past houses that to me were as inviting and as interesting as unread books, and I would try to imagine what went on inside. The families. Their lives.

The main street, where the stores were, interested me least. Two-story brick buildings—dry-goods stores, with dentists' and lawyers' offices above. There was also a drugstore, with round marble tables and wire-backed chairs, at which wilting ladies sipped at their Cokes (this was to become a favorite haunt of Margot's). I preferred the civic monuments: a pre-Revolutionary Episcopal chapel of yellowish cracked plaster, and several tall white statues to the Civil War dead—all of them quickly overgrown with ivy or Virginia creeper.

These were the early nineteen-forties, and in the next few years the town was to change enormously. Its small textile factories would be given defense contracts (parachute silk); a Navy preflight school would be established at a neighboring university town. But at that moment it was a sleeping village. Untouched.

My walks were not a lonely occupation, but Margot worried that they were, and some curious reasoning led her to believe that a bicycle would help. (Of course, she turned out to be right.) We went to Sears, and she bought me a big new bike—blue, with balloon tires—on which I began to explore the outskirts of town and the countryside.

The house I fell in love with was about a mile out of town, on top of a hill. A small stone bank that was all overgrown with tangled roses led up to its yard, and pink and white roses climbed up a trellis to the roof of the front porch—the roof on which, later, Harriet and I used to sit and exchange our stores of erroneous sexual information. Harriet Farr was the daughter of

"Hey! 'Made in U.S.A.'!"

the house. On one side of the house, there was what looked like a newer wing, with a bay window and a long side porch, below which the lawn sloped down to some flowering shrubs. There was a yellow rosebush, rhododendron, a plum tree, and beyond were woods—pines, and oak and cedar trees. The effect was rich and careless, generous and somewhat mysterious. I was deeply stirred.

As I was observing all this, from my halted bike on the dusty white hilltop, a small, plump woman, very erect, came out of the front door and went over to a flower bed below the bay window. She sat down very stiffly. (Emily, who was Harriet's mother, had some terrible, never diagnosed trouble with her back; she generally wore a brace.) She was older than Margot, with very beautiful white hair that was badly cut in that butchered nineteen-thirties way.

From the first, I was fascinated by Emily's obvious dissimilarity to Margot. I think I was also somehow drawn to her contradictions—the shapeless body held up with so much dignity, even while she was sitting in the dirt. The lovely chopped-off hair. (There were greater contradictions, which I learned of later—she was a Virginia Episcopalian who always voted for Norman Thomas, a feminist who always delayed meals for her tardy husband.)

Emily's hair was one of the first things about the Farr family that I mentioned to Margot after we became friends, Harriet and Emily and I, and I began to spend most of my time in that house.

"I don't think she's ever dyed it," I said, with almost conscious lack of tact.

Of course, Margot was defensive. "I wouldn't dye mine if I thought it would be a decent color on its own."

But by that time Margot's life was also improving. Business was fairly good, and she had finally heard from my father, who began to send sizable checks from New Orleans. He had found work with an oil company. She still asked the Ouija board if she would see him again, but her question was less obsessive.

THE second time I rode past that house, there was a girl sitting on the front porch, reading a book. She was about my age. She looked up. The next time I saw her there, we both smiled. And the time after that (a Saturday morning in late June) she got up and slowly came out to the road, to where I had stopped, ostensibly to look at the view—the sweep of fields, the white highway, which wound down to the thick greenery bordering the creek, the fields and trees that rose in dim and distant hills.

"I've got a bike exactly like that," Harriet said indifferently, as though to deny the gesture of having come out to meet me.

For years, perhaps beginning then, I used to seek my antithesis in friends. Inexorably following Margot, I was becoming a big blonde, with some of her same troubles. Harriet was cool and dark, with long, gray eyes. A girl about to be beautiful.

"Do you want to come in? We've got some lemon cake that's pretty good."

Inside, the house was cluttered with odd mixtures of furniture. I glimpsed a living room, where there was a shabby sofa next to a pretty, "antique" table. We walked through a dining room that contained a decrepit mahogany table surrounded with delicate fruitwood chairs. (I had a horrifying moment of imagining Margot there, with her accurate eye—making offers in her harsh Yankee voice.) The walls were crowded with portraits and with nineteenth-century oils of bosky landscapes. Books overflowed from rows of shelves along the walls. I would have moved in at once.

Judith Shahn

We took our lemon cake back to the front porch and ate it there, overlooking that view. I can remember its taste vividly. It was light and tart and sweet, and a beautiful lemon color. With it, we drank cold milk, and then we had seconds and more milk, and we discussed what we liked to read.

We were both at an age to begin reading grownup books, and there was some minor competition between us to see who had read more of them. Harriet won easily, partly because her mother reviewed books for the local paper, and had brought home Steinbeck, Thomas Wolfe, Virginia Woolf, and Elizabeth Bowen. But we also found in common an enthusiasm for certain novels about English children. (Such snobbery!)

"It's the best cake I've ever had!" I told Harriet. I had already adopted something of Margot's emphatic style.

"It's very good," Harriet said judiciously. Then, quite casually, she added, "We could ride our bikes out to Laurel Hill."

We soared dangerously down the winding highway. At the bridge across the creek, we stopped and turned onto a narrow, rutted dirt road that followed the creek through woods as dense and

HOW STUMP STOOD IN THE WATER

Ice had many sons. "Find me my food!" he shouted.
They searched in the air and under the water
And brought him Quail and Mussel, Goose and Oyster,
Blue Teal and Rock Crab, Widgeon and Salmon.

"More! More!" Ice shouted. "My sons must feed me!"
Some climbed after Eagle and fell. Some paddled
After Gray Whale and drowned. Some offered
Buzzard and Minnow, Coot and Sea Slug.

But Stump stood in the ocean, catching nothing.
"Foolish Stump!" Ice shouted. "What are you standing on?
What are you holding in your shut hands?
Feed me! Feed me!" But Stump said, "Father,

What am I standing on? What am I holding?
If you tell me, they will be yours forever."
Ice shouted, "You are standing on Flounder!
You have stolen the last sweet eggs of Killdeer

For your selfish dinner! The tide is rising!
Who brings me nothing will come to nothing!"
Then Ice pulled back his other sons to the north,
And the water rose, and the water ebbed away,

And on the barren shore Stump stood alone
On his own feet, holding his life in his hands.

—DAVID WAGONER

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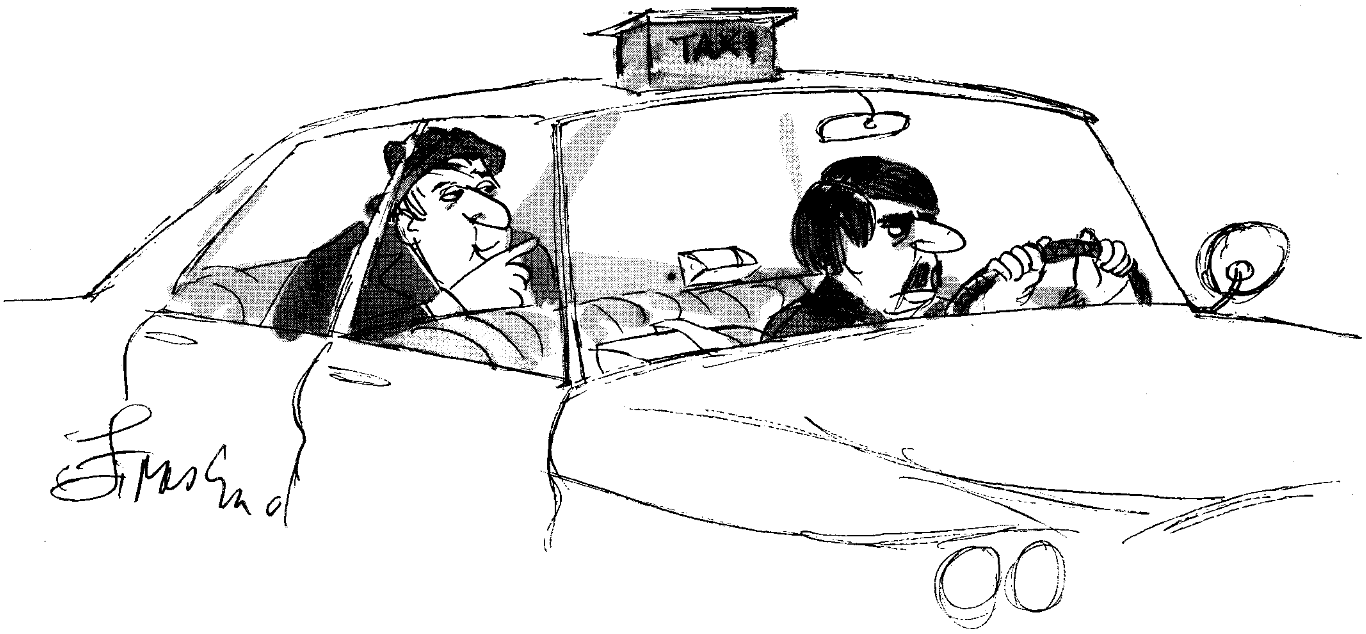

"Say, I remember riding in your cab before. But didn't you use to be bald, with glasses, and about fifty years old?"

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as alien as a jungle would have been—thick pines with low sweeping branches, young leafed-out maples, peeling tall poplars, elms, brambles, green masses of honeysuckle. At times, the road was impassable, and we had to get off our bikes and push them along, over crevices and ruts, through mud or sand. And with all that we kept up our somewhat stilted discussion of literature.

"I love Virginia Woolf!"

"Yes, she's very good. Amazing metaphors."

I thought Harriet was an extraordinary person—more intelligent, more poised, and prettier than any girl of my age I had ever known. I felt that she could become anything at all—a writer, an actress, a foreign correspondent (I went to a lot of movies). And I was not entirely wrong; she eventually became a sometimes-published poet.

We came to a small beach, next to a place where the creek widened and ran over some shallow rapids. On the other side, large gray rocks rose steeply. Among the stones grew isolated, twisted trees, and huge bushes with thick green leaves. The laurel of Laurel Hill. Rhododendron. Harriet and I took off our shoes and waded into the warmish water. The bottom squished under our feet, making us laugh, like the children we were, despite all our literary talk.

MARGOT was also making friends. Unlike me, she seemed to seek her own likeness, and she found a sort of kinship with a woman named Dolly Murray, a rich widow from Memphis who shared many of Margot's superstitions—fear of thunderstorms, faith in the Ouija board. About ten years older than Margot, Dolly still dyed her hair red; she was a noisy, biassed, generous woman. They drank gin and gossiped together, they met for Cokes at the drugstore, and sometimes they drove to a neighboring town to have dinner in a restaurant (in those days, still a daring thing for unescorted ladies to do).

I am sure that the Farrs, outwardly a conventional family, saw me as a neglected child. I was so available for meals and overnight visits. But that is not how I experienced my life—I simply felt free. And an important thing to be said about Margot as a mother is that she never made me feel guilty for doing what I wanted to do. And of how many mothers can that be said?

There must have been a moment of "meeting" Emily, but I have forgotten it. I remember only her gentle presence, a soft voice, and my own sense of love returned. Beautiful white hair, dark deep eyes, and a wide mouth, whose corners turned and moved to express whatever she felt—amusement, interest, boredom, pain. I have never since seen such a vulnerable mouth.

I amused Emily; I almost always made her smile. She must have seen me as something foreign—a violent, enthusiastic Yankee (I used forbidden words, like "God" and "damn"). Very unlike the decorous young Southern girl that she must have been, that Harriet almost was.

She talked to me a lot; Emily explained to me things about the South that otherwise I would not have picked up. "Virginians feel superior to everyone else, you know," she said, in her gentle (Virginian) voice. "Some people in my family were quite shocked when I married a man from North Carolina and came down here to live. And a Presbyterian at that! Of course, that's nowhere near as bad as a Baptist, but only Episcopalians really count." This was all said lightly, but I knew that some part of Emily agreed with the rest of her family.

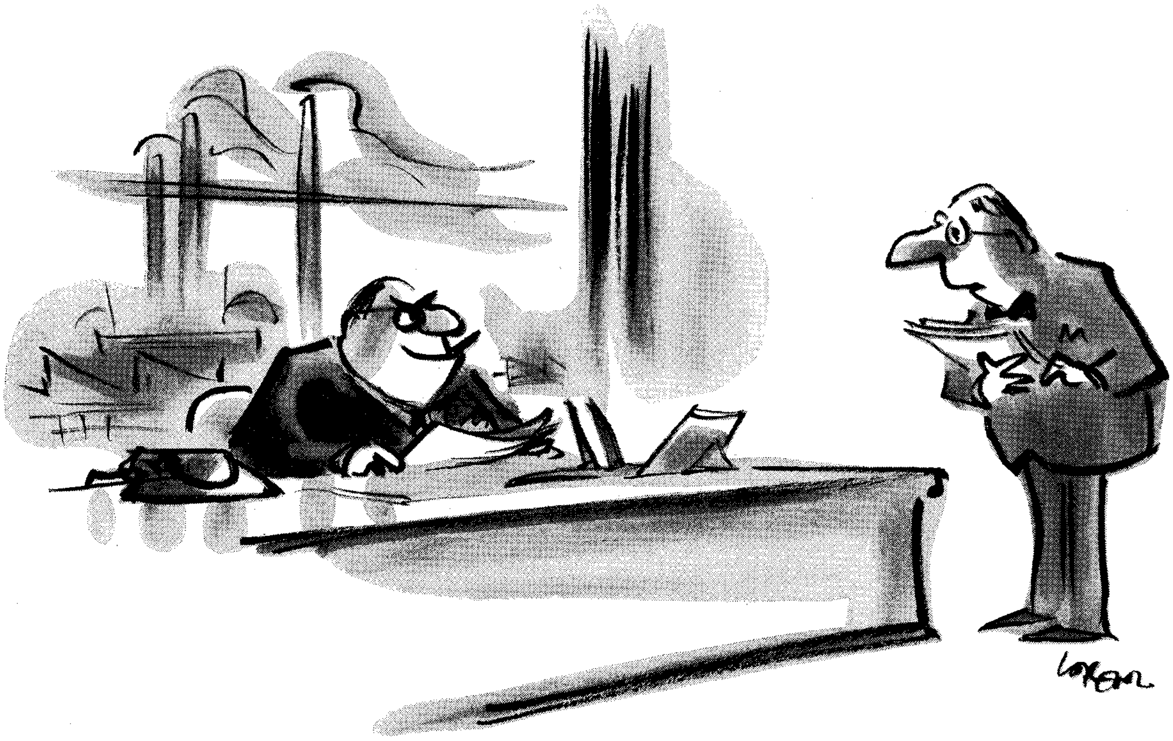
"How about Catholics?" I asked her, mainly to prolong the conversation. Harriet was at the dentist's, and Emily was sitting at her desk answering letters. I was perched on the sofa near her, and we both faced the sweeping green view. But since my father, Johnny Kilgore, was a lapsed Catholic, it was not an entirely frivolous question. Margot was a sort of Christian Scientist (her own sort).

"We hardly know any Catholics." Emily laughed, and then she sighed. "I do sometimes still miss Virginia. You know, when we drive up there I can actually feel the difference as we cross the state line. I've met a few people from South Carolina," she went on, "and I understand that people down there feel the same way Virginians do." (Clearly, she found this unreasonable.)

"West Virginia? Tennessee?"

"They don't seem Southern at all. Neither do Florida and Texas—not to me."

("Dolly says that Mrs. Farr is a



"When you say 'we,' Mr. Broughton, is that the royal 'we,' the corporate 'we,' or just you and me?"

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terrible snob," Margot told me, inquiringly.

"In a way." I spoke with a new diffidence that I was trying to acquire from Harriet.

"Oh.")

Once, I told Emily what I had been wanting to say since my first sight of her. I said, "Your hair is so beautiful. Why don't you let it grow?"

She laughed, because she usually laughed at what I said, but at the same time she looked surprised, almost startled. I understood that what I had said was not improper but that she was totally unused to attentions of that sort from anyone, including herself. She didn't think about her hair. In a puzzled way, she said, "Perhaps I will."

Nor did Emily dress like a woman with much regard for herself. She wore practical, seersucker dresses and sensible, low shoes. Because her body had so little shape, no indentations (this must have been at least partly due to the back brace), I was surprised to notice that she had pretty, shapely legs. She wore little or no makeup on her sun- and wind-weathered face.

And what of Lawrence Farr, the North Carolina Presbyterian for whom Emily had left her people and her state? He was a small, precisely made man, with fine dark features (Harriet looked very like him). A lawyer, but widely read in literature, especially the English nineteenth century. He had a courtly manner, and sometimes a wicked tongue; melancholy eyes, and an odd, sudden, ratchety laugh. He looked ten years younger than Emily; the actual difference was less than two.

"WELL," said Margot, settling into a Queen Anne chair—a new antique—on our porch one stifling hot July morning, "I heard some really interesting gossip about your friends."

Margot had met and admired Harriet, and Harriet liked her, too—Margot made Harriet laugh, and she praised Harriet's fine brown hair. But on some instinct (I am not sure whose) the parents had not met. Very likely, Emily, with her Southern social antennae, had somehow sensed that this meeting would be a mistake.

That morning, Harriet and I were going on a picnic in the woods to the steep rocky side of Laurel Hill, but I forced myself to listen, or half listen, to Margot's story.

"Well, it seems that some years ago Lawrence Farr fell absolutely madly in love with a beautiful young girl—in fact, the orphaned daughter of a friend of his. Terribly romantic. Of course, she loved him, too, but he felt so awful and guilty that they never did anything about it."

I did not like this story much; it made me obscurely uncomfortable, and I think that at some point both Margot and I wondered why she was telling it. Was she pointing out imperfections in my chosen other family? But I asked, in Harriet's indifferent voice, "He never kissed her?"

"Well, maybe. I don't know. But of course everyone in town knew all about it, including Emily Farr. And with her back! Poor woman," Margot added somewhat piously but with real feeling, too.

I forgot the story readily at the time. For one thing, there was something unreal about anyone as old as Lawrence Farr "falling in love." But looking back to Emily's face, Emily looking at Lawrence, I can see that pained watchfulness of a woman who has been hurt, and by a man who could always hurt her again.

In those days, what struck me most about the Farrs was their extreme courtesy to each other—something I had not seen before. Never a harsh word. (Of course, I did not know then about couples who cannot afford a single harsh word.)

POSSIBLY because of the element of danger (very slight—the slope was gentle), the roof over the front porch was one of the places Harriet and I liked to sit on warm summer nights when I was invited to stay over. There was a country silence, invaded at intervals by summer country sounds—the strangled croak of tree frogs from down in the glen; the crazy baying of a distant hound. There, in the heavy scent of roses, on the scratchy shingles, Harriet and I talked about sex.

"A girl I know told me that if you do it a lot your hips get very wide."

"My cousin Duncan says it makes boys strong if they do it."

"It hurts women a lot—especially at first. But I knew this girl from Santa Barbara, and she said that out there they say Filipinos can do it without hurting."

"Colored people do it a lot more than whites."

"Of course, they have all those babies. But in Boston so do Catholics!"

We are seized with hysteria. We laugh and laugh, so that Emily hears and calls up to us, "Girls, why haven't you-all gone to bed?" But her voice is warm and amused—she likes having us laughing up there.

And Emily liked my enthusiasm for lemon cake. She teased me about the amounts of it I could eat, and she continued to keep me supplied. She was not herself much of a cook—their maid, a young black girl named Evelyn, did most of the cooking.

Once, but only once, I saw the genteel and opaque surface of that family shattered—saw those three people suddenly in violent opposition to each other, like shards of splintered glass. (But what I have forgotten is the cause—what brought about that terrible explosion?)

The four of us, as so often, were seated at lunch. Emily was at what seemed to be the head of the table. At her right hand was the small silver bell that summoned Evelyn to clear, or to bring a new course. Harriet and I across from each other, Lawrence across from Emily. (There was always a tentativeness about Lawrence's posture. He could have been an honored guest, or a spoiled and favorite child.) We were talking in an easy way. I have a vivid recollection only of words that began to career and gather momentum, to go out of control. Of voices raised. Then Harriet rushes from the room. Emily's face reddens dangerously, the corners of her mouth twitch downward, and Lawrence, in an exquisitely icy voice, begins to lecture me on the virtues of reading Trollope. I am supposed to help him pretend that nothing has happened, but I can hardly hear what he is saying. I am in shock.

That sudden unleashing of violence, that exposed depth of terrible emotions might have suggested to me that the Farrs were not quite as I had imagined them, not the impeccable family in my mind—but it did not. I was simply and terribly—and selfishly—upset, and hugely relieved when it all seemed to have passed over.

DURING that summer, the Ouija board spoke only gibberish to Margot, or it answered direct questions with repeated evasions:

"Will I ever see Johnny Kilgore again, in this life?"

"Yes no perhaps."

"Honey, that means you've got no further need of the board, not right now. You've got to think everything out with your own heart and instincts," Dolly said.

Margot seemed to take her advice. She resolutely put the board away, and she wrote to Johnny that she wanted a divorce.

I had begun to notice that these days, on these sultry August nights, Margot and Dolly were frequently joined on their small excursions by a man named Larry—a jolly, red-faced man who was in real estate and who reminded me considerably of my father.

I said as much to Margot, and was surprised at her furious reaction. "They could not be more different, they are altogether opposite. Larry is a Southern gentleman. You just don't pay any attention to anyone but those Farrs."

A word about Margot's quite understandable jealousy of the Farrs. Much later in my life, when I was unreasonably upset at the attachment of one of my own daughters to another family (unreasonable because her chosen group were all talented musicians, as she was), a wise friend told me that we all could use more than one set of parents—our relations with the original set are too intense, and need dissipating. But no one, certainly not silly Dolly, was around to comfort Margot with this wisdom.

The summer raced on. ("Not without dust and heat," Lawrence several times remarked, in his private ironic voice.) The roses wilted on the roof and on the banks next to the road. The creek dwindled, and beside it honeysuckle leaves lay limply on the vines. For weeks, there was no rain, and then, one afternoon, there came a dark torrential thunderstorm. Harriet and I sat on the side porch and watched its violent start—the black clouds seeming to rise from the horizon, the cracking, jagged streaks of lightning, the heavy, welcome rain. And, later, the clean smell of leaves and grass and damp earth.

Knowing that Margot would be frightened, I thought of calling her, and then remembered that she would not talk on the phone during storms. And that night she told me, "The phone rang and rang, but I didn't think it was you, somehow."

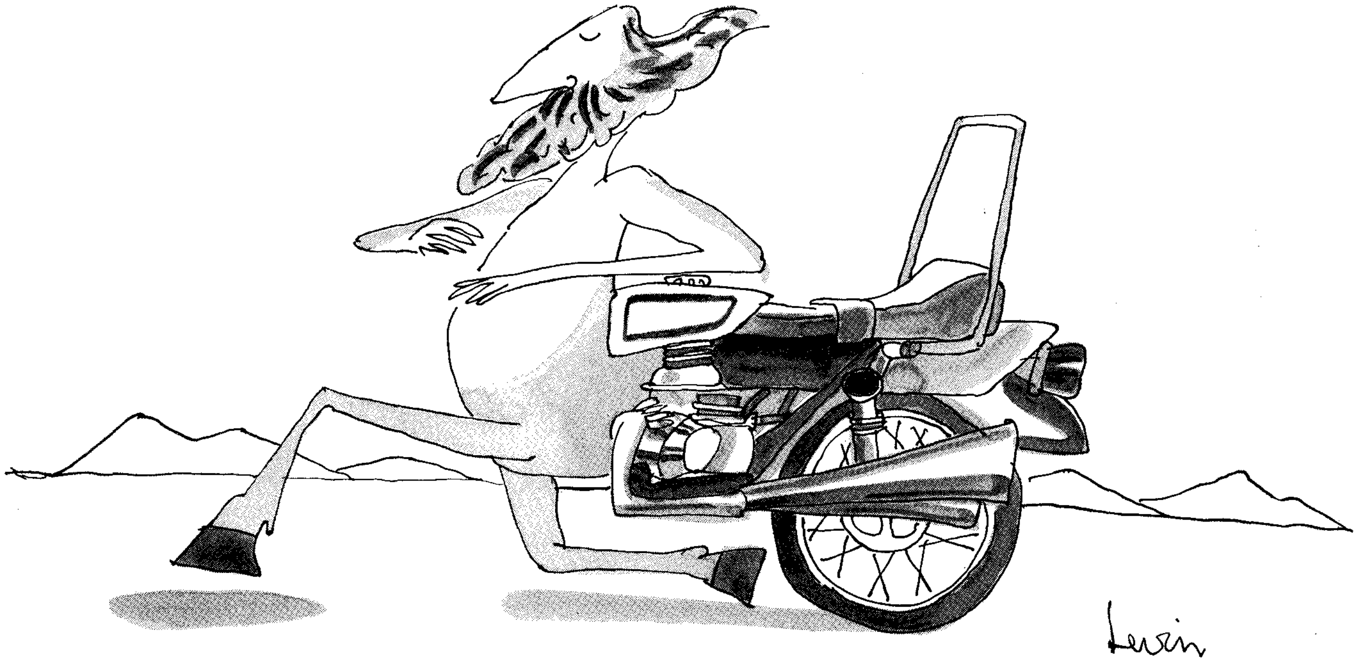
"No."

"I had the craziest idea that it was Johnny. Be just like him to pick the middle of a storm for a phone call."

"There might not have been a storm in New Orleans."

But it turned out that Margot was right.

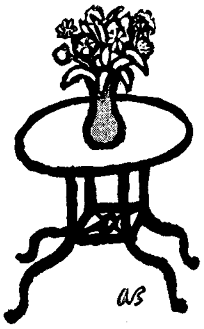
The next day, when I rode up to the Farrs' on my bike, Emily was sitting out in the grass where I had first seen her. I went and squatted beside her there. I thought she looked old and sad, and partly to cheer her I said,



"You grow the most beautiful flowers I've ever seen."

She sighed, instead of smiling as she usually did. She said, "I seem to have turned into a gardener. When I was a girl, I imagined that I would grow up to be a writer, a novelist, and that I would have at least four children. Instead, I grow flowers and write book reviews."

I was not interested in children. "You never wrote a novel?"



She smiled unhappily. "No. I think I was afraid that I wouldn't come up to Trollope. I married rather young, you know."

And at that moment Lawrence came out of the house, immaculate in white flannels.

He greeted me, and said to Emily, "My dear, I find that I have some rather late appointments, in Hillsboro. You won't wait dinner if I'm a trifle late?"

(Of course she would; she always did.)

"No. Have a good time," she said, and she gave him the anxious look that I had come to recognize as the way she looked at Lawrence.

SOON after that, a lot happened very fast. Margot wrote to Johnny (again) that she wanted a divorce, that she intended to marry Larry. (I wonder if this was ever true.) Johnny telephoned—not once but several times. He told her that she was crazy, that he had a great job with some shipbuilders near San Francisco—a defense contract. He would come to get us, and we would all move out there. Margot agreed. We would make a new life. (Of course, we never knew what happened to the girl.)

I was not as sad about leaving the Farrs and that house, that town, those woods as I was to be later, looking back. I was excited about San Francisco, and I vaguely imagined that someday I would come back and that we would all see each other again. Like parting lovers, Harriet and I promised to write each other every day.

And for quite a while we did write several times a week. I wrote about San Francisco—how beautiful it was: the hills and pastel houses, the sea. How I wished that she could see it. She wrote about school and friends. She described solitary bike rides to places we had been. She told me what she was reading.

In high school, our correspondence became more generalized. Responding perhaps to the adolescent mores of the early nineteen-forties, we wrote about boys and parties; we even competed in making ourselves sound "popular." The truth (my truth) was that I was sometimes popular, often not. I had, in fact, a stormy adolescence. And at that time I developed what was to be a long-lasting habit. As I reviewed a situation in which I had been ill-advised or impulsive, I would reënact the whole scene in my mind with Harriet in my own role—Harriet, cool and controlled, more intelligent, prettier. Even more than I wanted to see her again, I wanted to *be* Harriet.

Johnny and Margot fought a lot and stayed together, and gradually a sort of comradeship developed between them in our small house on Russian Hill.

I went to Stanford, where I halfheartedly studied history. Harriet was at Radcliffe, studying American literature, writing poetry.

We lost touch with each other.

Margot, however, kept up with her old friend Dolly, by means of Christmas cards and Easter notes, and Margot thus heard a remarkable piece of news about Emily Farr. Emily "up and left Lawrence without so much as a by-your-leave," said Dolly, and went to Washington, D.C., to work in the Folger Library. This news made me smile all day. I was so proud of Emily. And I imagined that Lawrence would amuse himself, that they would both be happier apart.

By accident, I married well—that is to say, a man whom I still like and enjoy. Four daughters came at uncalculated intervals, and each is remarkably unlike her sisters. I named one Harriet, although she seems to have my untidy character.

From time to time, over the years, I would see a poem by Harriet Farr, and I always thought it was marvellous, and I meant to write her. But I distrusted my reaction. I had been (I was) so deeply fond of Harriet (Emily, Lawrence, that house and land) and besides, what would I say—"I *think* your poem is marvellous"? (I have since learned that this is neither an inadequate nor an unwelcome thing to say to writers.) Of course, the true reason for not writing was that there was too much to say.

Dolly wrote to Margot that Lawrence was drinking "all over the place." He was not happier without Emily. Harriet, Dolly said, was travelling a lot. She married several times and had no children. Lawrence developed emphysema, and was in such bad shape that Emily quit her job and came back to take care of him—whether because of feelings of guilt or duty or possibly affection, I didn't know. He died, lingeringly and miserably, and Emily, too, died, a few years later—at least partly from exhaustion, I would imagine.

THEN, at last, I did write Harriet, in care of the magazine in which I had last seen a poem of hers. I wrote a clumsy, gusty letter, much too long, about shared pasts, landscapes, the creek. All that. And as soon as I had mailed it I began mentally rewriting, seeking more elegant prose.

When for a long time I didn't hear from Harriet, I felt worse and worse, cumbersome, misplaced—as too often in life I had felt before. It did not occur to me that an infrequently staffed magazine could be at fault.

Months later, her letter came—from Rome, where she was then living. Alone, I gathered. She said that she was writing it at the moment of receiving mine. It was a long, emotional, and very moving letter, out of character for the Harriet that I remembered (or had invented).

She said, in part: "It was really strange, all that time when Lawrence was dying, and God! so long! and as though 'dying' were all that he was doing—Emily, too, although we didn't know that—all that time the picture that moved me most, in my mind, that moved me to tears, was not of Lawrence and Emily but of you and me. On our bikes at the top of the hill outside our house. Going somewhere. And I first thought that that picture simply symbolized something irretrievable, the lost and irrecoverable past, as Lawrence and Emily would be lost. And I'm sure that was partly it.

"But they were so extremely fond of you—in fact, you were a rare area of agreement. They missed you, and they talked about you for years. It's a wonder that I wasn't jealous, and I think I wasn't only because I felt included in their affection for you. They liked me best with you.

"Another way to say this would be to say that we were all three a little less crazy and isolated with you around, and, God knows, happier."

An amazing letter, I thought. It was enough to make me take a long look at my whole life, and to find some new colors there.

A postscript: I showed Harriet's letter to my husband, and he said, "How odd. She sounds so much like you."

—ALICE ADAMS

THE BOBBY BISON NEWSLETTER

BOBBY BISON is bearish. Will Bobby Bison continue to be bearish? In the current issue of the *Newsletter*, Bobby Bison says that "Indicators indicate accelerating clumps." BOBBY BISON HAS BEEN RIGHT IN THE PAST! IT WOULD BE FOOLISH TO IGNORE THAT FACT.

Last year Bobby Bison successfully predicted the carpet glut. Bobby Bison predicted the unprecedented drop in urban trimmings. Bobby Bison walked out on opening night. WHAT DOES BOBBY BISON SAY NOW?

Bobby Bison is bearish. Or is he? Bobby Bison points out that many stocks are now selling at tiny, tiny multiples of their nutritional value. Bobby Bison points out that some stock is selling for less money than is kept in the average petty-cash drawer. Among other "undervalued" stocks Bobby Bison offers for consideration in the *Newsletter* are:

American Biological
Cornell Cheese
Multipromo Stores
Debonair Brands
BeNeLux Pumpco
Pretty Paper

Of course, Bobby Bison doesn't necessarily *like* these stocks. Not by a long shot. In point of fact, Bobby Bison loathes *all stocks*. That is why the Bobby Bison publications (the monthly *Newletter* and the yearly *Trend-Leaf*) are so important to the financial community. The Bobby Bison approach provides a needed counterbalance to conventional Wall Street wisdom. Whereas other newsletters offer "buy-sell-hold" advice, Bobby Bison says, "Forget it." Time and again, issue after issue, stock after stock, Bobby Bison says, "Forget it." Harsh advice? Perhaps. But consider this: In 1971, when others were promoting "growth stocks," Bobby Bison said, "Forget it. Dump them. Hold on to your cufflinks." Fortunes were made because of that advice, and other fortunes lost.

Does Bobby Bison Still Predict a Monetary System Based on Cufflinks?

IN the 1975 *Trend-Leaf*, Bobby Bison explains why he eschews currency of any kind and why he says that "It's all over but the hoarding." Bobby Bison prophesies ragged lawns, scalper's prices, uninvited guests, unwelcome snares, and double-digit profusions but concludes that the shrewd investor (one subscribing to the Bobby Bison publications) can still turn a tidy profit if he keeps a balanced stud box and a loyal tenantry.

Which Bobby Bison Publication Is Right for Me?

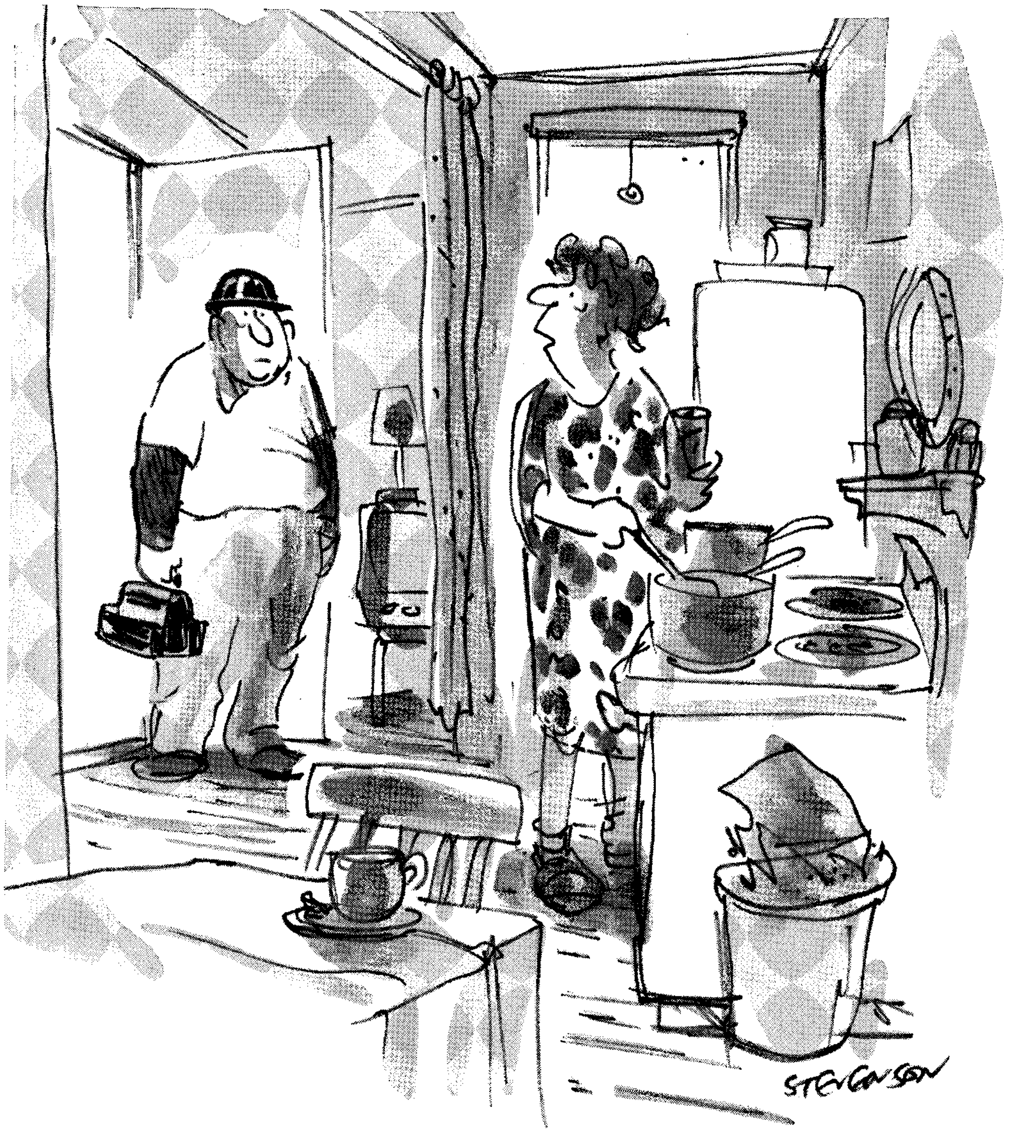
THE Bobby Bison *Newsletter* is a nonrecurring front-loading ancillary for businessmen and serious investors. It includes specific sell-dump-shred information on a broad range of stocks, is published monthly, and costs seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. The yearly *Trend-Leaf* is a five-hundred-page reference work detailing broad-view gluts and ballpark downages, and is available for seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Is Bobby Bison Serious?

POSSIBLY. Of course, Bobby Bison might be having a vicious private joke at your expense. This is why Bobby Bison publishes his *Secret File Key*. The *Secret File Key*, available monthly at one thousand dollars an issue—or ten thousand dollars a year—tells subscribers which parts of the *Newsletter* and the yearly *Trend-Leaf* they may be safe in taking seriously. Last year, for instance, purchasers of the *Secret File Key* learned months ahead of time that a piece of "investment advice" to be published in the *Newsletter* was just a malicious prank. The money saved by *Secret File Key* subscribers who knew not to take Mr. Bison seriously in this instance more than paid for their subscription to the *Secret File Key*.

Yes, please, Mr. Bison, consider my application to:
☐ Monthly *Newsletter*
☐ Yearly *Trend-Leaf*
☐ *Secret File Key*
Name____________________
Address____________________
Thank you, Mr. Bison, and God Bless.

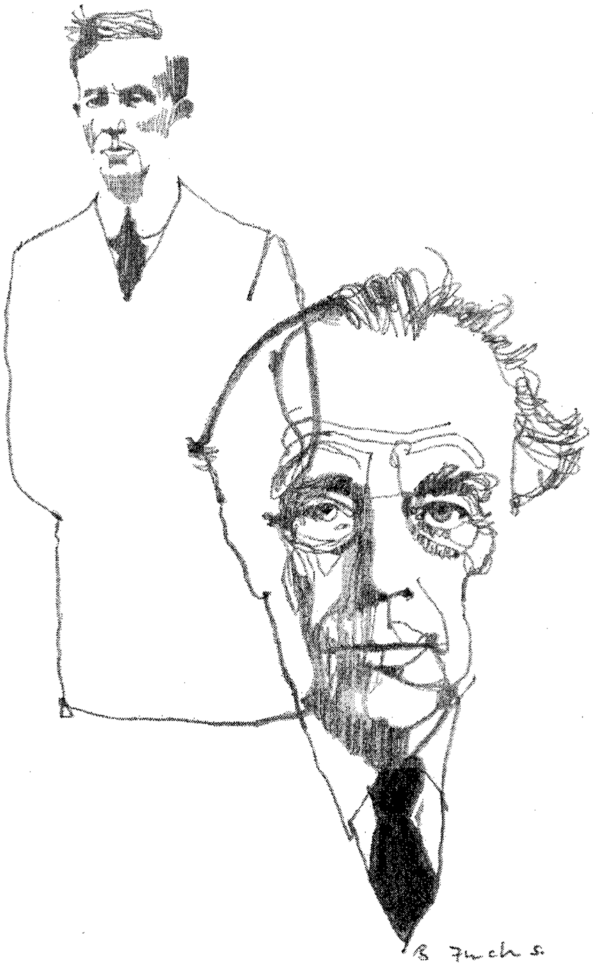
—GEORGE W. S. TROW



"Oh, it's you! I thought I heard ruffles and flourishes."

PROFILES

SON AND FATHER



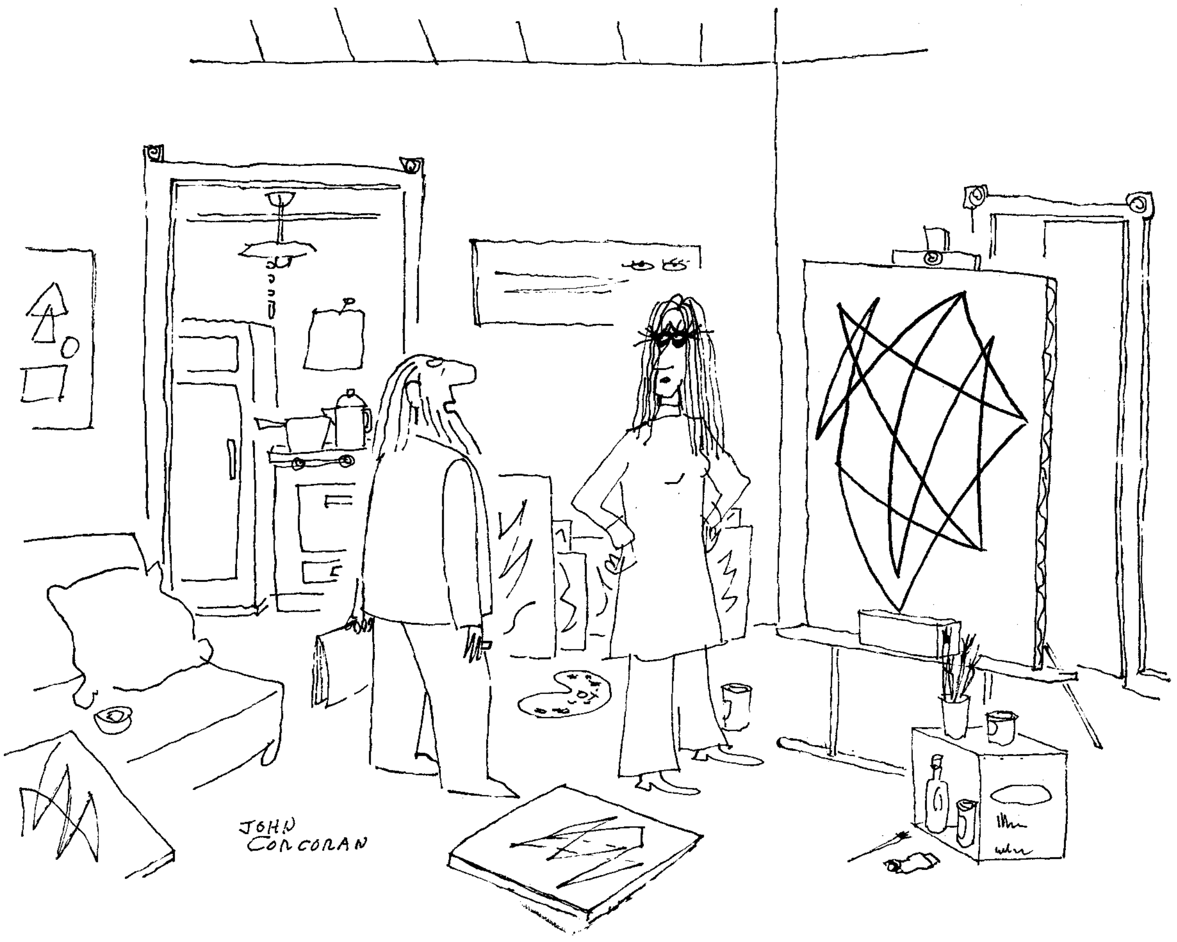
Robert Erskine Childers and Erskine Hamilton Childers

PAINTERS were at work in the downstairs room that Mrs. de Valéra used to call Grianan, Gaelic for "the Place of Sunlight." The late-autumn sun fell over Phoenix Park and through the windows of the room onto an immense orange-white-and-green carpet woven—with the design of a phoenix at the center—by forty women in a Donegal fishing village. "Phoenix" here is the result of an Anglicization that has stuck, arising not from the mythical bird but from the sound of the Gaelic words "*fionn uisce*," meaning "clear water," for a spring there. A lake on the grounds of the house is fed by springs, and Phoenix therefore became the name of the house that stood here in the mid-seventeenth century, when Henry Cromwell, the Lord Protector's fourth son, lived in it as lord deputy and governor-general. The name carried over to the royal park created in the sixteen-sixties, on the restoration of King Charles II—a park then, as now, verdant, well stocked with deer and pheasant, a great green slice out of Dublin. Above the carpet, sunlight ricocheted off the Waterford-glass chandeliers, flecking an allegorical plasterwork on the ceiling which shows Time rescuing Truth from the assaults of Discord and Envy, and a plaster bas-relief over the mantelpiece of Marcus Curtius on horseback about to plunge into the abyss for the salvation of Rome. In the official anteroom, the sun lit the objects resting on a small table between the windows: a tiny orange-white-and-green flag taken to the moon and back by a United States rocket crew and, encased in plastic, a fragment of lunar rock from the Taurus Littrow Canyon, closely resembling a piece of aerated fudge. In the outer, formal study, twin shafts of sunlight fell on a floor-to-ceiling bookcase behind the President's desk, spotlighting "The Great Hunger," by Cecil Woodham-Smith, and Volumes VIII and IX of the Catholic Encyclopedia. In the inner, working study, the sun bathed a desk where, just a few months before he died, of a heart attack, in November, Erskine Hamilton Childers, the fourth President of Ireland, sat making notes for a speech for the opening of the Navan Road Sports Centre. Through the window could be seen a stretch of lawn; a section of white balustrade, with a gap where some steps led down to a lower lawn; a policeman's head; cars passing on the road through Phoenix Park to Castleknock and Blanchardstown; and the escarpment of the Dublin hills. A gong rang—with Oriental, imperial, country-house reverberations—for lunch. President Childers, a short, handsome man of sixty-seven, with a high, professorial forehead accentuated by brushed-back gray hair, stood up.

SOME English viceroys are said to have liked the house because it reminded them of distant colonial posts. Some architectural historians are put in mind of the White House, in Washington, but there is probably no connection other than the fact that James Hoban, the White House architect, was Irish-born. Concealed now in the wide-spreading, formally proportioned, light-painted stucco Georgian mansion is the mid-eighteenth-century Ranger's House, built for the Right Honourable Nathaniel Clements. By the end of the eighteenth century, when the British government tried to present it to the patriot Henry Grattan, it was in such bad repair he refused to accept it. In 1815, Francis Johnston, an architect, improved it, adding the wings and refronting the south portico. One viceroy during the nineteenth century was the Duke of Marlborough, and while he held the office his son Lord Randolph Churchill offended the Prince of Wales and therefore had to forgo London society and bring his family to Dublin until 1879. Thus, between the ages of one and four Winston Churchill lived in a small lodge on the viceregal grounds. The nearly three years in Ireland seemed to convince both Lord Randolph and his son that they understood "the Irish question," on which they both thereafter made bold, not always well-considered pronouncements. In 1882, Earl Spencer, then the viceroy, saw some men apparently wrestling on the grounds; what he in fact saw was Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Thomas Burke, Undersecretary for Ireland, being assassinated by a patriotic group of Fenians called the Irish Invincibles. (In London, some years later, young Churchill reflected how fortunate it was that the Fenians hadn't got him when, two years before, he fell off his donkey in Phoenix Park.) In 1911, a new domestic wing, in Queen Anne style, was built for the state visit of King George V, and it is in the less grandiose private rooms of this wing that the Presidents of Ireland and their families have lived since the withdrawal of the last representative of the British Crown. The viceregal lodge has been renamed Arus an Uachtaráin, Gaelic for "the House of the President." The Presidents to date have been Dr. Douglas Hyde, Sean T. O'Kelly, Éamon de Valéra, Erskine Childers, and Cearbhall Ó Dalaigh. Also on the grounds of Phoenix Park are the Papal Nunciature, the Dublin Zoo, and the residence of the United States Ambassador.

UNTIL Childers was elected President, in May of 1973, he was Tanaiste, or Deputy Prime Minister, and he and his wife, Rita, and their youngest daughter, Nessa, lived in a comfortable, by no means fancy semi-detached red brick house on Highfield Road, in south Dublin. His telephone number at that address is still in the Dublin-area section of the current Irish telephone directory—the only Childers—sandwiched between the Child Study Centre and Childminders. There are almost five pages of Murphys. President Childers sometimes dipped into a volume called "Genealogies of the English Kings," in which the Childerses can trace their descent from Edward III. Less remote than the Plantagenet monarch was another distinguished ancestor—Leonard Childers, of Carr House, near Doncaster, in Yorkshire, who bought and bred the first great Arab stallion, the Darley Arabian, which had been brought into England around 1704. In the outer study of Arus, there was a small bronze of the Darley Arabian's son Flying Childers, winner of the Five Hundred Guineas in 1721. The Darley Arabian was the great-great-grandsire of Eclipse, from whom have sprung most of the great racing horses since then. The Childerses have furnished five members of British or Irish Parliaments. Their ancestor Lord Thomas Erskine served as Lord Chancellor of England in 1806-07; earlier, in 1792, when he was attorney general to the Prince of Wales, he appeared on behalf of Tom Paine, then in trouble for his pro-revolutionary book "The Rights of Man." Hugh Childers helped found the University of Melbourne, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Gladstone. President Childers' paternal grandfather was an eminent scholar of Pali and other Oriental languages, but both he and his Irish wife died in their thirties. They left, among other children, Robert Erskine Childers, the President's father, who, though he was born and educated in England, was brought up by his mother's family, the Bartons, and spent all his holidays with them, in a large country house in the Wicklow hills, thirty miles south of Dublin. In 1903, on a trip to Boston with an English artillery company he had served with during the Boer War, this Erskine Childers met and swiftly married a New England woman, Mary Osgood. The President's mother (who was crippled at an early age, and spent a good deal of her life bedridden) brought into the Childers family a notable inheritance of her own. Through the Osgoods, President Childers was descended from John Alden, cooper of the Mayflower, and from John Adams, the second President of the United States. Molly Osgood's father, the Boston physician Dr. Hamilton Osgood, first introduced Pasteur's rabies serum to America. (The Cunard Line put Dr. Osgood's rabbits in a first-class cabin by themselves.) The Osgoods gave Erskine and Molly Childers a fifty-foot Norwegian ketch, Asgard, as a wedding present. It was in Asgard that the Childerses, in 1914, ran a cargo of rifles and ammunition from the North Sea for the use of Irish insurgents, and quite possibly some of those rifles were used when, eight years later, during the civil war that followed the treaty between British and Irish representatives setting up the Irish Free State, Robert Erskine Childers, the President's father, after the verdict of an Irish military court, was taken into the courtyard of Beggar's Bush Barracks, in Dublin, and shot.

OUTSIDE Ireland, the name Erskine Childers means most to those who sail small yachts, are knowledgeable in the literature of the sea, or are addicted to thrillers written around 1900, in what is sometimes called the heyday of Edwardian optimism. But probably few of those who react enthusiastically to the words "The Riddle of the Sands" are aware of the fact that the author of that book was an English-public-school-educated civil servant who became an Irish revolutionary, and that his son became the fourth President of Ireland. Being known by the same name as his father, the President was often taken for the author of "The Riddle of the Sands." In 1972, the Providence *Journal* ran an article about the father illustrated with a photograph of the



"With the possible exception of last night's veal piccata, it's the best thing you've ever done."

son. Unlike the father, the son never took up sailing; he was an energetic gardener and mountain walker. But on bookshelves in the working study he kept, among four other books his father wrote, half a dozen of the various editions that "The Riddle of the Sands" has gone into since it was published, in 1903, by Smith, Elder—his prized copy being a battered first edition, spine broken, binding torn, stuffed with clippings and letters. "The Riddle of the Sands" has been issued in Nelson's Sixpenny Library; as a Collins Classic; by Penguin and Signet; in Rupert Hart-Davis's Mariners Library; by Sidgwick & Jackson, in London; by Dodd, Mead, and Dutton, in New York; and, in a deluxe illustrated edition, by The Imprint Society, in Barre, Massachusetts. It is the sort of book that gives those who come across it the cozy and exciting feeling of becoming a member of a special group. Those who make a practice of reading it regularly, perhaps once a year, like to compare their favorite passages and show off their knowledge of the book by asking one another obscure questions: "What cargo was Bartels' barge carrying?" or "What was the name of the ship's carpenter who repaired the rudder of the Dulcibella at Flensburg?" Small-boat sailors tend to say that it is the best book to do with small-boat sailing that has ever been written. Even those who know little about sailing find that they are dragged into the book willy-nilly along with the narrator, Carruthers, who at the start doesn't know much about it, either. But it is also simply a fine thriller, which had contemporary writers like Sir John Buchan greatly praising it. Carruthers joins his friend Davies aboard a small converted lifeboat on what he thinks is to be a late-season yachting holiday, but it turns out to be an uncomfortable voyage of discovery along the North Sea coast of Germany, ferreting out the channels and creeks behind the East Frisian Islands and falling upon what they eventually realize are German preparations to invade England. There is much rowing with muffled oars on compass courses through thick fog. There is a girl with slim brown wrists—the daughter of an English traitor. When the book appeared, it not only excited readers but also—Childers' intention—aroused the British Admiralty to examine its coastal defenses and muster craft suitable for use in the narrow seas. For that matter, several British officers, spurred by the book, made unofficial coastal reconnaissances of their own and ran into trouble with the German authorities. And apart from its message, its detail, and its power as a yarn, the book's attraction resides in a transparently genuine, romantic patriotism. Carruthers refers to the Dulcibella at one point as "that frail atom of English soil, their first guerdon of home and safety." The book marked the high water of its author's pride and belief in England: the sort of rapture that—though not exactly careless—is full of buoyant concern. His later passion involved much graver stuff.

WINTER BOTANY

1
You can hear the dogs
At the edge of town.
It's fall. The hills
Are slowly filling up with spinster sculpture—
Before the whole *mise en scène* collapses,
How can we explain our devotion to
The second rate,
Our three false languages:
Government, medicine, and law?

2
Who put those malteds in the sea
And the angels in alphabetical files?
The mail piles up for the departed,
The insipid surprises of middle life
Pile up, when what we wanted were
Tame lions with musicians in a royal park,
Extracts of smoke, the lunch of ages,
Undying moonlight fettered at the feet
Of prima ballerinas crammed with poems,
Whose net impact would be marvellous . . .

3
Instead what we got was a century
Good for poems but not for poets, talk
Reduced to small talk, grunts among the trees
Heralding the terrors of the lapsed thing:
Days whose events refused to happen,
Money lost before we could count it,
Nights of unrecollected being.

4
Night sweats and stomach cramps,
Their symptoms set the tone
In this city of four million love affairs
That has its night life on
And divides the world into two great camps:
The mad great, and the not great mad;
In dreams we find ourselves alone,
Looking down from a high wire,
With no net below,
Thinking we know one truth at least:
Not to be loved is to crave power.

—Howard Moss

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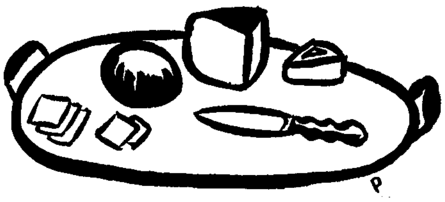
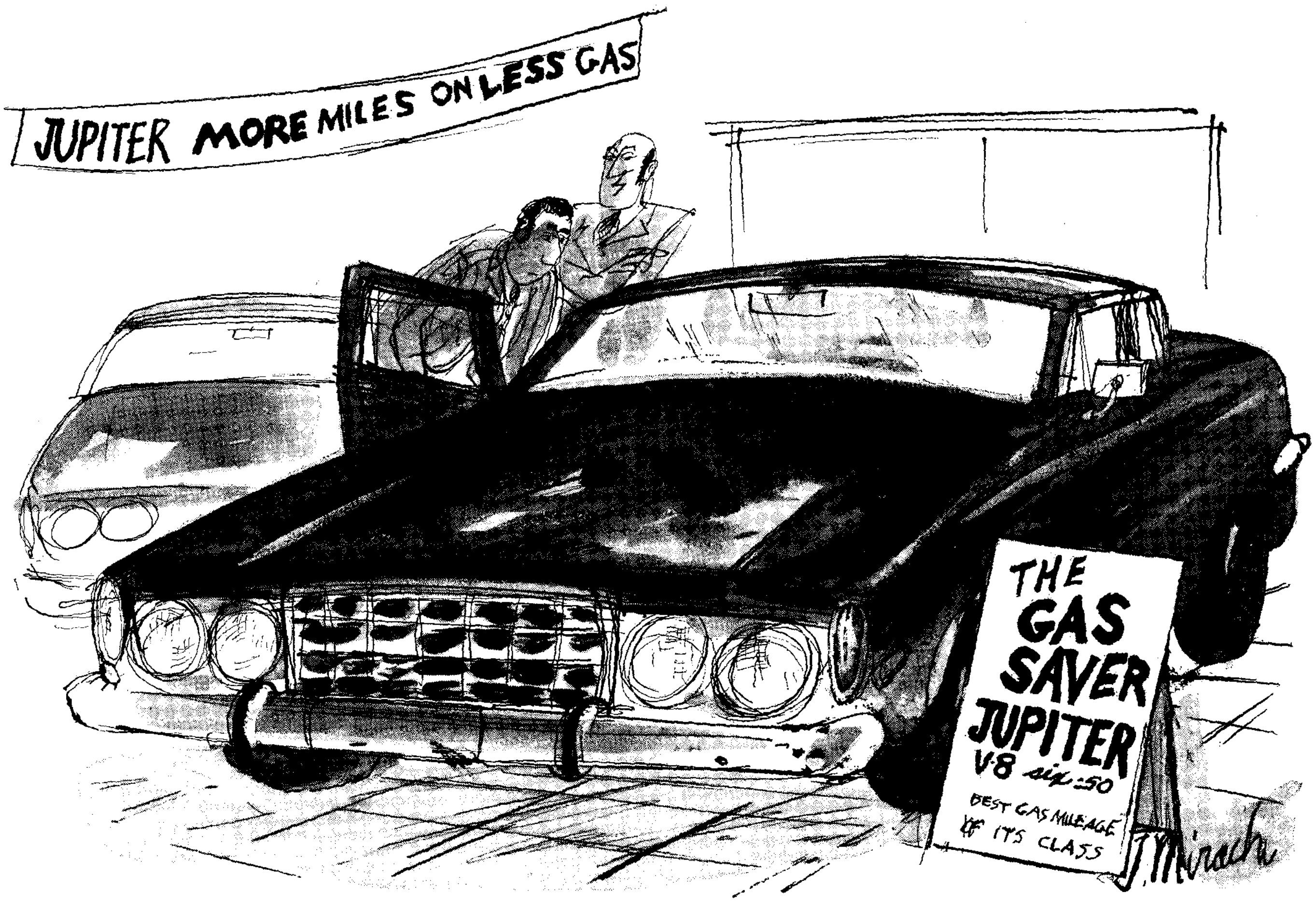


President Childers first read "The Riddle of the Sands" when he was ten. In recent years, he found that the book was a splendid icebreaker; people talked to him about it, how they first read it, and how many people they had told about it, and in the process revealed far more of their own personalities than they would in normal conversation. The book also brought film producers to him nearly once a year, though none ever arranged to finance the forthcoming movie they announced or to meet the family's standards for maintaining the Edwardian historical integrity of the novel; then again, per-


JUPITER MORE MILES ON LESS GAS
THE GAS SAVER JUPITER V8 six:50
BEST GAS MILEAGE OF ITS CLASS

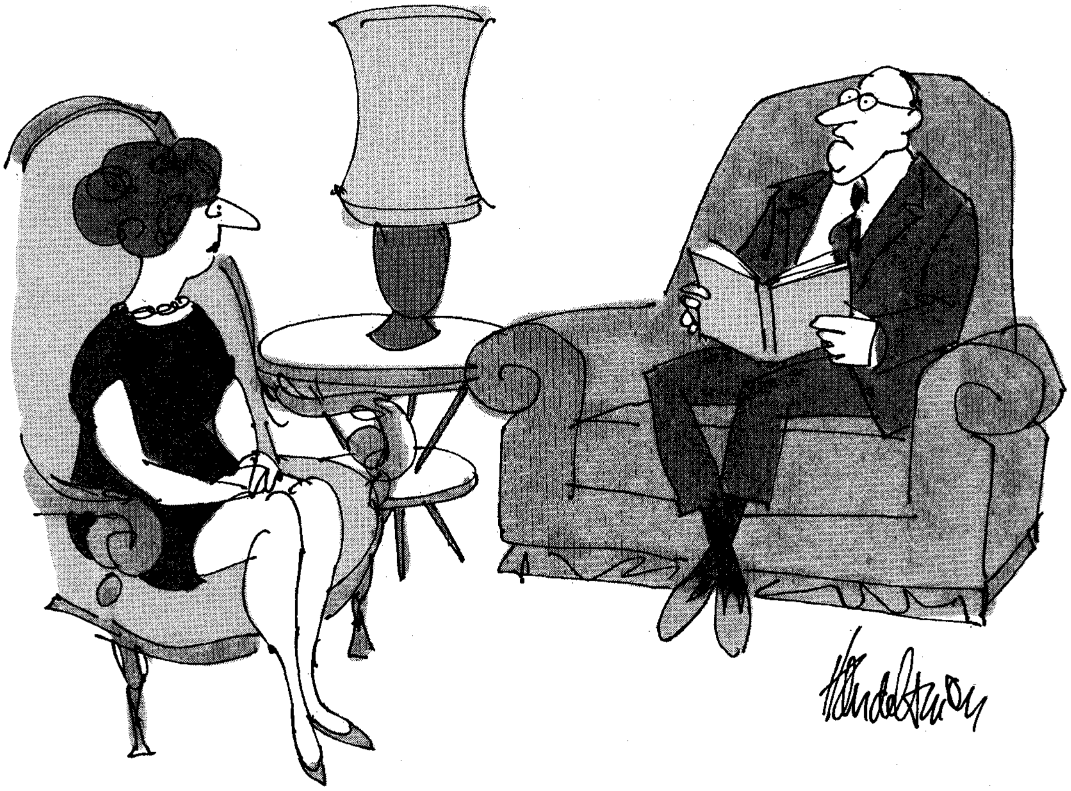
"Of course, you may or may not attain this gasoline mileage, depending on traffic conditions, driving habits, and presence or absence of a slight following wind."

• •

haps the backers were worried about all that fog. The BBC has done it as an afternoon radio serial. The President thought of the book as a talisman, for it brought him into contact with people he wouldn't otherwise have known, and opened doors for him. In the early nineteen-thirties, when he was advertising manager of Mr. de Valéra's new newspaper, the *Irish Press*, and was struggling to sell advertising space, he asked for an appointment with the world sales manager of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Sir George Harrod. Sir George agreed to see him. He shook hands with the young salesman, perched himself on the edge of his desk, and began to recite word for word a chapter of "The Riddle of the Sands." Naturally, after that, he bought space.

TO the spring-fed lake in the grounds of Arus an Uachtaráin come flocks of wild ducks. At the same time every day, four swans parade across the grass to the guard's lodge and peck at the door until the guard comes out to feed them. There are deer in the park, many rabbits and squirrels to be seen, and foxes, more furtive, who have been killing the geese in the zoo and adding insult to injury by eating them outside the keeper's office. Somehow, the animals always managed to coexist with President Childers' young dogs, whom he took for early-morning walks: Cashel, a standard poodle, and Daragh, an Irish wolfhound—named after an early Irish king. The President, a serious, lifelong student of Irish history, liked to tell people that Irish wolfhounds were a traditional Irish export: one appears on the frieze of the Acropolis, and Roman legionnaires coveted them. Some afternoons, the President rowed out to the island in the lake. There, in a tradition formed by such political leaders and fellers of trees as Washington and Gladstone, he tackled the thick underbrush and tree overgrowth, clearing the ground for new planting. As Minister for Lands, Forestry, and Fisheries from 1957 to 1959, he encouraged new plantations and forestry parks on the largely denuded Irish hills. Trails have been created in new and old forests. While he was President, he and Rita often donned boots, oilskins, and backpacks and took weekend-long hikes. He eventually climbed every mountain in Ireland, and many in Europe, but his favorite climb was the ascent of the Scar, a hill behind Glendalough House, on the Barton estate at Annamoe, where, like his father, he spent childhood holidays, where he went on many weekends and holidays during his years in office, and where one day he had hoped to retire. His younger brother, Robert, recently retired from the newspaper business in Britain, is living there now, helping their cousin Robert Barton, who is ninety-three, run the estate farm.

The President also took pride in less utilitarian cultivation, such as an ornamental Victorian water garden at Glendalough House and the fine formal garden of Arus an Uachtaráin. In the Arus garden, a long gravelled path known as the Queen's Walk is lined by two rows of trees, the first tree having been planted during a visit of Queen Victoria in 1848. Since then, a tree—generally a maple, an oak, or a beech—has been put in by every head of state or royal person to visit Arus; among such visitors have been the Duke of Connaught, Edward VII, George V, King Baudouin, and Queen Fabiola. A few years ago, Mrs. Chil-



"I ~~know~~ I once said that age could not wither you nor custom stale your infinite variety. I remember it very clearly, because it was V-J Day."

• •

ders took along the Walk a party of children from Belfast, both Catholic and Protestant, and explained its history to them. One small Protestant boy wanted to know where was the tree they had planted for King Billy—that is, William of Orange, whose forces defeated the Catholic army of James II at the Battle of the Boyne, in 1690. The President's knowledge of the history of Ireland and his unceasing reflections on his father's role in helping to create the Irish Republic were sometimes joined by a sense of wonder at his own position as First Citizen. Often in the evenings, he and his wife strolled along the Queen's Walk and along the terrace on the south side of Arus, the lawn rolling away to their left and, on their right, the tall windows of the grand downstairs rooms lit from within, and they paused, and he asked himself with some amazement, "Are we really living here?"

FOR a while, Childers was reluctant to become a candidate for the Presidency. Despite the honor of the office and the privilege attached to it, it is hedged about with limitations. Mr. de Valéra introduced the present Irish constitution in 1937, becoming Prime Minister after its enactment, and he didn't want his office to be overshadowed by that of the President. The Irish Presidency is roughly equivalent to the Crown in a constitutional monarchy, possessing little power of initiative. In normal times, the President's job is to follow the advice of the Prime Minister and the Dáil, or Parliament, in appointing ministers; to sign bills into law; to grant commissions to officers in the armed forces; and to receive the credentials of foreign ambassadors. In an emergency, if parliamentary government breaks down, he has the important job of holding the state together. During his term of office, which is seven years, he may not leave the country without the government's permission. He is allowed to run for a second term but no more. He may be impeached for "stated misbehaviour." Although in theory any citizen of Ireland over the age of thirty-five is eligible for the post, a candidate requires nomination either by twenty Dáil deputies or by four County Councils, and this in fact restricts the job to practicing politicians.

In the previous Irish government, headed by Jack Lynch, Childers was both Minister for Health and Deputy Prime Minister. He had a reputation as a stalwart member of his party, Fianna Fáil (a poetic Gaelic name meaning "Soldiers of Destiny"), and only two other deputies had served in the Dáil longer. He also had the distinction of being the only Protestant on the Fianna Fáil front benches. However, Fianna Fáil lost the 1973 general election and it was clear that the coalition of the Fine Gael and Labour Parties, headed by Liam Cosgrave, would be in power for some time—some observers thought for at least two terms. Thus, Mr. Childers, although he regretted the unfinished business he was leaving at the Ministry for Health, took into account the fact that he was then sixty-seven. Perhaps it was time to make room on the Opposition front benches for a younger man. Furthermore, Mr. de Valéra's second term as President was up. So Childers agreed to run for President.

Childers' opponent, Thomas O'Higgins, had run Mr. de Valéra a close race for the Presidency in 1966, and was the candidate of the coalition parties in power, so he started out the favorite. Childers had an English education and a gentlemanly English accent; he didn't speak Gaelic or have, as do many Irishmen in public life, a Gaelic spelling for his name. For all that, he came across very well on television. Some voters who had never supported a Fianna Fáil candidate before were impressed by the patient, cultured voice, the suggestion that here was someone who wouldn't easily fly off the handle. Perhaps the man wasn't very Irish, but—just now—was that a bad thing? Childers wasn't afraid to say publicly that he was against violence as an answer to political problems; he spoke for peace and conciliation. And—to the surprise of many, used to the retiring nature of former, venerable Presidents and familiar with the limitations imposed on the post by the constitution, all of which had given the job a predictable tone—he spoke about expanding the dimensions and character of the Presidency, giving it a more active, thought-provoking place in Irish life. In any event, together with the votes of Fianna Fáil diehards he collected those of many women impressed by what he had accomplished as Minister for Health. Perhaps, being a Protestant, he was thought to be a good person to deal with the fearful Northerners, giving them the feeling that the South wasn't altogether the Catholic Church-dominated state it was sometimes made out to be. Perhaps, having put one party in power, the Irish electorate showed a sophisticated desire to impart a little balance by giving the other party the

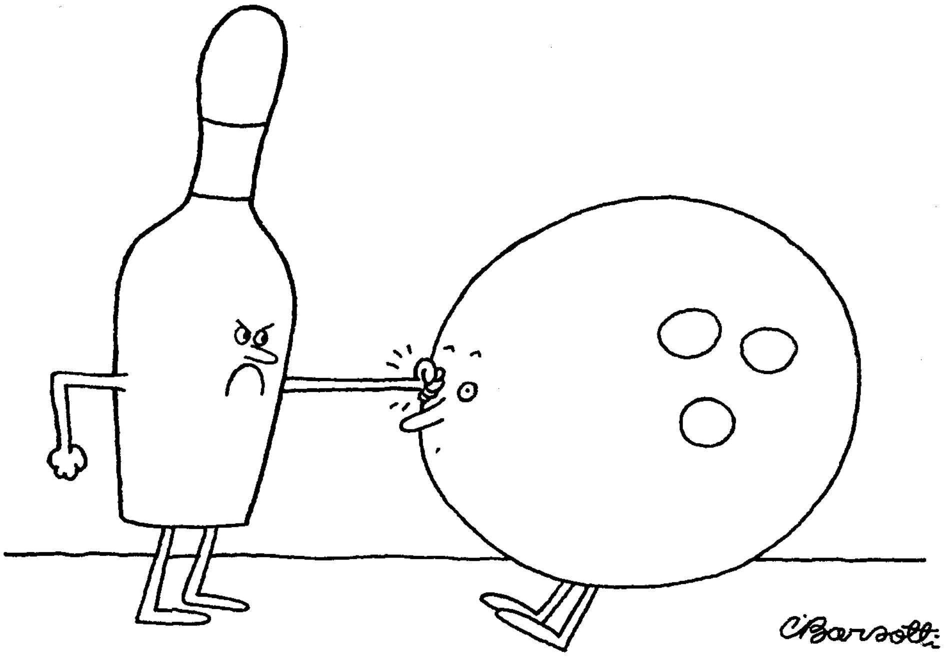
Presidency. And perhaps, for some, there was the magic of the name, his father's name. For Childers won the contest, 635,867 to 587,771—a margin of 48,096 votes. He was inaugurated as President in St. Patrick's Hall, in Dublin, on June 25, 1973. The date, as it happened, was his father's birthday.

DURING the Presidency of Erskine Childers, three photographs of his father hung in Arus an Uachtaráin. In the upstairs drawing room of the private wing, a fuzzy enlarged snapshot from just before the First World War showed him between his two sons, smiling happily—the three sitting in deck chairs on the shingle of a Sussex beach. In the same room, another photograph of about the same period showed him alone, smiling faintly, wearing the high, stiff collar of the time. In the President's working study, a similar photograph of somewhat later date had him with no smile at all. Apart from the suit, the collar, and the tie, and the straight, neatly parted Anglo-Saxon hair, you might have seen in it the face of an American Indian brave: strong nose, dark eyes, hollowed cheeks under high cheekbones, ears that stuck out, lips downturned—the face of a man who could bear torture.

There are glimpses to be had of the youth who became that man, trained to the high, abnegatory standards of late-nineteenth-century British government. At boarding school and college, despite a slight limp he was an eager outdoorsman, rower, sailor, and climber. Bertrand Russell and Edward Marsh, later Winston Churchill's private secretary, were with him on a college-vacation reading party in Wales, and Marsh subsequently wrote, in a letter, not altogether contentedly, "Childers has turned us all into fishermen." Together with a fierce devotion to any subject that interested him went a pedantic streak; Childers' long-windedness lost him one college-debating-society election. ("The intolerable gas of Mr. Childers" was how his opponents put it.) While up at Trinity College, Cambridge, he took debating positions against trade unions, against luxury in modern society, and against home rule for Ireland. Although he went back to Glendalough House for most vacations, sailed in Arklow Bay, and walked in the Wicklow hills, his political views were largely imperialist. In 1893, he spoke twice in one week against home rule. Self-government within the Empire was all very well for Australia and Canada, he felt, but "the case of Ireland was exceptional because of its proximity, and the national aspirations of that country were incompatible with our own safety." (Gladstone's Irish-home-rule bill of that year passed the Commons but was overwhelmingly defeated by the Lords, which until the Parliament Act of 1911 had the power to thwart legislation.) From Cambridge, Childers went to a post of high prestige in the British Civil Service. His colleagues on the official staff of the House of Commons admired his absorption in his work, though they noted a complementary absentmindedness. During the long Parliamentary vacations of that period, he made arduous voyages in small boats like the Dulcibella. Then, in 1899, he volunteered for the Boer War. He enjoyed a job that few others could stomach—that of looking after the horses of his artillery troop on the ship that, rolling and pitching, took them to South Africa. He was afraid that he wouldn't get to the front before the war ended.

And then came a change. Perhaps the war itself brought it about, for, as the elder Childers noted in his book "In the Ranks of the C.I.V.," published in 1900, it was "a liberal education . . . to have lived with and for two horses day and night for eight months!" He appreciated the courage of the Boers and the cleverness of their tactics; he wrote a letter to the *Times* of London commenting respectfully on the strategy of the Boer General Christiaan Rudolph de Wet, and he was later commissioned to write the volume of the "*Times* History of the War in South Africa" that was particularly concerned with guerrilla activities. Another influence for change was his marriage. Molly Osgood was a tiny, auburn-haired, strong-willed woman, at that point able to walk slightly as the result of an operation. He married her in Boston within five months of meeting her. And though he remained after the success of "The Riddle of the Sands" a committee clerk of the House of Commons, set up house with his wife in London, and joined a club (he was put up for the Reform Club by his friend William Le Fanu and his fellow-writer Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), the liberalizing process continued. While he wrote of warfare, he read scores of books on Irish history. In 1908, he toured western Ireland with his cousin Robert Barton, who had cast off Unionist, landowning, Ascendancy ties to join Sinn Féin, a separatist organization dedicated to the cause of Irish independence. Although the mid-nineteenth-century horrors—insecurity of tenure, the great potato famine, the misery of starvation and emigration—had been greatly alleviated through land reform, religious emancipation, and the extension of the franchise, the Irish desire for home rule had not, as British Conservative ministries had hoped, "been killed with kindness." Tardy reform merely encouraged belief in ultimate reform and—among some—in revolution.

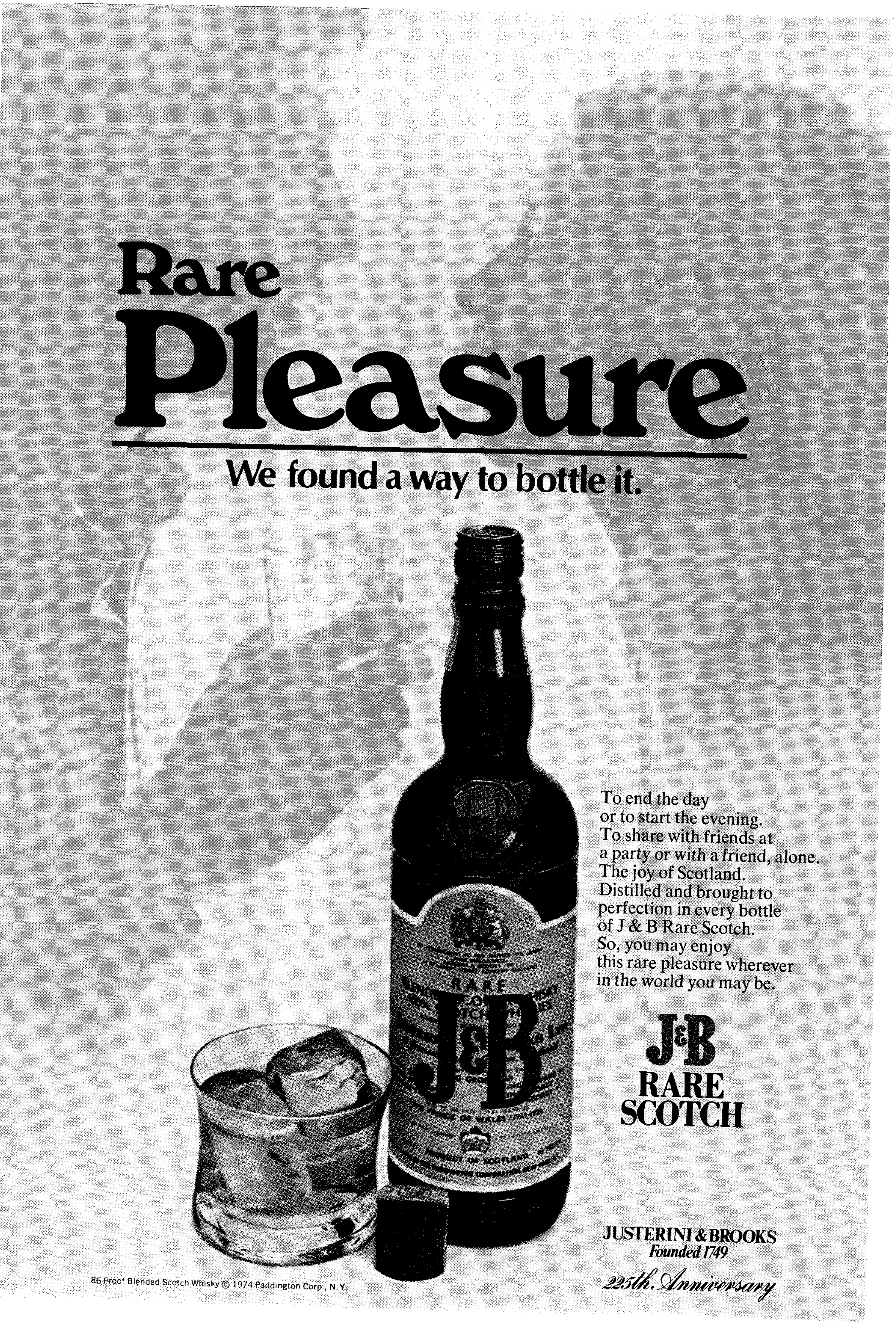
Erskine Childers came back from that trip to western Ireland a convert to home rule, and though he now had two sons and could have made a prosperous career as a novelist, he chose instead the cause of converting others to his new way of thinking about the government of Ireland. In 1910, he resigned from the staff of the House of Commons. His book "The Framework of Home Rule" was published in 1911; in it he made a long, power-



fully argued plea for dominion status for Ireland. He did not advocate complete separation, which Sinn Féin intended, and which, he said, “Ireland does not want,” but he noted that “if another Home Rule Bill were to fail, Sinn Féin would undoubtedly redouble its strength,” and he gave his services to a special Commons committee set up to draft amendments to the new bill. In fact, by 1914 home rule was at last in the offing, but so was world war, and the Protestant majority in Ulster were taking advantage of England’s predicament by arming volunteers to make plain their refusal to be “handed over” to the South. Backed by liberal English and Anglo-Irish friends, and with his wife among the crew, Childers sailed Asgard to Belgium to pick up rifles and ammunition for the Southern Irish Volunteers. On the return voyage to Ireland, there were exciting moments. They sailed through the British fleet, ready for war, being reviewed at Spithead by the King; they were hit by a severe gale in the Irish Sea, and when some tackle carried away aloft, Childers, although he was the eldest aboard, went up the mast to lash it down. But on the appointed morning (forty-eight hours before Austria delivered its ultimatum to Serbia), with Molly Childers at the helm, they sailed into the small harbor of Howth, just north of Dublin.

The immediate repercussions of this voyage—the arming of a thousand Irishmen; British troops sent to seize the rifles, of which they captured only nineteen; and shooting in Bachelor’s Walk, Dublin, when the troops were jeered and stoned on their way back into the city and three onlookers were killed—were overshadowed by the outbreak of war in Europe. Childers immediately joined up. For, though the implementation of home rule was postponed because of the war, he believed that England’s fight to defend Belgium and the rights of other small nations could only be to the advantage of Ireland. He was then forty-four, and despite the fact that he had never before flown, he was soon on aerial intelligence missions for the Royal Naval Air Service. He took part in the first Naval Air Service air raid, on Cuxhaven, in 1914. For a while, he flew Sopwith seaplanes off a converted Isle of Man pleasure steamer, photographing Turkish fortifications in Palestine. For a year, he was navigating-and-intelligence officer for a squadron of forty-foot torpedo-carrying motorboats that reconnoitred the Belgian coast. At the war’s end, he held the rank of major in the Royal Air Force, had won the Distinguished Service Cross, and had several times been mentioned in dispatches.

To those who had known Childers well before the war, he seemed a different man after it. While he was flying low over Turkish fortifications and patrolling the coast of Flanders, the Howth rifles had been put to use. The Easter Rising of 1916 had taken place—the blood sacrifice that Padhraic Pearse, the poet and nationalist, had thought necessary to remind the Irish of their nationhood and their right to independence. “Life springs from death,” Pearse had said. He and fifteen others were executed, and a new generation of young Irish patriots—including a tall, ascetic, New York-born, half-Spanish mathematics teacher, Éamon de Valéra, who had fought in and survived the Rising—was brought to the fore. Childers was secretary to the Irish Convention of 1917, set up by Prime Minister Lloyd George to work on an improved home-rule scheme, and he was disappointed by its failure. The war itself, an immense slaughter for the sake of freedoms and security that proved ephemeral, gave him no long-lived sense of victory. Demobilized in 1919, he moved with his wife and sons to Dublin. There he offered his services to Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith, two of the leaders of Sinn Féin, which had won a considerable victory throughout Ireland in the British general elections of December, 1918 (many of its candidates were in British prisons, which helped), had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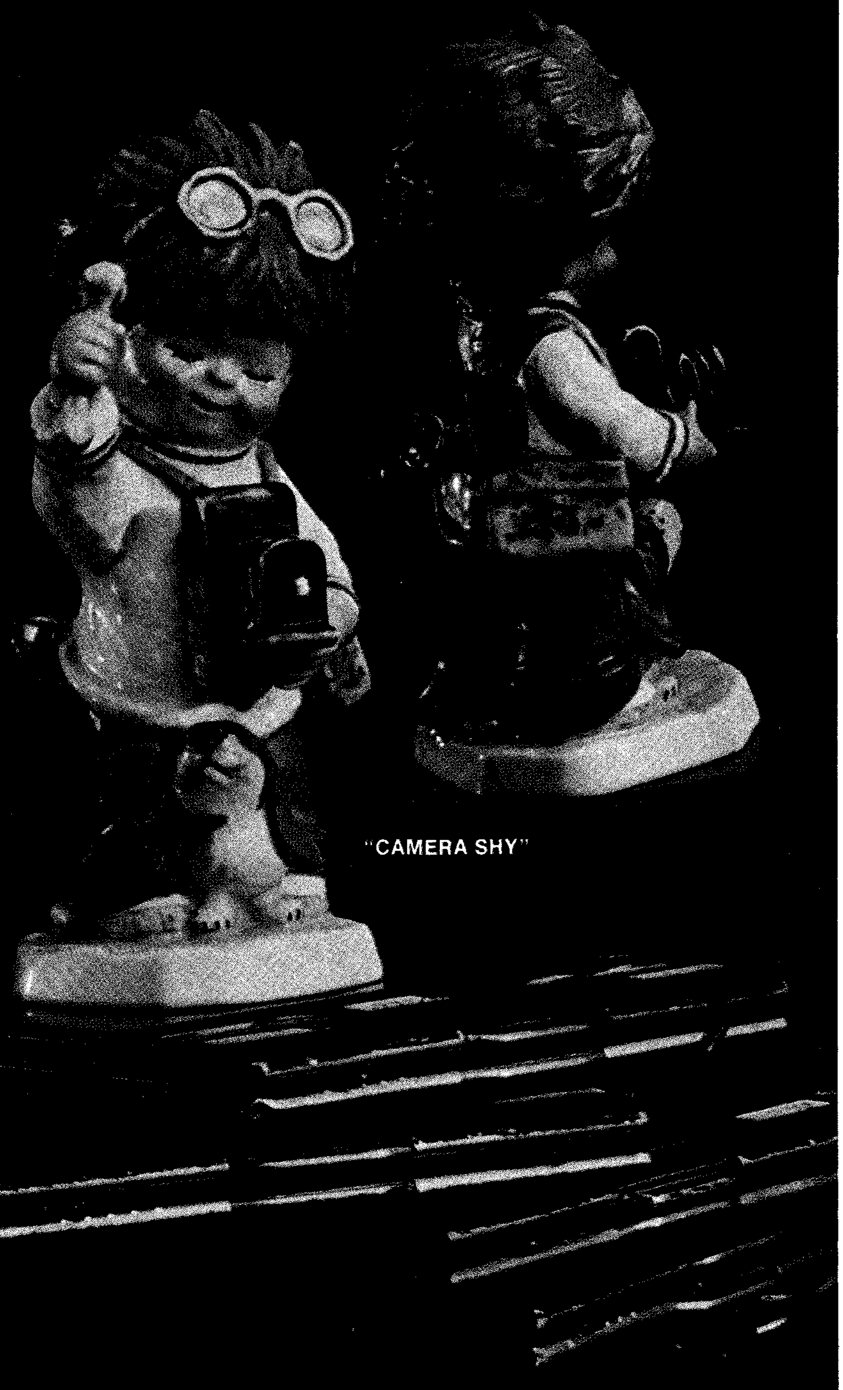

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then refused to send any members to Parliament in Westminster, and had set up its own assembly, the Dáil, and its own government. Childers went as part of the Irish delegation to the Paris peace conference—a delegation that was given no official standing, nor any satisfaction. In the summer of 1919, the militants of Sinn Féin began to take violent action against British rule. There began the period of ambush and reprisal, assassination, arrest, imprisonment, terror and counter-terror, execution and outrage known as the Troubles. The third photograph of Childers' father—the one in which he is not smiling—dates from this time.

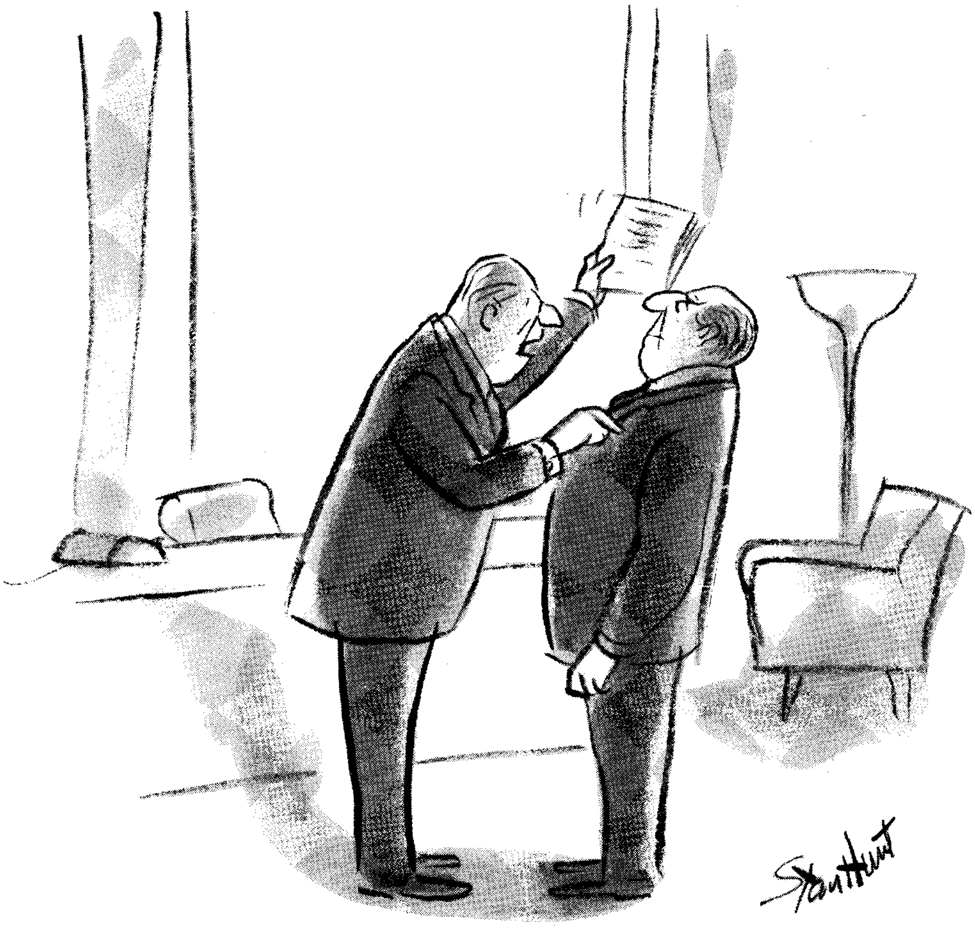
ON a side table in the upstairs drawing room lay two anthologies edited by John Hadfield—"A Book of Beauty" and "A Book of Joy." President Childers read them with a view to finding some little-known poems to read in public. Although he didn't write poetry, he accepted with alacrity any invitation to recite it. A year ago, he spent an evening in Dundalk, an industrial town about eight miles from the Ulster border, reciting to the Dundalk Literary and Debating Society a number of Irish and English lyrical poems ranging in date from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries. He used to recall that W. B. Yeats came to tea one day with his parents and a discussion took place as to whether poetry should be recited or chanted. Yeats often chanted his own poems. The President sometimes obliged at private dinner parties with a solo of "The West's Awake," but he didn't sing in public. Another recollection he had was of nights when he was very young and they lived in London: his father standing in the children's darkened bedroom, lit by the glow of a low-burning gas fire, reciting poem after poem to his sons.

Erskine Hamilton Childers, who was born in London, was a British subject, but he grew up believing that he was Irish, too. His father's mother, Anna Barton, came from a family that had settled in Ireland in the seventeenth century, and the boy thought that in moving to Ireland his father had been able to adopt the nationality of his Irish forebears. The fact was that his father's death preceded by two weeks the enactment of citizenship provisions of the Constitution of the Irish Free State Act, in 1922, which gave Irish citizenship to those who desired it and qualified for it on that date, and thus to their children. When the younger Erskine Childers discovered this, in 1938, he was waging his first campaign for election to the Dáil, and his opponents were claiming that he wasn't Irish. He was quickly naturalized, under a 1935 act that allowed citizenship to be speedily conferred for service to the nation, but this never quite settled the matter. There are people in Irish politics who to the day of President Childers' death would say of him, with a note of grievance, "He's not an Irishman. He has no connection at all with the Irish people."

Part of the trouble was that Childers lacked a visibly Irish manner—he had none of the spontaneity, the easy wit, the surface charm, the demonstrative, careless passion. He had instead an old-fashioned courtesy and a cautious, donnish air, of which one element seemed to be a mind working constantly and somewhat abstractedly, preoccupied with things above or beyond the matter or person immediately confronting him. He talked familiarly of Norfolk relatives, of Cambridge friends, of holidays on the Wiltshire downs; he and his family could come and go easily across the Irish Sea. Certainly a thoughtful man, "a thorough gentleman," according to many Irishmen. A long remove from savage indignation. The eyes quizzical, the smile a trifle hesitant. Perhaps a slightly rueful look, as of one who knew that to be a die-hard was to be more intensely popular—at least, with an enthusiastic minority—whereas ecumenical tendencies have always been constrained here. His predecessor as President, de Valéra, was at one point nearly thrown out of the Gaelic Athletic Association for attending a Lansdowne Road Rugby game, because the Association believed the only "pure" Celtic sport to be Irish football. Furthermore, where de Valéra was born a Catholic, and has remained a dedicated member of that faith all his life, Childers was a Protestant. So, of course, were other notable Irishmen: Jonathan Swift, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Isaac Butt, Charles Stewart Parnell, and Yeats. But that didn't help with the fiercer Irish-Irish, who saw Childers' Protestantism as one more Anglo-Irish, or Ascendancy, characteristic.

This Anglo-Irish business is a curious thing, interwoven with problems of accent, education, poise, religion, and family, and with date and method of original settlement. Some so-called Anglo-Irish families have lived in Ireland for longer than America has been settled by white men. Some Norman families, or Anglo-French, first put down roots in Ireland not long after their Viking uncles discovered the North American continent, but they still strike their more Gaelic co-inhabitants in Ireland as un-Irish. Some perhaps cynical historians claim that the friction in Ireland stems from the fact that the indigenous Celts were neither assimilated by new settlers nor—like the North American Indians—sufficiently destroyed. Some modern Irishmen are hard to tell from their English contemporaries; they may get their accents from Oxford, their clothes from London, their weekly intelligence from *The Economist* or *The New Statesman* and yet be Irish at the core. While others, in moist tweeds and with strong brogues, are considered, for devious historical or sentimental reasons, to be part of the old Ascendancy class. A good deal of the east of Ireland seems almost ordinarily "British": small Morrises or Vauxhalls are parked by semi-detached pebble-dashed houses, and high rooftop antennas enable householders to enliven their television watching with such British programs as the nuptials of Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips, which emptied the streets of Dublin. And yet a young man walking the city streets can meet the eye of a pretty girl, who smiles in passing, and meet the eye of the next, equally pretty, who immediately crosses herself. A man in politics is up against similar, but pricklier, contradictions. There is an abrasive them-and-us, tenants-and-landlords situation, not much ameliorated by the fact that those on one side now have the ability to cast off most of their inherited burdens and those on the other often feel an obligation to pitch in and help their historically oppressed compatriots. A profound distrust remains. An Irish-Irishman feels that an Anglo-Irishman—or West Briton, as he may be called—just *doesn't understand:* has no real connection with land hunger, potato famine, starvation, disenfranchisement, or (despite Yeats) the collective consciousness of gaiety, beauty, and violent suffering suggested in the words "Holy Ireland." Moreover, despite this aboriginal attachment, many Irish have an inferiority complex vis-à-vis the Anglo-Irish; the Anglo-Irish have the burden of this, of taking it into account, of putting up with it.

In the corridor of Arus running south from the front entrance, linking the state reception rooms, stands a ceremonial green harp in a glass case. President Childers sometimes wore a green tweed suit and, with it, a green tie bearing a small Erin's harp, the national symbol; and, looking up from

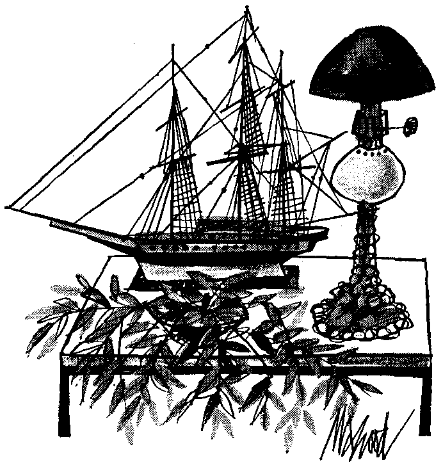


"Listen, Appleton. This is your ball. You run with it!"

his desk in the outer study, often glanced at a fine crayon portrait of Padhraic Pearse, who believed in the revitalizing influence of the Irish language. But, like his father and seventy per cent of the Irish people, Childers did not speak what under the 1937 constitution is "the first official language" of Ireland. He could read it a little, however; and he took the Presidential oath in Gaelic. Moreover, he knew Irish history as a scholar of it, and though in some ways he was a moderate Republican—recommending, for instance, Frank Pakenham's "Peace by Ordeal" rather than Dorothy Macardle's more partial "The Irish Republic" as essential for understanding the 1919-22 period—he took a firm position on a basic Irish question, which is: Did frequent invaders and alien settlement make the Irish the sometimes violent people they are, or did the essentially savage Irish bring out the worst in their conquerors? The President believed that the first answer is the right one. But even if you feel that it's six of one and half a dozen of the other, there is much evidence that a sea change affected those English who were dispatched to rule the other island. Maurice Craig, in his fine book "Dublin 1660-1860," recalls "Swift's complaint that the English Government always sent us holy and godly men, but by an unfortunate chance they were always waylaid and murdered by bandits on the road to Chester, who took their clothes and letters of appointment and so arrived in Ireland." Swift thought the English should be "ashamed of the reproaches they cast on the ignorances, the dulness, and the want of courage, in the Irish natives; those defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the poverty and slavery they suffer from their inhuman neighbours."

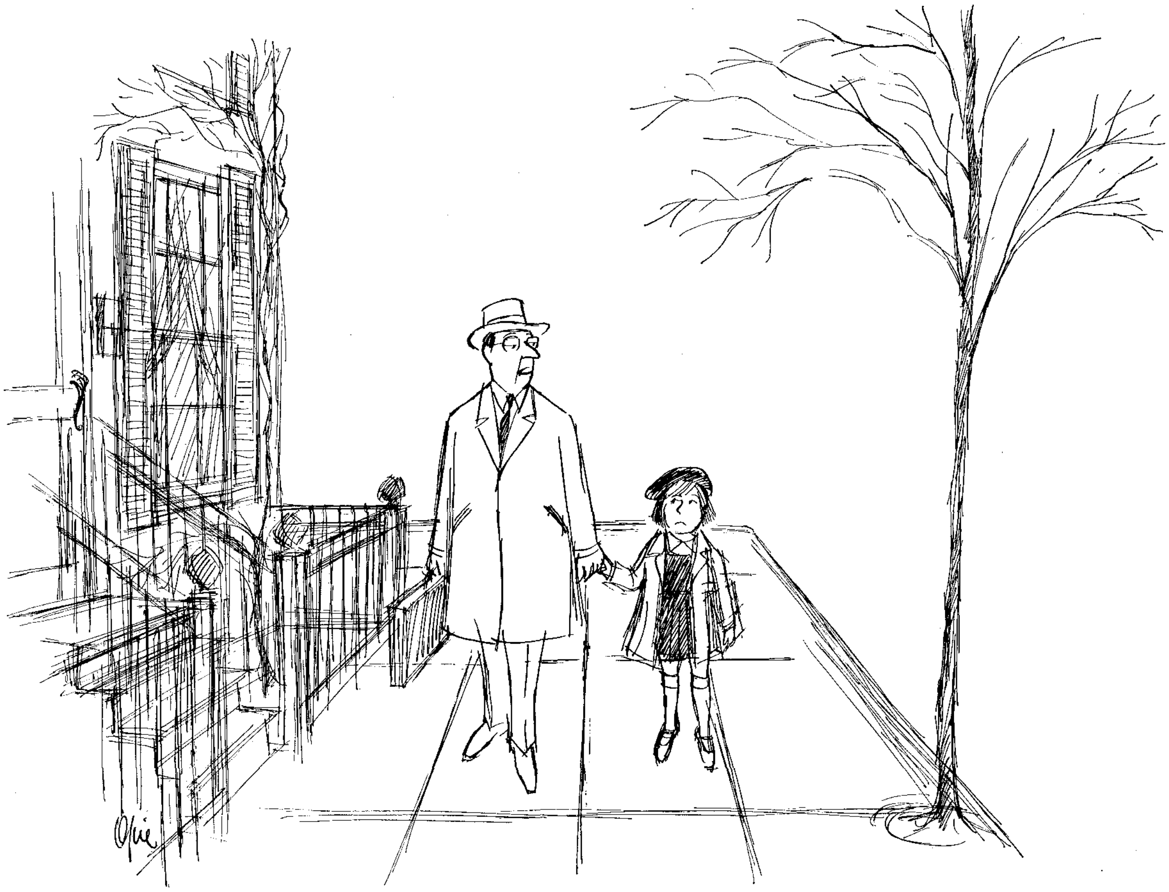
At Gresham School, in Norfolk, Erskine Hamilton Childers, aged fifteen, kept a signed photograph of Éamon de Valéra on his chest of drawers. At home during the school holidays, he found his father and mother entirely taken up with the cause of Irish independence. Arthur Griffith, the head of Sinn Féin, had wanted the elder Childers to work for the cause in England—he was exasperated by the meticulous manner in which Childers worked, and he never got over a suspicion that Childers, with his background of British intelligence service, might be an English spy. But Michael Collins, the organizer of the Irish Volunteers and Minister of Finance in the Sinn Féin government, took to Childers and made him one of the five directors of the National Land Bank. Molly Childers looked after Sinn Féin funds and papers. Their home was now and then raided by the Royal Irish Constabulary or by British troops, but the invalid condition of Mrs. Childers caused personal searches to be less than thorough. People on the run were sheltered, and foreign visitors were often brought there to get Sinn Féin's point of view from one of the Childerses. (Or the opposing point of view from Molly's mother, Mrs. Osgood.) And despite the coolness of Griffith and the resentment of some other Sinn Féin workers toward one with so formal and English a manner, Childers worked most days from 7 A.M. till after midnight, publishing, writing, and eventually editing a daily sheet called the *Irish Bulletin*. This presented the nationalist attitude and was sent daily by post to some nine hundred newspapers and prominent people in England. It was often quoted in the House of Commons.

At this time, guerrilla war had broken out in Ireland. Murder was opposed with murder, terror with terror—all, for the most part, over the apathetic majority of the Irish populace, for whom home rule would have been quite acceptable. On one side, the Republicans fought without uniform; on the other, the mostly local and unenthusiastic constabulary were bolstered by British soldiers and the hastily recruited Black and Tans, dressed in part-police, part-civilian clothes, and so named after a famous pack of hounds in Limerick, where their first detachment was stationed. Childers wrote a series of articles on British atrocities and excesses for the London *Daily News*. In March of 1921, he was appointed Minister for Publicity in the Sinn Féin government. In the general elections of May, 1921, his son, young Erskine, canvassed for Sinn Féin candidates, and he himself was returned as a deputy for a Wicklow constituency, pledged to attend not the Southern Ireland Parliament just set up by the British but the separatist Dáil. The British General Sir Nevil Macready noted, in a tone of "Where but in Ireland?" wonder, that open rebellion, martial law, a general election, and peace proposals were all taking place at once.



At a London conference called by Lloyd George in October of 1921 to negotiate a treaty and finally settle the Irish question, both sides wanted to bring about peace, but the Sinn Féin hopes for independence and the British insistence that Ireland, given home rule, remain within the Commonwealth continued irreconcilable. De Valéra had been elected President by the Dáil, and he appointed Erskine Childers a secretary to the Irish delegation. De Valéra said once that he had a higher regard for Childers than for anyone else he had ever met in politics—that Childers was an exemplary combination of thinker, writer, man of action, and idealist. Moreover, his Civil Service training and his experience in constitutional procedure would be of great use in the treaty negotiations. In terms of representing de Valéra's own point of view at the London conference, Childers was therefore a good choice, but as someone who would get on with the rest of the delegation, led by Griffith and Collins, he was not. Griffith had studied Hungary's fight for independence, and was known to feel that something similar, perhaps involving a dual monarchy, would be acceptable. De Valéra, on the other hand, wanted nothing less than real independence—with no oath to the King—and a form of "External Association" with the British Empire.

An old friend, Basil Williams, who had served with Childers on the staff of the House of Commons and in the Boer War, said of him at this time, "Physically he looked almost a wreck, thin and deadly pale and with white hair. His mind, however, was as alert and bright as ever, but it seemed a hectic brightness, and all his old sense of humour had vanished." Childers didn't go with the other delegates to social occasions, such as evenings at the house of the Irish portrait painter Sir John Lavery—whose wife was smitten with Michael Collins. He kept a cold eye on the conference business and warned the women secretaries of the dangers of the big city. And his relations with Griffith, the joint leader of the delegation, had worsened. Griffith had retained his distrust of Childers as, if not an *agent provocateur*, an English radical politician making a new career for himself in Ireland—an in-



"Some people keep diaries, recounting the events of their lives, great and small. Occasionally such works are published as books. Perhaps you would enjoy keeping such a diary and having it published as a book."

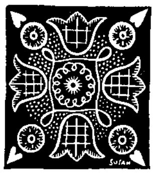
• •

terloper. He had always been put off by Childers' precise manner and his superior air; now he was overwhelmingly irritated by Childers' constant cough. Things reached the point where Griffith would stop talking when Childers came into a room, and resume his conversation only when Childers left. Childers was writing long memoranda back to de Valéra in Dublin—perfectly accurate, as it turned out, but unsettling to some of the delegates. And in the negotiations, faced by Lloyd George, Churchill, and Lord Birkenhead, among others, the Irish had a hard fight. They were eventually pushed by Lloyd George, who seemed to be threatening renewed war, into a compromise involving a "Free State" within the Commonwealth and an oath of allegiance to the King as head of the Commonwealth. The delegation split, but Griffith and Collins, who were convinced that peace, the Free State they had gained, and hope of final independence to come were worth the oath, persuaded the others to sign.

In Ireland, most people clearly agreed that Griffith and Collins had done well, and in the debates that followed in the Dáil a majority of the deputies seemed to think so, too. De Valéra did not. His belief in absolute Irish independence would not allow him to take an oath of allegiance to the King. The Dáil debates grew fierce, with Childers making cool, detailed criticisms of the treaty and his opponents infuriated by what they thought to be cavilling. Griffith at one point exploded—"I will not reply to any damned Englishman in this assembly!" Some might have been reminded of Grattan's Parliament, which gave Ireland semi-independent government from 1782 to 1800, and which Childers had described in "The Framework of Home Rule": "Time and talent were wasted . . . over points of pride, trivialities which seemed portentous to over-sensitive minds; metaphysical puzzles. . . . Meanwhile, the sands were running out." Hearing Childers going on imperturbably about constitutional clauses and subsections, the journalist Desmond Ryan was reminded of the French Revolutionary thinker Saint-Just: "The house was on fire around him but he argued on." The extreme Republican minority began to feel that argument was getting them nowhere, and their militant wing decided that violence was necessary. The sands ran out; the fire blazed up. Civil war began.

IN the summer of 1922, the poet and painter George Russell suggested to Lady Gregory, patron and playwright, an idea for a play that would be "about how the generations for seven hundred years fought for the liberation of beautiful Cathleen ni Houlihan, and when they set her free she walked out, a fierce vituperative old hag." The play, had it been written, could have been a tragicomedy or a straight tragedy. Withdrawing from Ireland, the British saw the deaths and atrocities continuing as the Irish began to assassinate one another, and they said, "We told you so—that's the way the Irish behave when left to themselves." The Irish replied, with some justice, that the divisive terms of settlement the British had demanded were a good deal to blame, and that the British in the previous centuries hadn't given them much experience in self-government. Certainly, although it was a dangerous time for many Irishmen, sometimes fighting brother against brother, it was even more so for the single-minded English-born editor of *An Poblacht*, the weekly bulletin of de Valéra's newly constituted Republican Party, in which Childers denounced in every issue the treaty and the Free State provisional government. In turn, the Free State government and the Dublin press denounced Childers, accusing him of inspiring the Republican rebellion. Childers himself, serving with the Irregular Republican forces, refused to recognize that his position was more precarious than that of any other man in Ireland—that, as the writer Frank O'Connor later said, "in a family row it is always the outsider who gets the blame." Perhaps, too, there was something in Desmond Ryan's impression that the author of "The Riddle of the Sands" enjoyed soldiering and its attendant dangers; he had volunteered for the Boer War, the Great War, and now this war. In his reminiscences of this time, "Remembering Sion," Ryan recalled Childers quoting from "Moby Dick" the mariner Bulkington, just landed after a dangerous four-year voyage, who almost at once pushes off again on the Pequod "into the cold malicious waves," believing it better "to perish in that howling infinite than be ingloriously dashed upon the lee, even if there were safety."

Together with his cousin David Robinson, another "damned Englishman," who was in charge of the so-called cavalry, Childers travelled with the Southern Brigade of the Irish Republican Army, printing his weekly bulletin for distribution to Irish and foreign papers, jails, embassies, and other Irregular columns. It was printed on a portable press set up wherever the brigade moved or (as was usually the case) retreated, in farmhouses and village homes, in the city of Cork and the mountain hamlets west of Macroom. For a time, he served in the same unit as eighteen-year-old Michael O'Donovan, who under the name Frank O'Connor wrote—among many splendid books—"An Only Child," an autobiography, in which he left a record of those years. O'Connor was disappointed by his first sight of Childers, "limping and frowning; a small, slight, grey-haired man in tweeds with a tweed cap pulled over his eyes, wearing a light mackintosh stuffed with papers." Not only Childers' accent made him seem peculiarly English. He reminded O'Connor of an elderly parson, "conscientious to a fault and overburdened with minor cares," and the description continues, "His thin, grey face, shrunk almost to its mould of bone, had a coldness as though life had contracted behind it to its narrowest span; the brows were puckered in a triangle of obsessive thought like pain, and the eyes were clear, pale, and tragic."



With a fanaticism that was new to O'Connor, Childers looked at everything in terms of whether it would help achieve an independent Republican Ireland. He was an abstracted, bewildering companion in arms. His bad cough kept him awake, and he read all night—books such as "The Deerslayer" and "Twenty Years After." Robert Brennan, a Sinn Féin leader whom the Childerses had hidden in their home, found that Childers was a "Wrong Boxer"—a devotee of a mystery book popular in London a few years before, and the object of a fairly long-lived cult. O'Connor, deep in Dostoevski, felt sorry that Childers didn't read literature that was more improving. But he also noticed that Childers fixed the bedside light so that it didn't disturb the others. When there was a shortage of beds, Childers gave up his bed and spent the night wandering around town. Brennan one night came on him coughing violently in a cold barracks corridor, his feet bare, wearing only pajamas, afraid that he would wake the other men. While the Dublin papers were spreading the impression that he was a secret agent, covertly running the war, organizing ambushes, raids, and explosions—the arch-enemy planning the ruin of Ireland—Childers, the expert in guerrilla warfare, was often ignored by the Irish Irregular staff. Then, as now, there was a natural resentment toward one who had arrived at a similar passion to one's own from a different background, by a different route, and expressed that passion in a well-modulated English accent. It was, in fact, easier in some ways to be an Irish Republican by birth, by fate. But if Childers felt that he had made a great sacrifice—of his Chelsea flat, of his London club, of his British Civil Service career—to get to that position, he never showed it. Despite the Dublin condemnations of him, he wrote moving, generous pieces for the Republican bulletin when his former colleagues, now his enemies, died—first Arthur Griffith, worn out, and then Michael Collins, killed in an Irregular ambush. Childers was generally armed with a pistol Collins had given him—a miniature .22, which he kept fixed to his braces with a safety pin. O'Connor watched him one day reconnoitring the so-called front line, strolling along a road and walking coolly across a railway bridge that was covered by Free State machine guns, studying the lie of the land and apparently oblivious of danger. O'Connor thought that this was partly the attitude of a professional soldier, "who always knows by instinct when and where to take cover," and partly that of an absentminded schoolmaster, "who is so worried about what to do with Jones Minor's peculiar habits that he has no time to worry about himself."

The habits of the Irregular forces might well have exasperated the professional soldier in Childers. After one abortive raid, he said to O'Connor, "I'll never understand this country. I thought I was going off to a bloody combat, and instead I found myself in Mick Sullivan's feather bed in Kilnamartyr." He had difficulty in getting his colleagues to give him useful work—when the printing press was abandoned, he offered to address envelopes. And yet when Robinson—realizing that Childers was the one man the Free State government intended to get rid of—wanted O'Connor and another lad to take Childers by fishing boat to France, the Irregular leaders refused to allow it. "One of these, pulling rank, said, '*Staff-Captain* Childers is under my command.' Childers' fate was decided that afternoon."

PRESIDENT CHILDERS spent much of his free time, on weekends and holidays, at Glendalough House, near the village of Annamoe, as he had done since he was a child. There, thirty miles south of Dublin and six miles in from the coast, on a green plateau amid the rugged Wicklow hills, the Bartons have farmed for the last hundred and fifty years. The estate, fifteen hundred acres of woods, arable crops, and fields given over to dairy cattle, is entered through granite gateposts just outside the village. A gravelled, tree-lined drive winds between fields to a gray stone house on the flank of a hill. The house takes its name from a sixth-century monastic settlement founded by St. Kevin at Glendalough, five miles away. The back wing, hugging the hillside, dates from the late seventeenth century, but the upstanding front wing is Victorian Tudor. Behind the house are ornamental water gardens, a summerhouse, a network of paths, a pond, and plantations, all laid out in the eighteen-seventies. And near the side door stood, until recently, a tall pine tree, planted in 1881, the year Robert Barton was born. Barton, a cousin of the late President's father, was his companion on that trip to western Ireland that helped convert him to home rule; he became Minister for Agriculture in the Sinn Féin government of 1919, and he is the only surviving signatory of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921. During the Troubles, people on the run often sought refuge at Glendalough House, one of the great Unionist houses in Ireland to have gone Republican, and it was occasionally raided by British troops. Barton was captured by them, given a three-year sentence, and imprisoned in England, in Portland and Portsmouth Prisons, but released to attend the treaty conference. (Earlier, in March of 1919, Barton had escaped from Mountjoy Prison, in Dublin, leaving a note for the governor saying that the accommodation hadn't been all he had expected.) Charles Barton, his father, had been a justice of the peace and

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high sheriff of the county. The Bartons had taken the President's father into their home after the boy's parents died, and when, in turn, the future President came to Glendalough House as a child before the First World War, he climbed the same trees and fished in the same lake as his father had done. He saw more of his father then than he ever did thereafter; they went for long walks, looking at animals, birds, and plants, and he was encouraged to ask what things were. He used to remember how excited he felt landing from the ferryboat at Kingstown (the Anglo-Irish name for the port of Dun Laoghaire) and climbing aboard the Bartons' big white Daimler—suitcases in the trunk—and then the drive. When they reached the long hill from Kilmacanoge to Roundwood, where the valley has since been flooded to make a reservoir, he knew that his Irish holiday, a magic dream, had really begun again. The year he was nine, George Russell, who believed in the little folk, came to stay at Glendalough House and, in the garden, said to the boy, "Look, do you see the fairies?" Young Erskine thought that he did, but he asked his mother if it was all right to see them. His mother and father, after a short discussion, decided that it was.

Between the wars, David Robinson, the former "cavalry" leader, helped manage the Glendalough estate. Now the President's brother Robert, retired from the newspaper business, is helping Barton run the farm. The house is large. Even now the front Victorian wing is unheated in winter; anyone venturing into the large, high-ceilinged rooms—where there are stuffed deer heads, a gondola seat, a Flemish tapestry, and South American Indian curiosities collected by Mrs. Barton, who died in 1973—has to remember to close the doors against drafts. Beside the back doorstep rest two prehistoric Celtic grain grinders—hollowed, dishlike stones, each cradling a smaller round stone. On late-autumn Sunday afternoons, when the President would come in from a tramp in the hills behind the estate, it was snug in the small back sitting room; fire in the fireplace; a smell blended of tweeds, muddy shoes, pipe smoke, and tea cakes toasting in the kitchen; Barton not saying much but with a lively look in his old eyes; the two Mrs. Childerses, wives of the brothers, pouring tea and passing cucumber sandwiches; and talk about the land, the condition of tracks and fields and trees.

NOVEMBER of 1922. The Republicans had lost the war. Childers believed that it was now a matter of ending it on the right terms. De Valéra had set up an Emergency Republican Government to rival the Provisional Free State Government, and Liam Lynch, chief of staff of the Republican forces, told Childers to make his way to Dublin and offer the Republican government his services. So he and Robinson set out across Ireland from the mountains west of Macroom, in County Cork, sleeping by day and travelling by night. It is a shame that such a good writer never had a chance to record that Buchanesque journey. According to O'Connor, who pieced together part of their adventure, they were unwelcome guests in some places and were promptly sent on their way. In others, various Republican heroes struck picturesque attitudes of defiance to the Free State, and sometimes, matching the deed to the gesture, gave Childers and Robinson a temporary roof over their heads. Sometimes the two got lifts on farm carts. Robinson fell while cycling on a borrowed bike and broke his shoulder bone. North of Clonmel, a town in Tipperary, they made a dangerous crossing of Slievenaman Mountain at night. It was November, raw, drizzly, paths slithery with mud and hillsides with damp moss and ferns, the nights noisy with wind in the trees and water rushing down becks and falls. They made their way across Kilkenny and Carlow, across the Wicklow hills to the apparent safety of Glendalough House. Perhaps because it was home, it felt particularly safe. Robert Barton had by then been taken off to prison and had left word that if Childers turned up he was to be hidden, but Childers, worn out, slept in a comfortable bed and room. He sent word to de Valéra in Dublin saying that he was available. And word also reached the Free State forces. On November 10th, the house was surrounded by Free State troops. Childers rushed from his room holding the revolver Michael Collins had given him. A number of Free State soldiers levelled their guns at him, but a woman servant interposed herself; no shots were fired.

Childers and Robinson were placed in adjoining cells in the prison of a Dublin Army barracks. According to O'Connor, a previous prisoner had dug a tiny hole through the wall, and Childers and Robinson passed chess moves to each other. They played—with chessmen cut out of newspaper—on boards chalked on the floor. Childers knew there was no hope for him. The Free State government had set up Army courts, because the ordinary system of law—of judges, juries, and witnesses—was unable to handle the problem of the Republicans without danger of intimidation or favoritism. The Army courts were empowered to try prisoners and punish unauthorized possession of arms and ammunition with severe penalties—with fines, imprisonment, deportation, or death. From the Free State point of view, the conflict was a rebellion, not a civil war. And the capture of Erskine Childers had set off in the press a renewed clamor against "the Englishman." Winston Churchill, who had been at the London treaty conference with Childers, said in a speech at Dundee (in extravagant words he later withdrew), "I have seen with satisfaction that the mischief-making murderous renegade, Erskine Childers, has been captured. No man has done more harm or shown more genuine malice, or endeavoured to bring a greater curse upon the common people of Ireland than this strange being, actuated by a deadly and malignant hatred for the land of his birth." On the morning of November 17th—the day Childers was brought to trial before a military court—four young Irregulars who had been captured with revolvers on them were executed. That same day, Kevin O'Higgins, Free State Minister for Home Affairs, spoke of Childers as guilty of "outstandingly wicked . . . activities."

Childers refused to recognize the legality of the court. He claimed to be a prisoner of war. Although he was prepared to "suffer gladly and happily," he presented a handwritten statement to refute the suggestions that he was a spy or a double traitor. He recounted the facts of his life: English father, Irish mother; his upbringing; how he had changed from being an imperialist and Unionist to being a Liberal and nationalist; how he had served in the Great War and lost faith in home rule and chosen to work for and be a citizen of the Irish Republic; how he had worked for the treaty delegation, had taken a strong stand against dominion status, which he had favored years before and gone beyond, and had come for the first time into conflict with his colleagues. And he went on (at least as he recalled it in a version of his statement he made a day or two

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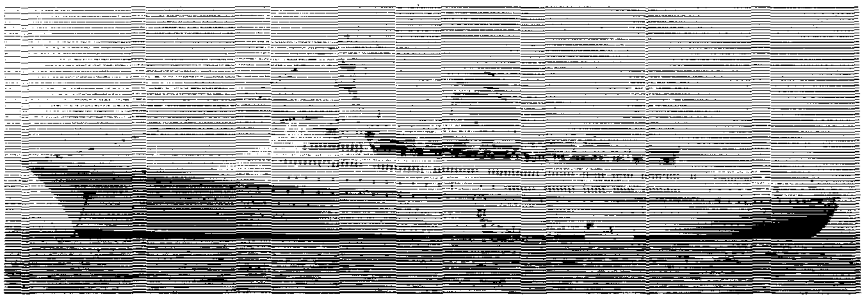

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later, for he had kept no exact copy of the one presented to the court):

> The slow growth of moral and intellectual conviction had brought me where I stood, and it was and is impossible and unthinkable to go back. I was bound by honour, conscience and principle to oppose the Treaty by speech, writing and action, both in peace and, when it came to the disastrous point, in war. For we hold that a nation has no right to surrender its declared and established independence, and that even a minority has a right to resist that surrender in arms.
>
> I take the fullest responsibility for any influence I may have had on my fellow-countrymen. The influence has been grossly and ridiculously exaggerated by our enemies in order to discredit our cause through me, but such as it has been I am proud of it.
>
> I have fought and worked for a sacred principle, the loyalty of the Nation to its declared Independence and repudiation of any voluntary surrender to conquest and inclusion in the British Empire. That is the faith of my comrades, my leaders and myself. Some day we shall be justified when the Nation forgets its weakness and reverts to the ancient and holy tradition which we are preserving in our struggle, and may God hasten the day of reunion amongst us all under the honoured flag of the Republic.

The court sentenced Childers to be shot. An unsuccessful attempt was made by his counsel to get a writ of habeas corpus for him and eight other prisoners. Perhaps if his old colleague Michael Collins had been alive, the sentence would not have been carried out. But Kevin O'Higgins, the Free State Minister for Home Affairs, whom Yeats called "a great man in his pride,/Confronting murderous men," had already approved the execution of *his* old friend Rory O'Connor, which took place two weeks later. He was not to grow suddenly merciful toward an Englishman he had described as striking ghoulishly at the heart of the nation. Childers wrote daily to his wife, saying on one occasion, "I have been told that I am to be shot tomorrow at 7. . . . It is best so, viewing it from the biggest standpoint. . . . It is such a simple thing too, a soldier's death. . . . I die full of intense love for Ireland. I hope one day my good name will be cleared in England. I felt what Churchill said about my 'hatred' and 'malice' against England. How well we know it is not true. What line I ever spoke or wrote justifies the charge? I die loving England and passionately praying that she may change completely and finally towards Ireland."

But he had after this a day of waiting, and another, and another, which was the last. He was allowed a brief visit from his family, and young Erskine—then sixteen—saw his father for a few minutes. The father asked the son whether he wanted to take part in politics when he was older. Young Erskine said yes. Childers then said that because he was going to die he wanted his son to swear that he would seek out and shake the hand of each of those who had signed the execution warrant, that he would truly forgive them, and that he would never allow the mention of his father's death to be used as a way of inciting bitterness about the civil war. There must never be a tragedy like this in Ireland again.

On the night of November 23, 1922, Childers wrote to his wife, "The guard was relieved at eight, and the men going off all said good-bye and God bless you, and I to them. They wanted souvenirs, but I have very few, some books and some signatures. It will be the same with the present lot—in case I am unable to record it—all friendly and infinitely considerate. So we, 'Children of the Universal Mother,' touch hands, and go our ways in the very midst of the horror of this war of brothers."

He added a postscript at dawn, two hours before his execution: "My beloved country, God send you courage, victory and rest, and to all our people harmony and love. It is 6 A.M. You would be pleased to see how imperturbably normal and tranquil I have been this night and am. It all seems perfectly simple and inevitable, like lying down after a long day's work."

At 7:55 A.M. on November 24th, Childers was marched into the yard of Beggar's Bush Barracks, in Dublin. He told the officer in charge that he did not need a blindfold. He shook hands with each member of the firing party. He then walked to where he had been asked to stand, but when he turned to face the nervous riflemen he thought the distance was too great. He said, "Come closer, boys. It will be easier for you."

AT school, young Childers' ambition had been to become a doctor, but when he went up to Cambridge, in 1923, to Trinity College, where his father and grandfather had been, he decided to study history. While at Cambridge, he met and married a woman, like his mother, from New England—Ruth Ellen Dow, a journalist from Exeter, New Hampshire, who was covering the Irish Revolution for the Boston *Globe*. Only too soon he had a degree in modern history, a young wife, the burdensome name Erskine Childers, and life ahead of him. In Ireland, the civil war had ended in

May of 1923 in the defeat of the Republicans. The history graduate had memories of running messages for the Irregulars on long night bike rides from the Four Courts into the countryside around Dublin, and he had the omnipresent memory of his father's fate and the pact they had made: no bitterness; shake hands. Moreover, he had the feeling, which he never lost, that his father was a saint. The young Erskine Childerses went to France. Through his American connections, he got a job as Paris manager for the C. C. Drake Travel Service, of Chicago, for whose wealthier clients he arranged safaris to hunt black-maned lions in Abyssinia, barge trips on the Danube, and rides on sacred white elephants in India. He also performed more prosaic tasks, selling train and boat tickets, sometimes to writers and artists, such as James Joyce and Gloria Swanson. The agency ran five Hispano-Suiza limousines, driven on occasion by some of the more respectable White Russian princes.

Childers returned to Ireland at the end of 1931—and to jump from the Paris of the nineteen-twenties to the Ireland of the nineteen-thirties was to move from a cosmopolitan and vital present into a petty and parochial past. Ireland remained poor, and in the economic shadow of England. The civil war had imposed upon the new Free State two parties, which perpetuated the divisions of that period. As O'Connor wrote, neither group had seen at the time of the civil war that what they were bringing about was "a new Establishment of Church and State in which imagination would play no part, and young men and women would emigrate to the ends of the earth, not because the country was poor, but because it was mediocre." In 1932, however, de Valéra led into office his Fianna Fáil, which he had founded in 1926. Actually, in 1927, when he had taken an Opposition seat in the Dáil, de Valéra had had to bend—somewhat Jesuitically, according to his opponents—his high-principled objection to taking the oath of allegiance to the British Crown. (He signed a piece of paper but declared it of no significance.) But once he was in office, he abolished the offending oath. Debts to Britain were consolidated into a single payment—a sum decided by de Valéra—and the British retaliated with taxes on imports from Ireland. There was an uncomfortable period of economic strife and political chilliness. The new Irish constitution adopted in 1937 declared Ireland to be a sover-

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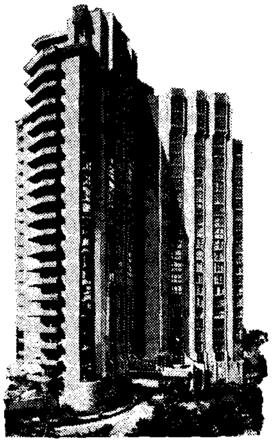

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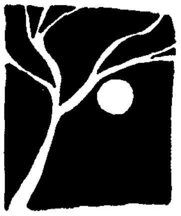
eign, independent state. (In 1949, after neutrality during the Second World War, the country took the name of the Republic of Ireland—the last step, as far as the British were concerned, in leaving the Commonwealth.) It could be said that finally de Valéra had won the civil war. His opponents (who rarely numbered much less than half the country) noted that, in the process of "winning," de Valéra was forced to take stern action, involving special courts and imprisonment, against those Republican militants who believed and, in some instances, still believe that the civil war goes on.

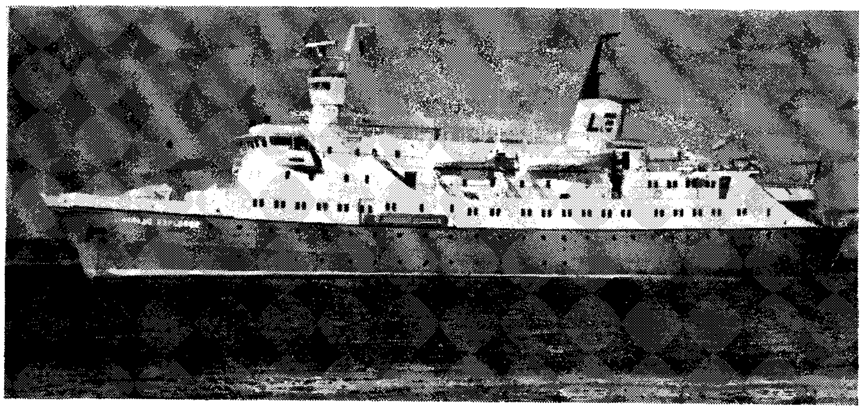
Back in Ireland, Childers had gone to work for his father's old chief as advertising manager of the *Irish Press*—the daily paper de Valéra had started, in 1931, to provide his party with publicity. And though the legend of his father as an English spy or a Republican malefactor had not quite died away, Childers found that in Fianna Fáil, at least, the name Erskine Childers was no hindrance; it was the name of a hero. In 1938, the son was elected to the Dáil for the constituency of Athlone-Longford. He was a deputy for this and other constituencies until June of 1973, when he resigned his seat on becoming President. Although he inherited something of his father's well-mannered aloofness, and seemed to be a rather solitary man in a gregarious profession—not at all a hustings man or one of the boys to joke or drink with—he gained a reputation as a party stalwart, someone Fianna Fáil could put up to speak when the going got tough; unflappable; devoted to de Valéra; and (what was sometimes most useful) one of the few Protestants in the party. He slowly worked his way up, becoming first Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Local Government, then Minister himself—for Posts and Telegraphs, for Lands, Forestry, and Fisheries, and for Transport and Power—and eventually, from 1969 to 1973, Minister for Health and Deputy Prime Minister. An unflamboyant, conscientious political career, in which he was called upon to make speeches about bacon one moment and Irish timber the next; to travel abroad to promote Aer Lingus and drum up markets for Irish products; to attend meetings in remote country districts and speak good French at European conferences, finding useful his knowledge of the Irish abroad (the Ulstermen who had become United States Presidents, the Irish who had become Russian generals and South American leaders); opening industrial estates and making the introductions at banquets held by folklore societies; and working hard on the nitty-gritty of government: creating regulations to govern the width of roads and types of nonskid materials, improving postage-stamp design, promoting the Radio Eireann Symphony Orchestra (perhaps thereby expressing his suppressed long-held ambition to be a conductor), and failing, like his predecessors and successors in Posts and Telegraphs, to make any great improvements in the Irish telephone service, which has more deafening clicks, misconnections, and crossed lines than any other in Western Europe. He developed airports and encouraged rural electrification and was probably the most successful Health Minister that Ireland has had, commissioning new hospitals, psychiatric hostels, and old people's homes, encouraging home-help schemes for the aged, increasing the number of district nursing posts, establishing Area Health Boards, and giving medical-card holders (generally the less well-off) the right to choose their doctors, thereby removing an element of social discrimination. Childers gained a reputation for skill at absorbing the necessary details and getting into the paperwork ("He actually answered his letters"), but he credited a great deal of this to the sense of public service he acquired from his parents—the notion that a life spent trying to make the world a better place was the happiest of lives. He was twice out of office, for periods of three years each; during the first, he worked as a manager of an engineering-machinery firm, and during the second he was director of an electronics factory. He brought up a large family—two sons and three daughters (the two youngest are twins) by his first wife, who died in 1950, and his daughter by Rita, whom he married in 1952. His mother continued to live in Glendalough House in County Wicklow till her death, in 1964, at the age of eighty-seven. The Osgood medical tradition, which in the President produced not a doctor but a Health Minister, has cropped up among his children: his son Roderick is Assistant Professor of Cardiology at the University of Chicago, and his youngest daughter, Nessa, now eighteen, intends to become a doctor. Roderick's elder brother, Erskine Barton Childers, is the Director of Information for the



United Nations Development Program in New York.

IN the outer study, one afternoon a few months ago, the President sat at his desk thinking about Ireland—the least well-off of the "developed" countries but more prosperous than it had ever been. Emigration declining now; still relatively slow of pace, with the advantages of a late entry into the industrial age, open roads, a wealth of countryside, and a people who have not ceased to go to church. The fact that it is a small rural country has benefits in terms of scale, of social qualities, and of those human characteristics enhanced by man's role as a handworking, agricultural being. Consequently, people who come from larger and livelier countries think how quiet and lovely it all is. But then if you watch the television news or, for that matter, any Irish play, you see the violence and the drunkenness, which are still Irish, too. And the urban age, with its attendant problems, is growling toward Ireland. A third of the visits now made to Irish doctors have to do with problems of mental health, and in Ireland, as elsewhere, tranquillizers are increasingly prescribed to enable people to sleep or relax.

The President sat in his stiff-backed chair, white linen handkerchief poking from white shirt cuff, gray hair brushed back from domed forehead. His calmness was exemplary. But he also saw a job for himself as someone who could stimulate Irish thought and action in the complexities of modern life. He thought that what people do on their own, and in their spare time, was going to count for more in the future than what government could do for them. He read and quoted from Dennis Gabor, René Dubos, and the Vatican II document on the duties of the laity. He wanted to encourage people—young, old, and middle-aged alike—to work in their own communities, because to work in a small group, feeling you belonged somewhere and were serving the interests of a particular place, was to have the best possible chance of happily escaping or counteracting the contemporary deracinating rat-race pressures. In the brief time he was President, he invited to Arus more than a thousand people sympathetic to these ideas. He talked with the officials of all the Irish voluntary organizations, with a view to finding out how they could become more effective, and how he could help them. On two days out of three, he and his wife went to visit festivals and events, to open clinics and



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community centers, to attend plowing contests and first nights of local opera societies, and to present prizes to children in some tiny Cavan village who had won a national competition for solving local environmental problems.

BEING President of Ireland is somewhat like being both Queen Elizabeth of England and Prince Philip. Like the monarch, the President has official privileges, honors, and duties, and strong constitutional constraints on what he can do and say; like her consort, he can promote causes he favors and speak advisory words, as long as those actions are unpolitical. As a former politician who enjoyed the day-to-day working of politics, Mr. Childers admitted to certain frustrations on finding himself elevated above party matters. He had to answer many pointed questions with "That's a political matter," or "That would have to be approved by the government." However, he was outspoken, particularly in television interviews, in rejecting violence as a way of solving the problems of Ireland—he knew he spoke for ninety-nine per cent of the Irish people. He believed the reunification of Ireland to be inevitable, in time, within the European community. He believed the presence of British troops in the North to be necessary in his time. And although he could not actually mediate between the North and the South, Northerners came to see him—whether groups of Belfast schoolchildren or individuals such as the former Ulster Prime Minister Lord O'Neill of the Maine—for a walk around Arus and a chat over tea. He frankly and publicly approved actions like that of the Belfast Protestant family that recently moved in with a Catholic family to protect them from intimidation by other Protestants.

The dynastic element in Irish politics is as apparent now as it ever has been. The present Prime Minister, Liam Cosgrave, is the son of W. T. Cosgrave, head of the Irish Free State from 1922 to 1932. Garret FitzGerald, the Foreign Minister, is the son of Desmond FitzGerald, Robert Erskine Childers' predecessor as Minister for Publicity in the Sinn Féin government. The present Attorney-General, Declan Costello, is the son of John A. Costello, Prime Minister from 1948 to 1951. And Thomas O'Higgins, President Childers' opponent in the 1973 election, is the nephew of Kevin O'Higgins, who was Minister for Home Affairs at the time Childers' father was shot, and who was himself assassinated in 1927. Little wonder that after the wedding of Princess Anne and Captain Phillips Irish newspaper columnists were asking when Nessa Childers would be getting married. (People say of her, the way they do of the Princess, "I hear she's quite a girl," as if they were surprised that she is human.) But, for all his reputation for being correct and aloof, most people in Ireland were, for the Irish, almost gracious in making allowances for his un-Irishness. One political observer said, "He was never impolite to anyone, but it wasn't held against him." When the President's body lay in state, at Dublin Castle on November 18th, eleven thousand people lined up to pay their respects. The President's funeral took place in the twelfth-century Protestant Cathedral of St. Patrick, in Dublin, the prayers read by English-accented Church of Ireland clergymen, the Beatitudes recited by Mr. Cosgrave, the Prime Minister, while in the packed congregation Mr. Harold Wilson, the British Prime Minister, sat near Mr. de Valéra and from the walls hung the faded colors of Irish regiments that had once served in the British Army.

ON November 24th every year, a small group meets in the Republican plot of Glasnevin Cemetery, in north Dublin. Family, close friends, and survivors of the Irish Troubles gather to stand silently for ten minutes by the grave of Robert Erskine Childers. At Howth, every summer until recently, a modest ceremony was held to commemorate the landing of arms from Asgard. Asgard herself has been preserved, so far, as a youth-training ship, and in 1972, on the fiftieth anniversary of the elder Childers' death and two years before the younger Childers' death, a fund was established to endow a fellowship in marine biology in the father's name at the University College of Galway. The President himself spent a great deal of time in recent years compiling a complete bibliography of his father's writings. In 1973, he authorized Andrew Boyle (who has written biographies of Lord Reith, the first director of the BBC, and other eminent men) to write a biography of his father—a task that had been started by A. P. Ryan, a writer for the London *Times*, who had been in Ireland during the Troubles, but who died before getting far into the book. President Childers' own life was balanced constantly between the necessity of memory and the necessity of deliberate forgetfulness—on the one side, his devotion to his father and what he stood for, and, on the other, his obligation to forgive, to eschew all bitterness. He used to remember going for long walks with his father when he was small; then the five years, during the Great War and its aftermath, when he saw little of his father; and then, in school holidays in Ireland, those intense three years in which his father rushed in and out, to him a hero. He did not talk easily about his father's death, though he was, when he died, some sixteen years older than his father was when the elder Childers was executed. In the last year of his life, the President gave the impression of being still moved by it, but, through long habit, of keeping all his emotions under strict control, choked back, in this matter. What happened then should never be allowed to happen again—although in a way, as he knew, in Belfast, in Londonderry, in the countryside along the border, with bombs and snipers' bullets, it was still happening: a man falling, a child blown apart, a woman maimed for life. If asked about his father's death, he preferred to emphasize his father's consideration for the men about to shoot him. Magnanimity is not the most celebrated Irish virtue. Maurice Craig has pointed out in an introduction to a Dublin guidebook that the column on which Nelson used to stand outside the General Post Office, on O'Connell Street, was blown up in 1966: "We are not magnanimous enough to have left Nelson, or even his Pillar, standing where they were." But silence—a conscious putting aside of one's personal past in a country that is exceptionally aware of its painful history—is a form of magnanimity that could bear emulation.

IN the old viceregal lodge, now Arus an Uachtaráin, the House of the President, President Childers walked past the room where the painters were at work, on his way to the family dining room, while the sunlight fell on the phoenix carpet, and the last reverberation of the gong sounded in the corridor, and, among the delicately moulded plaster ceiling figures, Time went on rescuing Truth from Discord and Envy.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

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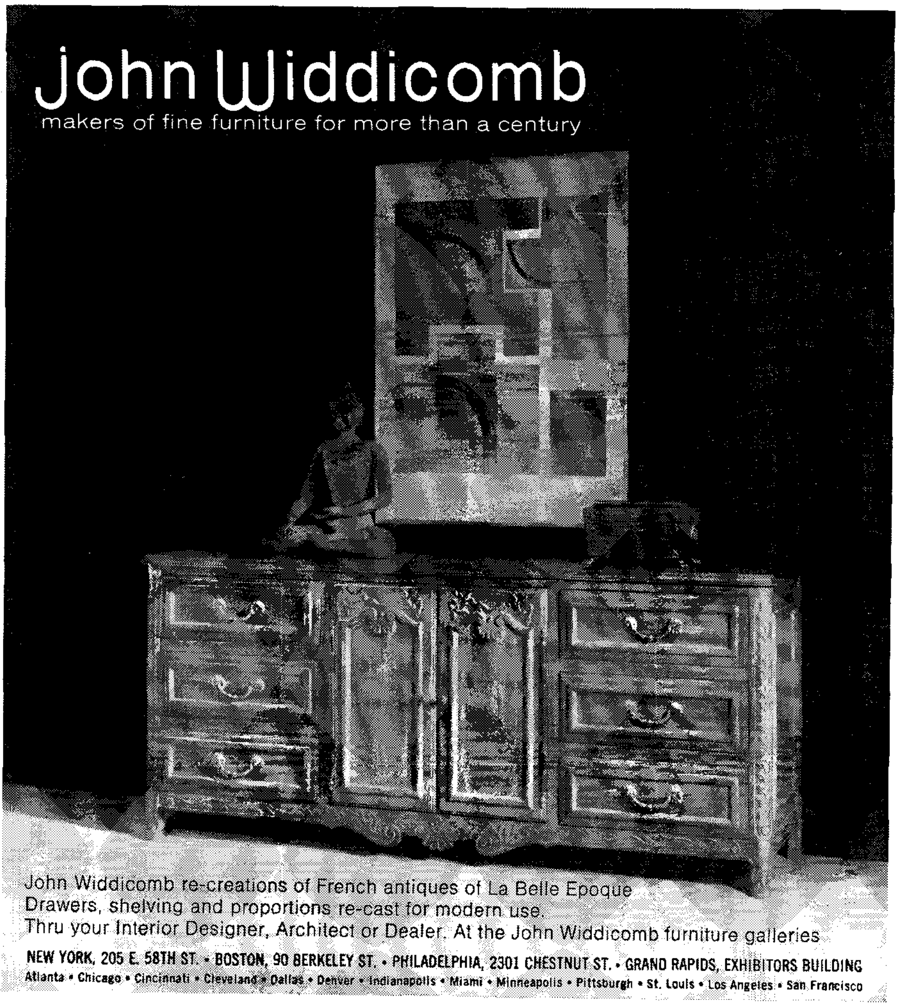

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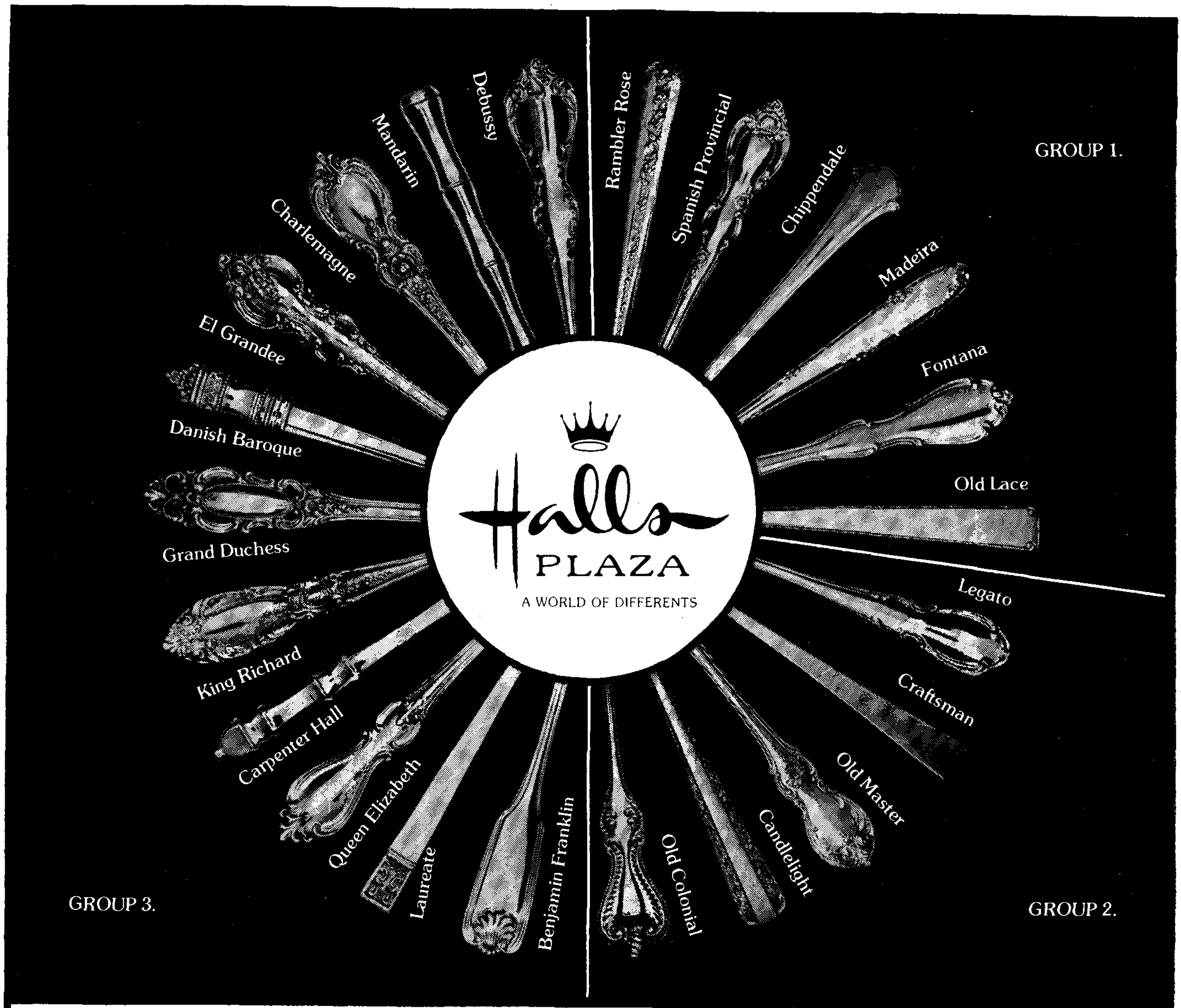
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Gravy ladle	58.50	43.88	64.00	48.00	69.50	52.13
Olive/pickle fork	20.00	15.00	22.50	16.88	25.00	18.75
Pie/cake servg. knife	30.00	22.50	35.00	26.25	40.00	30.00
Sugar spoon	29.50	22.13	32.00	24.00	36.00	27.00
Tablespoon, regular	53.50	40.13	60.00	45.00	66.50	49.88
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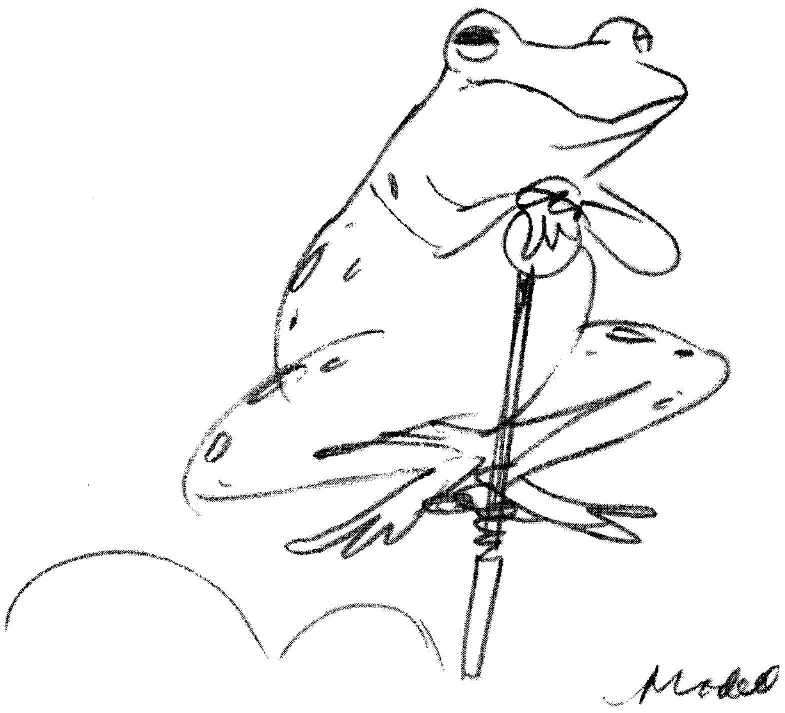
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

TWO hundred years almost to the day after the première of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The Rivals," at Covent Garden, in the then fashionable heart of London, the Roundabout Theatre has staged a revival in its new headquarters, Stage One, in the heart of unfashionable West Twenty-third Street. Sheridan was twenty-three when he wrote this pleasant maiden work; like any beginning author, he stuffed far more into it than it needed to contain, and because much of the stuffing was disguised autobiography, it must have seemed too precious to throw away. Sheridan came of old Anglo-Irish stock—a stock that, though small in numbers, has been sending up green shoots of playwrights, poets, and novelists for centuries, to the dismay of the Irish-Irish, who talk a lot but write little. (Sometimes even the Anglo-Irish talk more than is good for them. History records that Sheridan's grandfather, an intimate of Swift, promised to let Swift know if he ever detected signs of avarice in him. On detecting such signs, he fulfilled his promise, and Swift furiously broke off the relationship.) What a delightful young man-about-town Sheridan must have been, with his high spirits, his quick tongue, his extravagances, his drinking! He deserved better than to die as he eventually did, in penury, besieged by bailiffs: not a finish worthy of the start.

Under the direction of Michael Bawtree, who has worked both at Stratford, in Ontario, and at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, in Minneapolis, the Roundabout company plays "The Rivals" with a broadness that the Amazon itself might envy. The amiable cast mugs and sputters and hisses and pops and cringes and skitters, and I couldn't find it in my heart to object to its antics, though from time to time I wondered what the effect would be if the lines were allowed to carry the light weight of their wit unaided. Perhaps by now that weight is less light than I give it credit for being; perhaps Sheridan's words if spoken quietly would prove to be chiefly banter. The most unabashed of the performers is Christopher Hewett, who plays the terrible-tempered, marshmallow-hearted Sir Anthony Absolute. How he can open his eyes so wide without their falling onto the stage is his professional secret. When he bared his innumerable teeth, I feared for the set, which is only of wood and canvas, and when he roared in protest he resembled that rare meteorological phenomenon the January thunderstorm. Second to Mr. Hewett in sheer expenditure of energy is Jane Connell, playing Mrs. Malaprop. If there is a trifle too much of the disreputable, lower-class Mrs. Peachum in her interpretation of the role—Mrs. Malaprop is a lady, and she is funny *because* she is a lady—Miss Connell raps out the ambitious errors to which Mrs. Malaprop has given her name ("pineapple" for "pinnacle," and the like) with winning gusto. Richard Monette is admirable as the brave young Captain Jack Absolute, and so is Dennis Lipscomb in the tiresome role of Faulkland. Bob Acres is played by George Pentecost, Sir Lucius O'Trigger by John Newton (the Irish have never been amused by this caricature of *Homo hibernicus*), Lydia Languish by Kathleen O'Meara Noone, and Lucy by Elizabeth Owens. The charming scenery, which consists of some streets and stately homes of Bath, is by a designer of whom it can truly be said that the stagehands move Holmes Easley's homes easily. The pretty costumes are by Susan Benson, and the lighting is by Clarke Dunham.

THANKS to a mixup, I arrived late at the opening of Paul Shyre's "Blasts and Bravos: An Evening with H. L. Mencken," at the Cherry Lane, and perhaps it was just as well—a whole evening of Mencken, or of this particular impersonation of Mencken, would be pretty hard for me to sit through. Any one-man show presents difficulties, and if the subject is neither a professional entertainer, like Mark Twain or Sarah Bernhardt, nor a courtroom showoff, like Clarence Darrow, the biographical material available for dramaturgic purposes is apt to use itself up with disconcerting speed. Mr. Shyre is an old pro and can be counted on to keep his little playlet in seeming motion even when nothing of importance is happening: he guzzles beer, he snaps his red suspenders, he pulls a book off a shelf, he fiddles with cigars and eyeglasses. Soon enough, one perceives that there is scarcely any trick he *won't* stoop to play, including a hint that a call of nature is the reason for an intermission between the acts. Now, Mencken was a moderately interesting figure in his day, but some of his boldly vaunted prejudices have begun to look more like bigotries to us. His fate was that of so many iconoclasts: he outlived his usefulness and came to distrust the sound of idols being smashed by younger men. Mr. Shyre avoids the unpleasant side of Mencken and also, curiously, the side of him that may matter most in history—his lifelong preoccupation with the English language—but he ably conveys his robust humor and his contempt for hypocrisy in high places.



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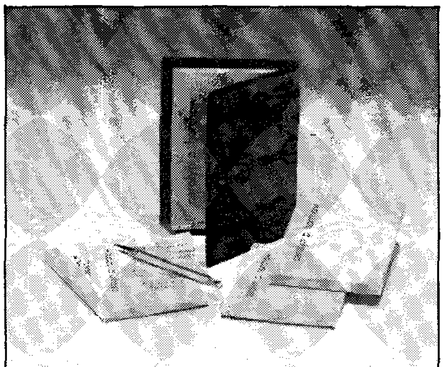

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house in Baltimore, in 1930. The study was designed by Eldon Elder, and I would gladly move into it tomorrow.

"Blasts and Bravos" amounts to an act of piety, which Mencken, fomenting trouble among the lesser angels in Heaven, will be startled to learn about; he was not one for piety. Another cranky native American is currently the subject of a pious tribute: in the upper reaches of the Westside Theatre, here in Manhattan, the Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn is staging what it calls a saloon musical, which bears the title "Diamond Studs: The Life of Jesse James." It is certainly "a," if not "the," life, and it is told by comically disjointed fits and starts, in country-and-Western songs well sung by the Southern States Fidelity Choir, the Red Clay Ramblers, and a group of pleasing leftovers labelled simply "Friends." The book of the musical is by Jim Wann, who plays a guitar and pretends with endearing incompetence to represent Jesse James. The music and lyrics are by Mr. Wann and Bland Simpson; the musical numbers have been staged by Patricia Birch; and the over-all direction is by John L. Haber. The best thing about the evening is how unambitious it is; everyone, performers and audience alike, quickly attains a state of uncritical good humor—a sort of bluegrass nirvana, in which even "that dirty little coward" appears to be emanating rosy vibes. The theatre has been rigged up to resemble the loft of a barn that uncannily contains a saloon; many members of the audience sit at tables, and the remainder are seated on chairs in tiers, with narrow shelves before them for the accommodation of wines, soft drinks, and peanuts. It is all so relaxed and simple-minded that I felt I was back in Asheville, North Carolina, in the late thirties, brown-bagging white lightning in a roadhouse on Beaucatcher Mountain. Those were the days, and these are the days, too.

At the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, in Lincoln Center, the New York Shakespeare Festival is putting on a slam-bang and not at all pious production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Much of the beauty of the poetry—the exquisite, euphuistic poetry of the still youthful Shakespeare—is lost along the way, but I am not sure that many members of the company could have done justice to it; when we are in the very formal court of Theseus, Duke of Athens, the play feels stilted and at odds with the intentions

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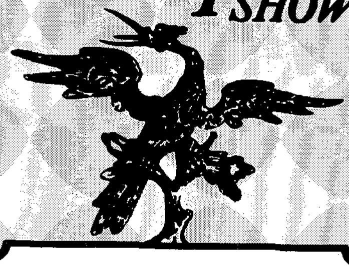

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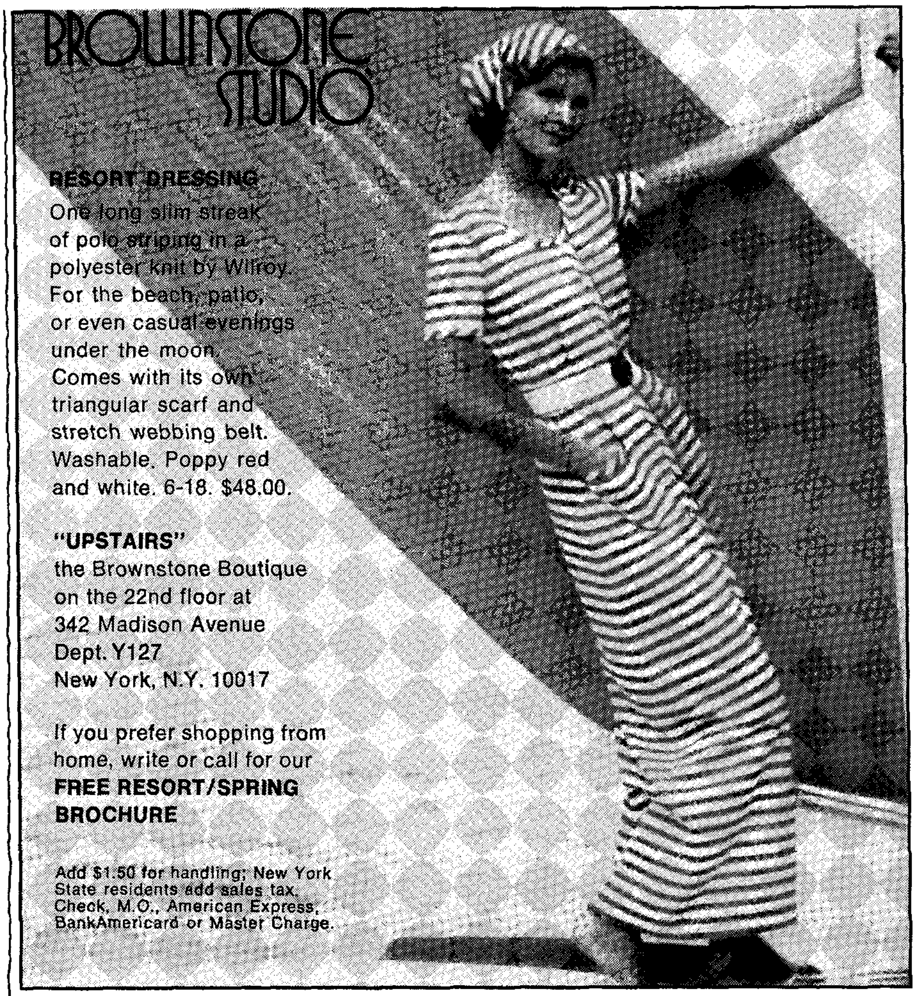
of its author, but the moment Bottom and his companions begin rehearsing their "most lamentable comedy" of Pyramus and Thisbe, everything falls joyously, tumultuously into place. (Let me just note here that I have yet to hear the Duke's name pronounced correctly. As "Zeus" is but a single syllable, so "Theseus" is two syllables. The scansion of the verse makes this perfectly clear; nevertheless, the name is always pronounced as if it contained three syllables.) The director, Edward Berkeley, has encouraged his exceptionally varied cast to take considerable chances, and he has not hesitated to tamper with the text, especially in the play-within-a-play scenes, where the actors improvise actions and outcries unknown to the sixteenth century. No matter—the play has been coaxed and flogged into rip-roaring life, and if it is no longer the pretty, dainty thing our grandparents liked to see and hear, it is obviously what a contemporary audience responds to; I have never heard as much laughter at a Shakespearean play as I heard at the opening at the Newhouse: wave on wave of laughter, as if it were "A Day at the Races" that I was attending.

The star of the occasion is Richard Ramos, whose hilarious Nick Bottom continually brings down the house. Shakespeare wrote the part for the great comedian of his company, Will Kemp, and what a fascinating part it is! ("A Midsummer Night's Dream" is interesting to literary detectives for the number of roles in it that appear to have been written for individual actors—not only Bottom but also Hermia, Helena, and the Duke himself.) Tom Toner and Edward Herrmann as Peter Quince and Flute are very funny, and Jack Davidson makes an effective Egeus. Lucy Lee Flippin as Helena speaks in a very high register, which I find irritating; Toni Wein as Hermia speaks in a voice that is mercifully lower than Miss Flippin's but is also sometimes inaudible. Kathleen Widdoes makes a fetching Titania, Queen of the Fairies, but George Hearn as her consort, King Oberon, seems to let his responsibilities weigh too heavily upon him. As Puck, Larry Marshall has been encouraged to perform bodily stunts that more than once are wantonly in opposition to the lovely lines he is given to recite. The austere set and—in striking contrast to the set—the gorgeous costumes are by Santo Loquasto, the lighting is by Jennifer Tipton, and the incidental music is by William Penn.

—BRENDAN GILL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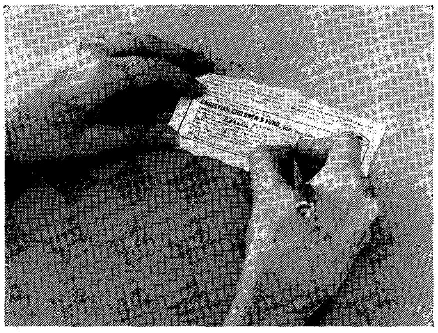

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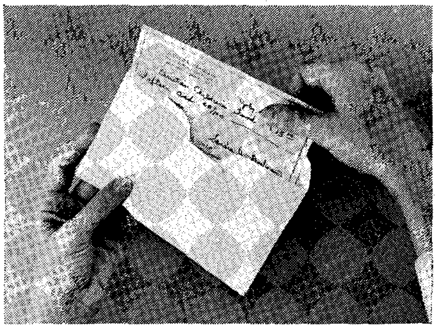

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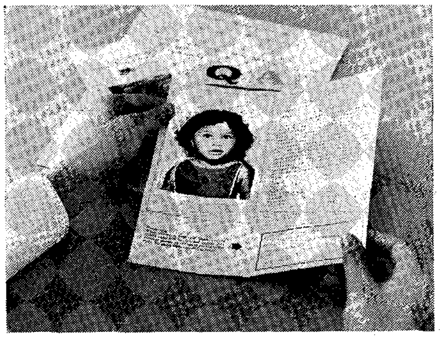

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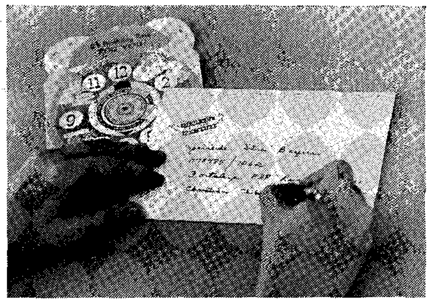

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The Cold, Bright Charms of Immortality

IN our modern world, death breaks into our lives suddenly—as it were, by surprise—even though it remains a fact that most men and women in the country still die in their beds of what used to be called old age. A death occurs in the family! Long-distance telephone calls crisscross through the night. The survivors—uneasy with a sense of uniqueness, their separate grief imprisoned in their separate civilities—stand about in suits and overcoats while tiny explosions detonate inside their heads, and then start for home.

The Sioux, I'm told, placed their dead on platforms up in the branches of trees along the Platte River—companionable treefuls of dead Sioux. The Crow made sure to show their grief by cutting off part of a finger. The Arapaho acknowledged death's imminence by singing a song to it; an abandoned warrior, dying, would brace himself against a rock and sing the Death Song until he died. Generally, nowadays, we do things differently.

An uncle of mine died a few weeks ago—a kind and modest man whom I much cared about; he had been seventy-three at the time of his heart attack, which, as my sister asserted, had come "out of nowhere." His dying naturally made me think of death—at first, in the usual manner, whereby for a while after the death of a close friend or relative harsh winds of mortality gust with a sudden, temporary significance through the heads of those remaining. Then, perhaps because he had been such a calm, methodical, gently purposive man, and there had been something calm, methodical, and—yes—gently purposive about his death and the manner of its arrival, I found myself feeling the moment quite differently. For an instant, death itself seemed almost like a modest, commonplace event—perhaps like what it was. In his fine book "The Lives of a Cell," Dr. Lewis Thomas has written, "There are three billion of us on the earth, and all three billion must be dead, on a schedule, within this lifetime." Just then, from inside one's modern, individual isolation, one could nearly sense the dim, communal, ordinary idea of mortality that was beyond us, and that human beings sometimes reached for—without attaining. And so afterward, mindful of this invisible community, I thought of television, and wondered what—were I to watch it steadily for a while—I might find that this pervasive communicator was telling us, or not telling us, about this mass, ongoing, collective activity; about death.

I PICKED a definite period of one week to study, and I watched, with reasonable fidelity, for ten or twelve hours each day. I wrote down only references to death or dying, and they appear as follows:

FRIDAY: In "The Edge of Night," there were two references to the earlier murder of a young woman named Taffy Simms. In "Days of Our Lives," Bob said, "Phyllis, you almost died." From the NBC local news: "A mine disaster in northern France has claimed forty-one lives." And "Eighteen persons were killed in Brazil this morning as a train crashed into a bus." And "Fifteen died today in Portugal when two passenger trains collided outside a railroad station in Lisbon." And "Eighteen people were reported strangled in the Ethiopian city of Asmara. This brings the total number of deaths by strangulation to forty-five." The death of Jack Benny was reported, accompanied by a photograph of Benny during his early days on radio, when he worked for NBC, and prominently displaying the NBC microphone. There was a film from Darwin, Australia, that briefly showed a dead victim of the Darwin cyclone being carried away on a stretcher, and also presented an interview with a survivor. "What happened to your wife?" the reporter asked. "My wife was killed," the survivor said. The CBS network news mentioned the forty-one mine-explosion deaths in France, and the fifteen Portuguese who had been killed this morning in a train crash "just outside Lisbon's main railroad station." There was an item about Jack Benny: "Benny Kubelsky, better known as Jack Benny, died in his home today of cancer. For half a century, Jack Benny made people laugh by laughing at himself." In "Kolchak," a score of people were murdered by a vampire. In the movie "The Last Run," a man fell to his death; another man was shot and then burned up in a car; two men were killed in a gunfight. In "Police Woman," the dead body of a man was found in a car trunk, and four men were killed in a gunfight.

SATURDAY: There were no deaths in any of the entertainment pro-

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grams. From the NBC network news: "In recent months, more than twenty thousand people have died of starvation" in Bangladesh. And "Doctors have said that more tests will be needed to determine the cause of the fall last evening which resulted in the death of columnist Amy Vanderbilt. Miss Vanderbilt was an authority and author of several books on etiquette." In an ABC documentary, "Crashes: The Illusion of Safety," there were references to numerous plane crashes, in which a total of forty-eight hundred people had died. On the NBC late news, there was an item about a retired policeman who had been shot and killed. And "There still appears to be some mystery surrounding the death of columnist Amy Vanderbilt. Police have indicated the possibility of suicide, although her husband has said he knows of nothing to indicate that motivation."

SUNDAY: In "World of Survival," a reef crab was killed by an octopus. "A very sad day for the crab," said the announcer. From the CBS local news: "Pakistani authorities have estimated that over three hundred people have been killed in an earthquake in northern Pakistan." And "Nicaraguan guerrillas killed three guards yesterday." And "Three persons were killed in a four-car accident at the corner of Barlow and a Hundred and Thirty-ninth Street." CBS News (whose parent company, CBS, had hired Benny away from NBC) provided an hour-long "Tribute to Jack Benny." There were brief scenes of Hollywood celebrities arriving in cars. "This was the day of his [Jack Benny's] funeral, and all of Hollywood was there," said correspondent Charles Kuralt. A 1967 CBS tape showed the late Ed Sullivan. "It's true that Jack Benny spoke his first words on the air on an Ed Sullivan radio show," said Mr. Kuralt. Benny's former CBS announcer, Don Wilson, said, "Jack, above all, was a great human being. . . . Jack was a very normal person. . . . He never went to a psychiatrist—he never had to." There was a tape of Benny's recent appearance with Dinah Shore on CBS's "Dinah!" "One of the last times he made us laugh was just this fall, when the première of the new Dinah Shore program had a walk-on guest," said Charles Kuralt. Milton Berle said, "We've lost an institution. . . . It's like the sinking of the Statue of Liberty." CBS board chairman William Paley was interviewed and spoke of Benny's "professionalism that was unique and outstanding." There was a tape of Benny doing a skit with his violin. "The violin is stilled," said Mr. Kuralt. In "Kojak," an old man was shot to death by gangsters, and two men were killed in a gunfight. In "Columbo," one woman was strangled to death, and another woman was drowned in her bathtub.

MONDAY: In "The Edge of Night," there were two references to the murder of Taffy Simms. In a "Popeye" cartoon, a bully was pushed off a tall building and fell into an open coffin, which was hammered closed. From the ABC local news: "A sniper, armed with a rifle, has killed three people in the town of Olean, New York." And "The dead are still being counted at the scene of the massive earthquake in northern Pakistan." From the ABC network news: "Authorities in northwest Pakistan say the death toll from an earthquake there has reached four thousand seven hundred, and is likely to go higher." In "Gunsmoke," two men were killed in a gunfight. In "Born Free," a man was killed by a leopard. In "Frankenstein: The True Story," seven corpses were disinterred.

TUESDAY: From the CBS local news: "Twelve fishermen are feared drowned after two boats capsized in heavy seas" off the coast of southern Italy. And "An Israeli patrol reportedly shot and killed three guerrillas as they were spotted crossing the border." In "Hawaii Five-O," a man was murdered with a hara-kiri knife, and another man was shot and killed in a gunfight. In "Barnaby Jones," a man was killed in a gunfight.

WEDNESDAY: From the NBC local and network news: "Twenty-three persons were feared dead as a busload of holiday skiers plunged into a lake near the town of Omachi, north of Tokyo." And "Two policemen were killed this afternoon in an auto accident as they were driving in response to an emergency call." In "Cannon," one man was killed in an overturned car, and another man was shot to death by a rifle. In "The Manhunter," one man was killed by being pushed out of a tall building, and another man was killed by a pistol shot.

THURSDAY: In "The Edge of Night," a character referred to "the tragic death of Taffy Simms." Three bandits were blown up by dynamite in a "Popeye" cartoon. From the ABC local news: "Word from the National Safety Council is that this year's Christmas holiday death toll is down by twenty per cent." From the ABC network news: "Four Arab civilians were killed by Israelis in a raid across the border early this morning." In "Ironside," a judge shot to death a man who was trying to kill him. In "Harry O," an unknown man was shot to death; a woman was beaten to death; another man was shot to death, and the man who shot him was killed. From the ABC late news: "Fire killed a two-year-old girl and injured several members of her family. Indications are that the victim, Carmen Allen, had been playing with matches."

IT'S hard to know what a "survey" of this kind proves, beyond the obvious, which in this case is that we are a violent people—seemingly entranced by violence—and have no serious regard for death. Also, I'm not at all sure what can be conveyed truly—by writing—of watching television for its acknowledgments of death. Twelve hours or so of television for seven days adds up to roughly eighty-four hours of more or less continuous broadcasting—the equivalent of around a half million words. How to convey the absence of death—real death—from this daily torrent of supposedly realistic narrative and imagery?

On the whole, a study of death on television turns up few surface surprises. After all, it should be no surprise by now that half of American network prime-time entertainment programming seems to be crime-oriented, and employs death by murder or in gunfights casually and routinely, as a simple plot device. (In fact, in most detective programs nowadays—as if they were following a prescribed ritual—there is usually a key murder of an unknown but significant figure within the first five minutes; there is sometimes a throwaway murder of a secondary character in the middle; and there is invariably a gunfight, which kills off one or two secondary or unknown characters, within the last five minutes.) Nor, in the area of news reporting, should it be much of a surprise that the detached and captionlike quality of the networks' regular news coverage is generally carried over into their accounts of death in the nation and across the world. Thus, snippets of information about the death of Brazilians in a bus crash or of Frenchmen in a mine disaster are blithely transmitted between snippets of information about factory layoffs in Detroit or gold speculation in London.

Perhaps, in the end, the surprise is that one is so little surprised. We accept the fact that death is mentioned

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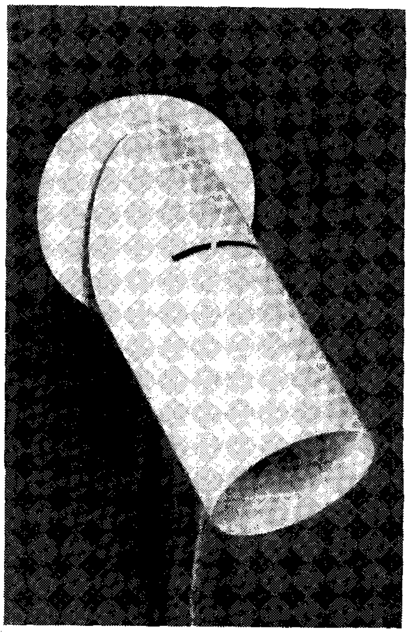

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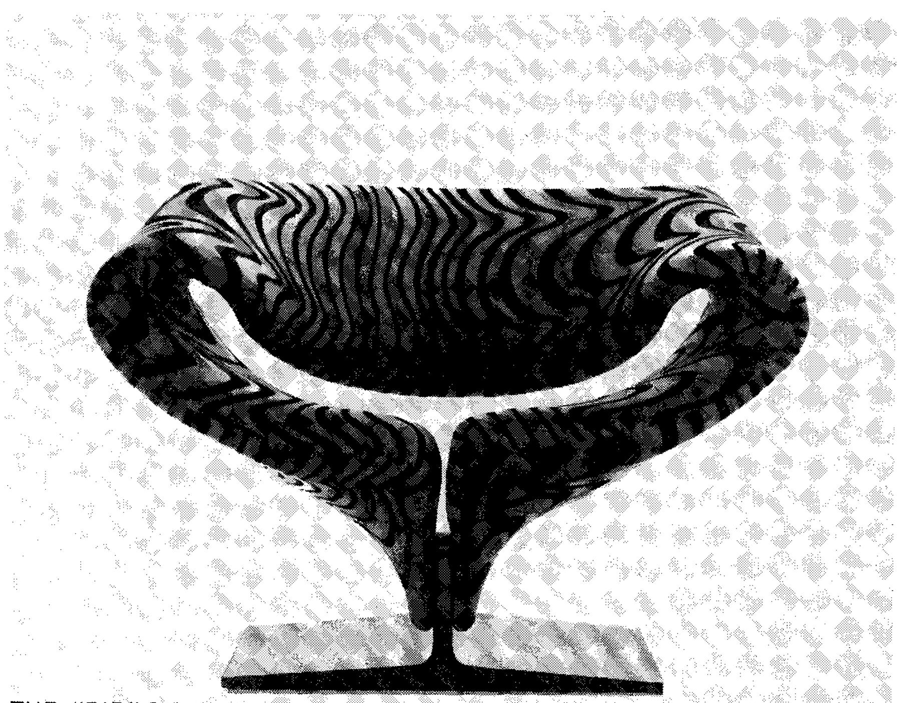

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so rarely on television—and usually in such a relentlessly offhand and stylized manner—because we apparently accept the idea that, as a nation, we have no wish to confront death, or deal with it, except by euphemism and avoidance. Doubtless, to a considerable extent this is true. It doesn't seem to be true of most of the rest of the world, especially of the poorer and less advanced countries, where—despite enormous populations, and the contrary expectations of many Western military experts—people appear to care hugely about human life and death, but perhaps it is more true of technologically progressive countries, or, at any rate, it is becoming true. Still, even here in America—with our Forest Lawns and pet cemeteries—our proverbial avoidance of or uncaringness about death often seems illusory or skin-deep. In private lives, for example, there are surely myriad explosions of grief, incomprehension, and deep human response—taking place literally all the time in the isolation of families where death occurs. And in public America—though the surface appears impervious to death—it was, ironically, television that, some time ago, on the occasions of the deaths of the two Kennedy brothers and Dr. Martin Luther King, helped the American people break through their apparent fear of death and death's imagery, and assisted in creating a nearly national rite of passage.

To be sure, the deaths of the two Kennedys and of Dr. King were extraordinary events—touched not only by public and private loss but also by high drama and by a kind of national guilt. (That is, if we had been more aware and sensible of death, we might have been less bland in letting these three notable, high-profile men walk prematurely into theirs.) One might, then, say that television respects death only in the famous. But this misses the point. First, if it were generally true that television (or our public society) respected death only in the famous, that would be at worst a commonplace of life; art alone, which can draw a Sancho Panza as vividly as a knight of La Mancha, seems consistently to skirt class differences. But, for the most part, even when television attempts to deal with the death of famous persons what it commonly does is to attend briskly and meretriciously to the *famousness* of the departed, and to leave the death, and everything that humanly has to do with death, at arm's length. Thus, at the death of Jack Benny—a man who had clearly been much liked in his lifetime, and whose dying had doubtless produced many true feelings of loss and change—the texture of his leaving us was somehow cleaned up for television. No grief appeared on camera. The chairman of the CBS "family" spoke about "professionalism." Taped highlights were shown of a man who had existed ten or twenty years before. As for the death of the less famous Miss Vanderbilt, her accident popped in and out of the news for a day and a half not as the real death of a real woman but as hoked-up "mystery."

The point seems to be that television—this great communicating force—has settled into a role of largely ignoring the reality of death. It does this in part by simply not mentioning it, as if, despite the fact that folktales since ancient times have been filled with the reality of human death, it had lately become—for our "mass audience"—an irrelevant subject. And it does this, perhaps inadvertently, by asserting that the whole reality of death is violence. In entertainment programs, for example, a woman is matter-of-factly drowned in a bathtub; two unknown men are killed in a gun battle; a character—possessed of no past, present, or future—is shot to death by fleeing burglars. In almost no instances of fictional death on television do the dead victims, or their deaths, have any depth or meaning—or, sometimes, even identity—for the audience. (Indeed, one could state it almost as an axiom that no one in a popular television drama who has a fully developed character ever dies.) And when death occurs it arrives invariably through violence, though it is usually a casual, spurious, stage violence, unconnected to personality or feeling, either among the characters or in the audience—a ubiquitous, toy violence. On the news programs, where deaths are regularly announced, these, too, are generally the result of violence or catastrophe, are similarly anonymous, and take place in the unconnected remoteness either of a brief factual caption or of a distant, meaningless locale. In a sense, one might say that the standard news broadcasts, with their nightly accounts of the deaths of fifteen identity-less Portuguese in a train crash, or of a dozen persona-less Italian fishermen in a shipwreck, come close to representing the actual scattered randomness of death as it occurs on this planet. But, once again, these real deaths are treated as if they had no meaning—except as the statistical by-product of some disaster. Death is usually reported to us in the sterility of numbers—"body counts"—and on the few occasions when a person has been found who is humanly connected to real death (as with the two-sentence interview of the man who had lost his wife in Darwin), the cameras, or editors, move gingerly in their treatment of the situation, compressing or squeezing out the humanity and skipping quickly on.

The matter of violence on television has been much discussed recently, though its connection with death seems mainly to be a specious and distorting one. Certainly there has been a plenitude of violent action in commercial broadcasting, and, quite plausibly, there have been a number of surveys, studies, and pronouncements dealing with the subject. Critics, on the whole, have said that there is too much violence on the airwaves, and that violent entertainment tends to breed violent citizens. Telefilm producers have replied that the citizens were violent to begin with, and that everyone knows that detective or Western programs are only fiction, and that, besides, the audience loves a good gunfight. Probably this is a situation in which both sides are more or less right, and the problem will somehow sort itself out in due course. Clearly, there is an oversupply of violence, and, also clearly, the majority of the viewers don't take the stuff very seriously. The trouble is that death is not the same as violence. Death is not inseparable from violence. It's true that crimes of violence have increased in this country in recent years, as it's true that the reporting and communicating of crimes of violence have increased in recent years, but in most of its occurrences in the world and in America death is (how else to say it?) *itself:* supremely ordinary, supremely deep. Each week, across the seven continents of the earth, roughly a million human beings die, and most of them die from a classic confluence of age and state of health and the vagaries of life. In other words, to shy away from death because it has been glibly associated with violence—and with stage violence, at that—is like throwing out "King Lear" along with the proverbial bathwater of trivial detective stories. For example, I've read approving comments lately from consumer groups and certain network executives on the decline in the "level of violence" on children's programs, and, basically, this is bound to be an improvement. On the other hand, in the entire week of television that I watched I never once saw

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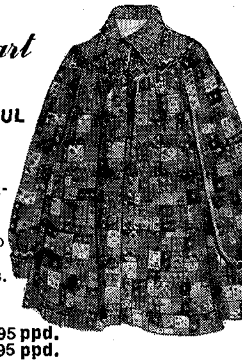

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death appear in human form on a children's program. (I discount "Popeye," which seems in this regard no worse and no better than "Hawaii Five-O.") Childhood is the time in life when we first become aware of death—when we try to open our eyes to it, have bad dreams, and ask strange, tactless questions. It seems regrettable, at the least—especially considering the frequent presence of *death in the great* stories for children—that our television fathers and families just won't talk about death to young people.

But it's not only children in our society who are isolated from death by our communications organizations. Virtually all the rest of us have been left to shift for ourselves in dealing with this great, commonplace matter—have been made enemies of death, terrified and stricken by its seeming uniqueness, frozen at gravesides into our separate overcoats. One has heard it said that everyone must deal with death on his own, and perhaps that's true in terms of the physical act of one human being's dying. But for much of history both the dying and the survivors (soon to be the dying) have devised systems—tribal custom or religion—whereby it was possible to place death where it belonged, as part of the continuous, collective cycle of human life. In our era, television has pushed its way into the void left by the fading presence of religion and tribal authority. Television is, if not a formal system, at any rate a huge, cool authority, and also a kind of family, and juggling act, and troupe of players—and priesthood. Indeed, once, with the Kennedy deaths and the death of Martin Luther King, it showed what it could do in incorporating into the community not just a particular or famous death but *death.* Since then, however, it has been mainly silent on the subject. We do not die, apparently, except in numbers, or in Rangoon, or with blank faces in a gunfight. The institution of television often claims to be a mirror reflecting our society, and often many of us are agreeable to thinking that this is so. Perhaps it's more and more worth realizing that it's a mirror that reflects only a part of us. Our deaths, at least—that mass collective act—are not yet part of the reflection.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

But now, with his home and his family around him, Solzhenitsyn labors with punishing intensity from Solzhenitsyn until 2 a.m. daily—*Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press Democrat.*

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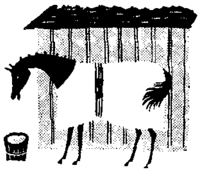

THERE'S a popular belief that horses who have had a recent race have a big advantage over horses who haven't. It was borne out at Santa Anita the other day in the second division of the Malibu Stakes—a tune-up for the Charles H. Strub Stakes on February 9th, which is the first $100,000 event of the season. Holding Pattern, who had beaten the Preakness and Belmont winner Little Current in both the Travers and the Monmouth Invitational last summer but hadn't been out since the fall, finished third behind Princely Native, a winner over the course the week before, and First Back, while Agitate, the best three-year-old in California last season, who hadn't raced since July, was sixth. To my eye, Agitate, a big, handsome brown colt by Advocator, was the pick of the lot in the walking ring and in the parade to the post. Holding Pattern looked fit, but he is still on the small side. In the race, Baeza sent Princely Native away on his toes, and he was never headed, winning by a nose from First Back, who had dogged him all the way. The first division of the Malibu, all of whose starters were bred in California except Green Gambados (and he was never close), went to Lightning Mandate, who ran the seven furlongs in 1:20⅗, equalling the track record for the distance, set in 1954. (Princely Native's time was a fifth of a second slower.) Century's Envoy stepped the first quarter in 0:21⅘ and the half mile in 0:44, but Rocket Review and Lightning Mandate swept by him in the stretch, and the latter passed the post a length and three-quarters to the good. It will be interesting to see how many runners for the Malibu come out this weekend for the mile-and-a-furlong San Fernando Stakes, the second prep for the Strub.

The main event on the day after the Malibu, a Sunday, was the San Gorgonio Claiming Stakes, at a mile and a furlong over the picturesque turf course. Madison Palace, a French-bred seven-year-old, who was last to get away from the gate, ran over the leaders in the stretch to win by nearly four lengths from Grotonian, ridden by Shoemaker, with At the Dance and Curious Course a neck and a nose behind him. Madison Palace's claiming price was $50,000 (horses are high out there), but nobody wanted him at that figure, and he went back to his stable. Earlier in the afternoon, Johnny Longden sent out Money Lender, his candidate for the Strub, for a gallop at six furlongs. He finished second.

FOR the first time since its establishment, in 1933, there was a dead heat between a colt and a filly for first place in the Experimental Free Handicap, the Jockey Club's annual estimate of the preceding year's two-year-olds. What's more, both of them are unbeaten. Actually, Kenneth Noe, Jr., the official handicapper, assigned the colt, Foolish Pleasure, 127 pounds and the filly, Ruffian, 122; the five-pound sex allowance that fillies get makes the two equal in the rating. This wouldn't have happened, of course, if they had met, as they were meant to, in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last autumn. But Ruffian hurt a leg and, the day before the race, was withdrawn. Foolish Pleasure won the Champagne by six lengths, but none of his seven races were as spectacular as Ruffian's five—particularly her first, which she won by fifteen lengths in track-record time, and her last, the Spinaway, which she won by thirteen. By the way, Frank Whiteley, Jr., who trains Ruffian, has changed his mind and won't put her in the Kentucky Derby, though she's wintering well. She's so big that he intends to go slow with her.

As for the next ten racers in the Experimental, L'Enjoleur, Canada's best, is in at 125 pounds; Circle Home, winner of the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes and the Heritage at Keystone, and George Navonod, winner of four stakes in California, drew 124 each; Diabolo, who beat George Navonod in the Del Mar Futurity, is 123; Bombay Duck is 122; DiMaggio is 121; Greek Answer, Our Talisman, and Ramahorn are 120 each; and Master Derby is 119. The next-best filly to Ruffian was Hot n Nasty, who was assigned 117. You can look up the hundred and forty-five others, and perhaps you can find the next Triple Crown winner among them. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Mr. Means was born in Bloomington, Illinois. He was graduated from Illinois State University in Worcester, Massachusetts, with a master of arts degree. —*Carmi (Ill.) Times*.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 16

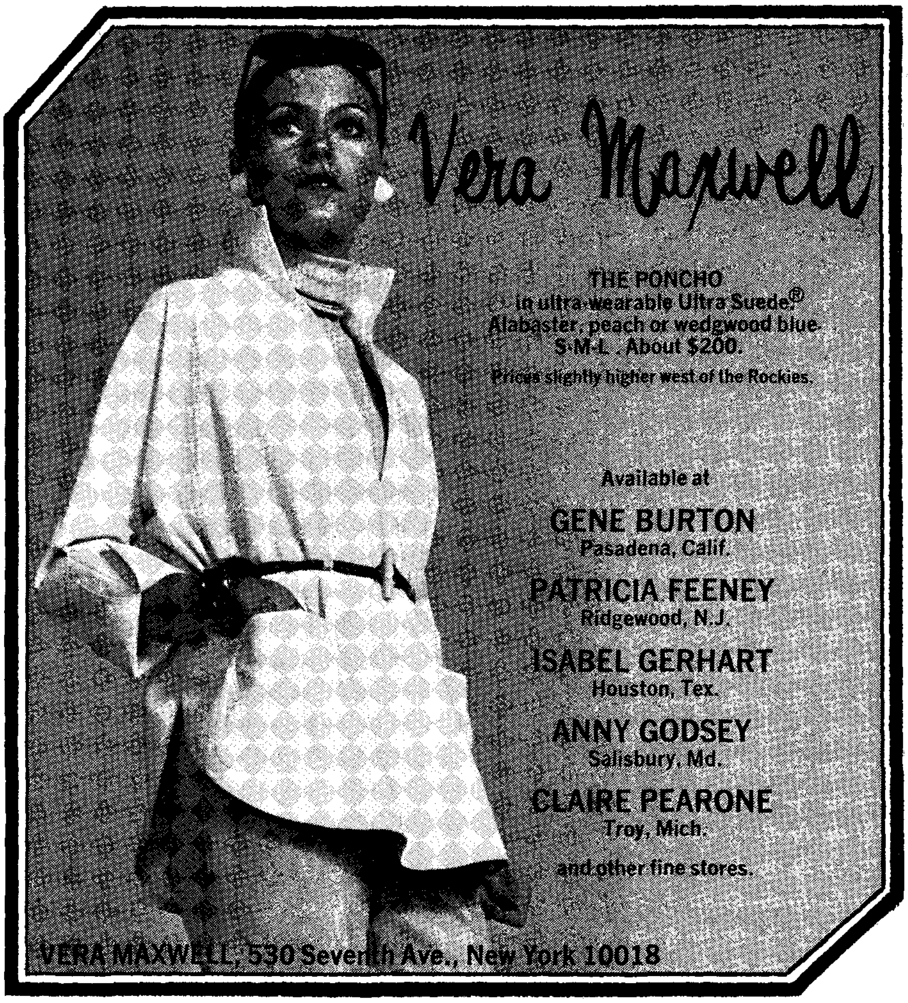
MANY people here who are not particularly jumpy types say they have the nightmare feeling that things are drifting toward a climax faster than expected, under a Government that has of late seemed hardly to be steering, unable to decide what to do next. It ranks as near-bright news, therefore, that there has just been a sharp and at last unequivocal effort to jerk the nation more roughly than ever before into realizing how close it is to the edge. Following a speech by Harold Wilson in which he cautioned the unions to postpone asking for more money, since bankrupt employers cannot pay wages, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Denis Healey, delivered a certainly overdue but far stronger warning in the speech he made to the Labour Party faithful in Leeds last Friday, which was clearly addressed to a larger audience. Like Mr. Wilson, Mr. Healey spoke confidently of the "social contract"—that ghostly, unwritten code of mutual trust and forbearance between workers and Government which has been blithely disregarded by many in the scrum for wages but is still hoisted high in ministerial utterances, like a sacred relic that is supposed to retain virtue. What was new in his speech was that he stated some of the appalling facts on Britain's crisis more bluntly than any other member of the Government has so far done, with his forecast of possible "millions" who would be on the dole if militant union demands continued. The Chancellor's remarks came under immediate furious fire from his left wing in Parliament when it got back to work on Monday. The Opposition attack on the Government's whole economic policy—or lack of one, as it claims—takes the line that Mr. Heath's chilling warnings during the October election that hard times were coming, and would be worse than anything previously experienced, were laughed off as spreading unnecessary pessimism but are now only too grimly justified. The voters did not want to listen, either, of course.

It is a strange time in Britain at the moment. London itself adds to the curious sensation of life proceeding on two levels by seeming—on the surface, anyway—to be full of money and prosperous-looking people who have nothing more serious on their minds than making the stuff fly before prices go up again. Visitors from abroad, eying the Rolls-Royces and the elegant West End shopwindow displays of everything luxurious under the sun, might find it hard to connect it all with the deadly official statistics that are published at regular intervals to show what is happening, and so would a visiting trade unionist, no doubt. In spite of the endless discussion of Britain's future by the newspapers and the broadcasters, underlined by the cries for financial help from famous firms in trouble, millions of British are obviously not paying much attention. Maybe monetary crises and talk of impending catastrophe have become so depressingly normal here that many people, especially if they are young, have become conditioned to skip them and turn to the football pages. Healthy wage rises taking no notice of the social contract have so far managed to keep ahead of prices for many, and for them, naturally, 1975 is not looming up as the unbelievable year when things could fall apart. There is increasing conviction, accompanied by categorical denials from ministers, that the Government will be forced to clamp down a wages-and-prices freeze before long. So the bitter old medicine for treating or merely slowing the seemingly intractable disease may have to be applied again, with violent shock to the Labour Party rank and file and with results that nobody is willing to prophesy.

"Yes, sir, I threw it at our legal types, and—uh—they say it's illegal."

The anti-Europeans are beginning to line up their forces at Westminster and outside for the coming referendum on continuing membership in the European Economic Community. So far, it has not been revealed when or how the vote will be taken—whether it will be by Parliamentary constituency (in which case an M.P. who was a strong pro-Europe man might find himself in trouble with constituents who returned a thundering No) or by voting according to the new local-government boundaries into which Britain was carved last year. As far as it is possible to judge, the public mood seems to be swinging toward a wish to remain in the Community—for depressingly materialistic reasons, it is true. The more the skies here darken, the more people are beginning to think about the full, awful possibility of finding themselves out in the deluge alone. If there is a slight but perceptible current running toward staying in Europe, it is rather in the spirit that Lewis Carroll recorded of the snark-hunting expedition, when the hunters, you may remember, found themselves in such a terrifyingly dismal valley that "merely from nervousness, not from good will, they marched along shoulder to shoulder." However unflattering it may be to the European allies, alarm and not fervor would seem to be the principal argument that may carry the day when it arrives sometime this summer.

WITH gold so much in the news, a ceremony that took place in the heart of the City of London on the second day of the new year was of interest. For the first time since the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths began assaying the purity of gold and silver, in 1300—that is, hallmarking an object that passes the tests with the identifying symbol of either precious metal and a letter of the alphabet to show the year in which it was made—platinum was added to this select group of treasures upon earth that rank as "noble metals," being aristocratically resistant to the rust that the New Testament mentioned, if not to the attentions of burglars. This correspondent was among the three hundred or so guests, mostly jewellers and silversmiths, who crowded into the splendid Goldsmiths' Hall, near St. Paul's, to drink Madeira under the chandeliers and watch the marking of the first two pieces of platinum ever to receive the accolade of the assay. The historic ceremony was actually a day late, since the new hallmarking act that now includes platinum had become law on January 1st, but New Year's Day was made a legal bank holiday in Britain this year, instead of being merely the day when people often decide to stay home anyway to nurse festive hangovers. The slight delay was appropriate to the extraordinary dawdling route of platinum (originally called "*platina del pinto*"—"*platina*" meaning "little silver," and "*pinto*" referring to the Rio Pinto, in Colombia, where it was discovered in the eighteenth century) toward what the Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company, Sir Harold Himsworth—an imposing figure in a furred scarlet robe with quite a chunk of noble metals glittering from his neck—called in his speech "the long and exhaustive process of canonization." After all, platinum was (particularly in the thirties) and is much esteemed as a setting for the frosty sparkle of diamonds, so the decision to admit it to the calendar of the Worshipful Company seems somewhat tardy. Such things are apt to move at a stately gait in England, however. One hundred and eighteen years ago, a Select Committee reported to Parliament that it found the laws regarding assaying in "a confused and unsatisfactory state." The confusion and dissatisfaction went right on, nevertheless, until 1973. Then the M.P. for Weston-super-Mare, Mr. Jerry Wiggin, successfully presented to the Commons the measures that have just become law. On the platform beside Sir Harold and John Forbes, the Deputy Warden, sat two serious-looking men in white coats—members of the Assay Office staff—who were going to hallmark, before our eyes, the first two platinum pieces with the new marks: an orb



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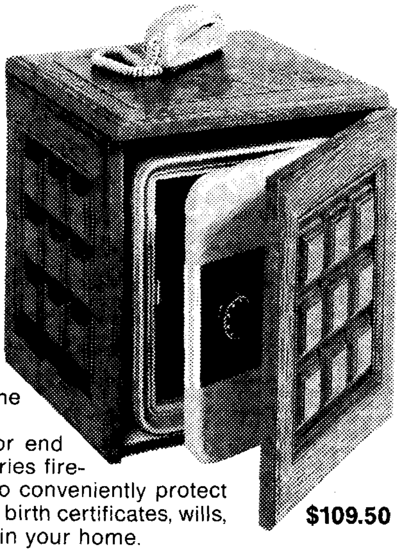
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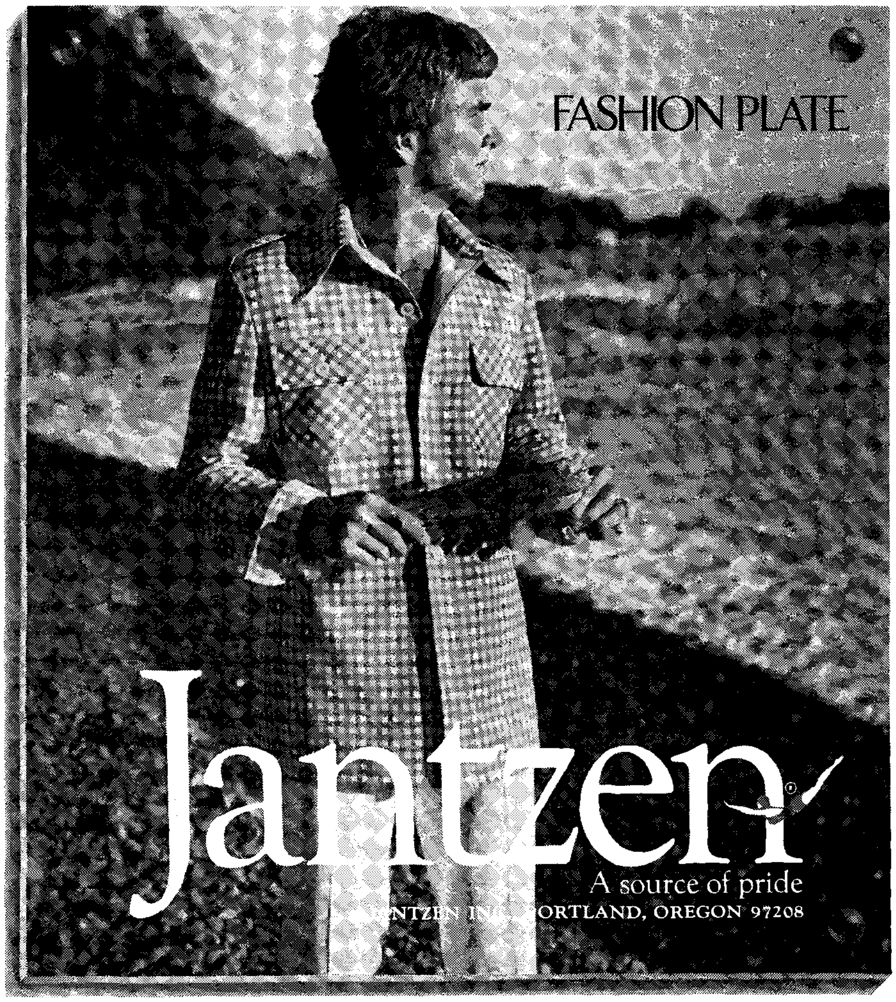

surmounted by a cross and both enclosed in a pentagon, as the standard platinum symbol; the familiar snarling leopard's head, for London; and an "A," the date letter for 1975. The two items so honored were a medal awarded to the late Professor Robert Hutton, for many years chairman of the London Assay Office, and a covered cup specially designed and made by Jocelyn Burton. Miss Burton, a pretty young woman of twenty-nine with a waterfall of long dark hair, is an extremely gifted silversmith and jeweller, who was made a freeman of the Worshipful Company last year. She uses metals and jewels rather as a sculptor picks up interesting shapes for his work in walks on the shore and in the forest—shells, roots, and driftwood, beautifully wrought, and even tiny snails and sea creatures. Her cup was lovely—a pure egg form rising from a tangle of what looked like fern fronds. When the men in the white coats got up, they bent over their task utterly absorbed, as though they were quite alone in Goldsmiths' Hall. Three smart taps of a hammer on the rim of the medal, three more on the body of the cup and again on the cover, and platinum joined the mystic sisterhood of silver and gold. The more senior of the Assay Office men handed the cup over to the Prime Warden, permitting himself a slight relieved smile. One of the guests remarked that when the delicate gold circlet that the Prince of Wales wore at his investiture at Caernarvon Castle came to be assayed, it broke smartly in two (luckily, a duplicate had been made), so the relief was explained. After the ceremony, people were able to wander around and admire some of the Company's marvellous collection of gold and silver plate, including the famous Bowes Cup, a staggering gold edifice presented by Sir Martin Bowes, the Prime Warden in 1554, and said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth I at her coronation banquet.

THE winter so far is quite extraordinarily mild. Roses are still in pale but shapely bloom on suburban walls, and trees are bursting into blossom under the confused impression that spring has arrived. This has meant that enormous economies have been made in heating, quite without pain—a mercy, for the recent measures announced by the Government for saving energy were considered feeble. But nature is for once on the side of this member of the oil-consuming nations, which is cheering to all here.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

DANCING

Back to the Forties

IF the number of fine ballets that American Ballet Theatre had to show for its thirty-five years of existence equalled the number of fine dancers it currently has under contract, its anniversary gala, on January 11th, would have been a night to remember. But numerically and stylistically the equation is unbalanced. The handful of illustrious ballets that made the company's name can't support dancers like Baryshnikov and Kirkland and Makarova and Nagy and Gregory and Bujones, and even if it could, it's patently impossible to build a gala retrospective around "Fancy Free" and "Pillar of Fire" and "Romeo and Juliet" and "Three Virgins and a Devil." All but the last are legitimate masterpieces, and all of them were created between 1941 and 1944. The creativity of that first decade had no sequel in the fifties, the sixties, the seventies. When you are seeing Ballet Theatre choreography at its best, you are almost always seeing a picture of the forties. The dancers of the seventies don't fit into that picture. The ballets are still interesting and they're a challenge to perform, but their aesthetic is dead. Often the sentiment is dead, too. Audiences can't get excited about them in the old way because the life of the period that produced them has receded and they're insulated from the way we think and move today. When they are presented as they were at the gala—deliberately disconnected fragments of the past—it's hard not to see their position in a contemporary repertory as an extended irrelevance. They're really "gala material" in a quite specific sense—not part of the ongoing gala that Ballet Theatre's apologists pretend its history has been, right up to the present.

The programmers for the gala didn't try to force a continuity between the company's bygone achievements and its current resources. Mostly, they exhibited Ballet Theatre as a performing collective that had once been a company. They gave us sections of Tudor's "Pillar of Fire" and "Romeo and Juliet" mimed by the original casts. They put on some of the earlier dancers, such as Igor Youskevitch and André Eglevsky and Agnes de Mille and Yurek Lazowski, alongside the present ones. They put on Miss de Mille in a speaking part as well. But apart from these indiscretions it was much like a usual night at Ballet Theatre. Bits from the current repertory ("Les Sylphides," "Concerto," "Études," "The River") were mixed with bits that might become current at any moment, such as Makarova and Nagy in "Spring Waters." (The company's foreign stars customarily bring their old repertories with them; otherwise, they wouldn't have very much to dance.) Some of the programmers' intentions cancelled each other out, among them the decision to impose four stellar but aging cavaliers on Cynthia Gregory in the "Rose Adagio," a number she'll probably never get to do in repertory. This one time out, she was understandably rattled, but in the excerpt from "Miss Julie" she danced with the relaxed intensity she always has in modern character parts. Erik Bruhn returned in this, flying downstage in one of his uniquely taut leaps, and won the great ovation of the evening. Baryshnikov in "Le Corsaire" was another miss; the choreography is simply too tame for him. But Kirkland's first shot at the ballerina role turned out to be a direct hit. So it went: a familiar Ballet Theatre progression of ups and downs. There were the nonstar turns (D'Antuono and Kivitt in the "Don Quixote" pas de deux) and the non-ballets ("Études" and "The River"—*two* excerpts each). We got Eleanor D'Antuono three times and Martine van Hamel not at all. The look of Makarova standing and bending on her points in "Concerto"—the look of the leg, with its wonderful upward flow of weight, and the sense of a further weightlessness in the foot—was for me the dance highlight of the evening's first half; in the second it was Kirkland's undreamed-of pirouettes in "Le Corsaire."

Between the halves, we got Agnes de Mille, pointing out that among performing companies in America only the Metropolitan Opera has lasted longer than Ballet Theatre but that, unlike Ballet Theatre, the Met had to go outside its walls to obtain its repertory. "This," she said, hurling an invisible torch to the ground, "is a *creative* institution." Agnes de Mille, arch-propagandist of the dance, regularly shills for Ballet Theatre, but even for her this is a new peak of chauvinistic bluster. Since 1950, Ballet Theatre has not commissioned one ballet of lasting merit, and by that I mean a piece that doesn't yield up all its secrets after two or three viewings. It has gone outside its walls for every useful ballet from Herbert Ross's "Caprichos" on, and for a lot of useless ballets, too. In 1965, Robbins did his version of "Les Noces" for the company, and Eliot Feld did "Harbinger," his first ballet, two years later. Some would make exceptions of these pieces; I wouldn't. But the point is that neither Robbins nor Feld, both Ballet Theatre alumni, has found it possible to stay with the company long enough to give it his best. Since the beginning, Ballet Theatre has also made a point of producing the standard classics, but it really didn't get into the classics business until the mid-sixties. Its repertory is too small for the de-

"Let's watch who we're calling a part of the human comedy, Mac!"

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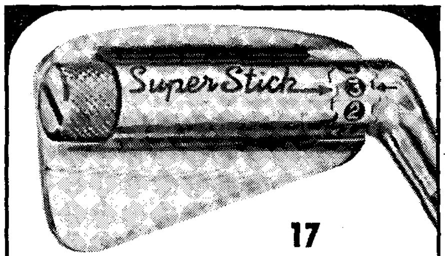

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mands its huge roster of stars make upon it, and the productions are insufficiently stylish. An original full-evening work has never been attempted. The company has relied more and more on big-name stars whom the public would see in anything, and it hit bottom with this policy when it revived its dodo version of "La Fille Mal Gardée" for Makarova.

"Fille" is too big a price to pay to see stars, and the stars have to pay as big a price to put it across—to make the characters real, the action coherent, the bumbling, tacky humor seem like innocent zest. The piece has absolutely no dance architecture. The stars slave to build a bit of momentum in their variations only to have it leak away the next second into the crevasses of the plot. If they did less, they'd look like paper dolls. Even the "Coppélia" has to be treated by the dancers like a theme for ever more expansive dancing and acting improvisations. The more expansive Baryshnikov and Kirkland become, the more recessive and moldy their surroundings seem. They dance at full height, so to speak; the rest of the company at half height. But it's a pleasure to see them trying to live up to the values this production merely hints at. Ultimately, only Makarova, running wild this season, gets away with performing at the production's expense. She has the wicked wit for it and the improvisatory flair, but Kirkland, who has learned so much from Makarova, wisely doesn't follow her lead in this. A pity that Kirkland's second act, grown enormously more assured, had to be truncated at her last performance because of an accident at the rear of the stage. But we got to see Kirkland's instant cool reaction to the accident—the collapse of a dancer who was one of the puppets; she "played" it as part of her conversation with Coppélius and swept on.

It may be because of the unreasonable load of responsibility he has to carry, as much as his unaccustomed intensive performing schedule, that Baryshnikov is beginning to look a little tired. The things he has to do in "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," revived for him this season, are a pathetic waste of his resources. The piece, one of those in which, at rise, a young man lies smoking in a cheap room while electric signs blink, is B-movie aesthetics puffed to the pretentious limit of a Cocteau fable. Cocteau conceived it in 1946 for Jean Babilée, the angel-thug of Les Ballets des Champs-Élysées, and Babilée subsequently performed it for Ballet Theatre. The role is full of sustained acrobatic balances, some of them in slow motion, and baroque flights over the furniture. But the style of the piece is wearyingly brutal, and the choreography, by Roland Petit, is in raw, convulsed chunks that keep knotting at the same level of tension. Cocteau, in a famous radical departure, had Petit set the steps to jazz, switching to a Bach passacaglia at the dress rehearsal. The disparity isn't very poetic; because the choreography isn't really dancing, the music need be no more than background accompaniment, and the fact that it's Bach strikes me as one of the more mechanically fabulous gestures of the Cocteau of this period. Baryshnikov, more angel than thug, is physically so vital and radiant, so unstrainingly precise, that he unconsciously undermines the expressive intentions of the ballet. Bonnie Mathis, in Nathalie Philippart's role as Death, has to stand like a rock wall over this shining cataract of energy, and she hasn't the dominating presence for the job.

From "Le Jeune Homme," as from so many other pieces in Ballet Theatre's repertory, I get the continuous impression of an incongruous enterprise. It's like listening to cracked 78-r.p.m. records being played on the finest stereo equipment. But the forties are hot just now, and so is Ballet Theatre. How often we have had recalled to us the company's opening night, in 1940! (Who remembers New York City Ballet's opening, in 1948?) With so few other landmark evenings at their disposal, the company's publicists have had years to press this upon us. Miss de Mille went over it all again on gala night, trying hard to make the sequence of fortuities that constitute the company's history sound like a success story. For twenty-five years, Ballet Theatre's management has been inattentive to the growth of its dancers as artists so long as the public would buy them as stars. It has dedicated itself to devising ways for the company to survive, only survive. Survival is what Ballet Theatre is best at. It markets ballet, but it specializes in the survival business, and this year business is very good indeed. —ARLENE CROCE

●

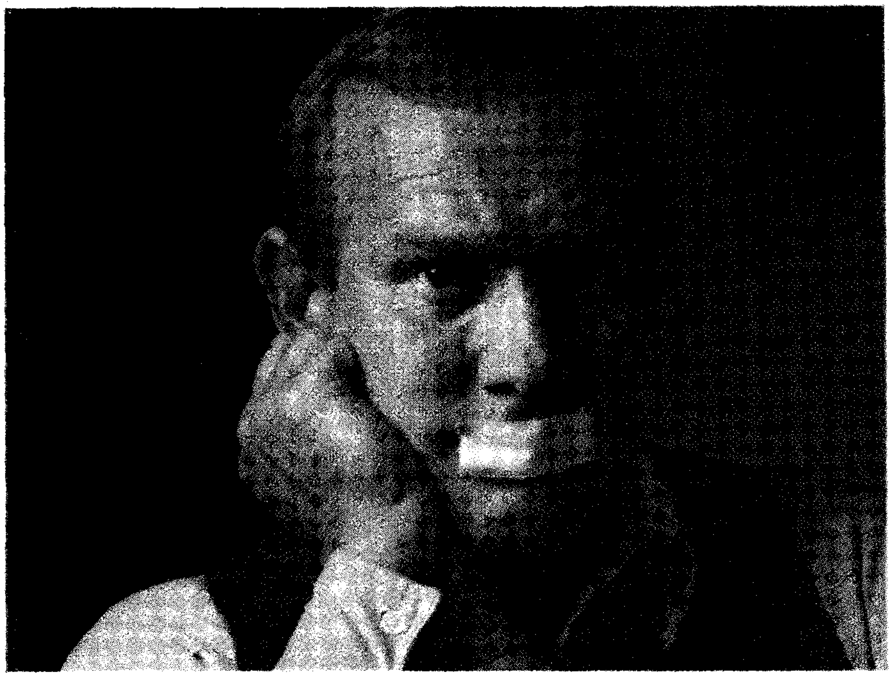
A new downtown station would likely open service from Pontiac to Ann Arbor, possibly including Mount Clemens and other cities, said the spokesman.

The site under consideration for the station is the site where Detroit's Union Depot stood before it was torn down earlier this year.—*Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) Evening News.*

Just be careful you don't get in a rut.

First the Teacher's people told me I could say anything I wanted to about scotch. Then they censored me.

BY TOMMY SMOTHERS



I'VE BEEN CENSORED one way or another practically all my life.

It all started when my mother used to stick a pacifier into my mouth anytime I opened it. Later, it was a bar of soap.

When Dick and I were kids, once Mother got him a dog and me a muzzle.

When I started taking guitar lessons, people would always steal my pick.

Even my dreams have snips cut out of them. Always the good parts, too. [redacted].

That's the way it's always been with me.

So I wasn't surprised when one of the major networks joined the fun. It was annoying, I'll admit, but when it was all over all I could say was "et tu, CBS."

But all that is censorship under the bridge.

And speaking of censorship, it's certainly changed a lot since its beginning. Today, you can say anything as long as no one hears you. So probably the only way to steer clear of censors is to steer yourself into a closet and talk only to yourself.

Anyway, when the Teacher's advertising people heard I drink their scotch, they asked me to talk about it.

They gave me carte blanche, a yellow pad and a No. 2 pencil. Of course, the pencil had no point, but I got around that. [redacted].

Well, first I wrote about how happy I was that everybody and his brother doesn't drink Teacher's. Which, in my case, is a definite plus.

No problems so far.

Then I started reminiscing about my experiences with scotch, pre-Teachers.

The first time I tasted scotch I tried to belt it down like they always do in the movies when the hero has just lost his girl.

Eccch. [redacted].

If this was what scotch tasted like, I vowed never to lose my girl or be a hero in a movie.

My stomach was the first casualty. Then my eyes started to water. And finally my tongue made itself heard. It gave me a severe tongue lashing.

However, I wasn't going to let myself be licked by a mere tongue, a pair of eyes and a stomach.

So I came back for less. [redacted].

This time, I started with a Presbyterian. 2 parts this, 3 parts that, 4 parts something else and, if there's any room left over, scotch. [redacted].

The trouble with that was I got tired of walking up to bars and ordering one Presbyterian only to have the bartender tell me I was in the wrong place and down the street at the church I could find all the Presbyterians I wanted.

So my conversion to Presbyterianism didn't last long.

Next I moved to scotch and soda. Or more accurately, scotch and soda, soda, soda and soda.

After that, it was the big time. Scotch on the rocks. Straight. At bars I'd order it out of the side of my mouth. I was tough. I started wearing black shirts white ties and woolen underwear. I even bought a hair piece for my chest. But again, secretly, I did such a terrific job of nursing my drink the Red Cross would have been proud of me.

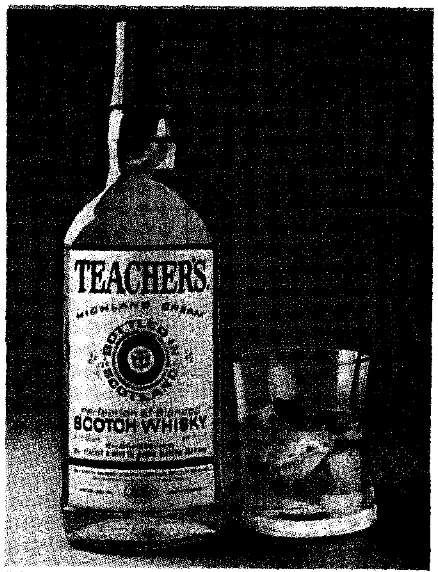
All of which brings me to Teacher's. The first time I ever tasted it was the first time I ever finished my scotch on the rocks before it turned to water.

A scotch I liked. Teacher's, my tongue thanks you, my eyes thank you, my stomach thanks you. Even my [redacted] thanks you.

Once there was this [redacted] and [redacted] the [redacted] of this old [redacted].

Boy, those Teacher's people are great. They really let you say anything.

So anyway, [redacted]



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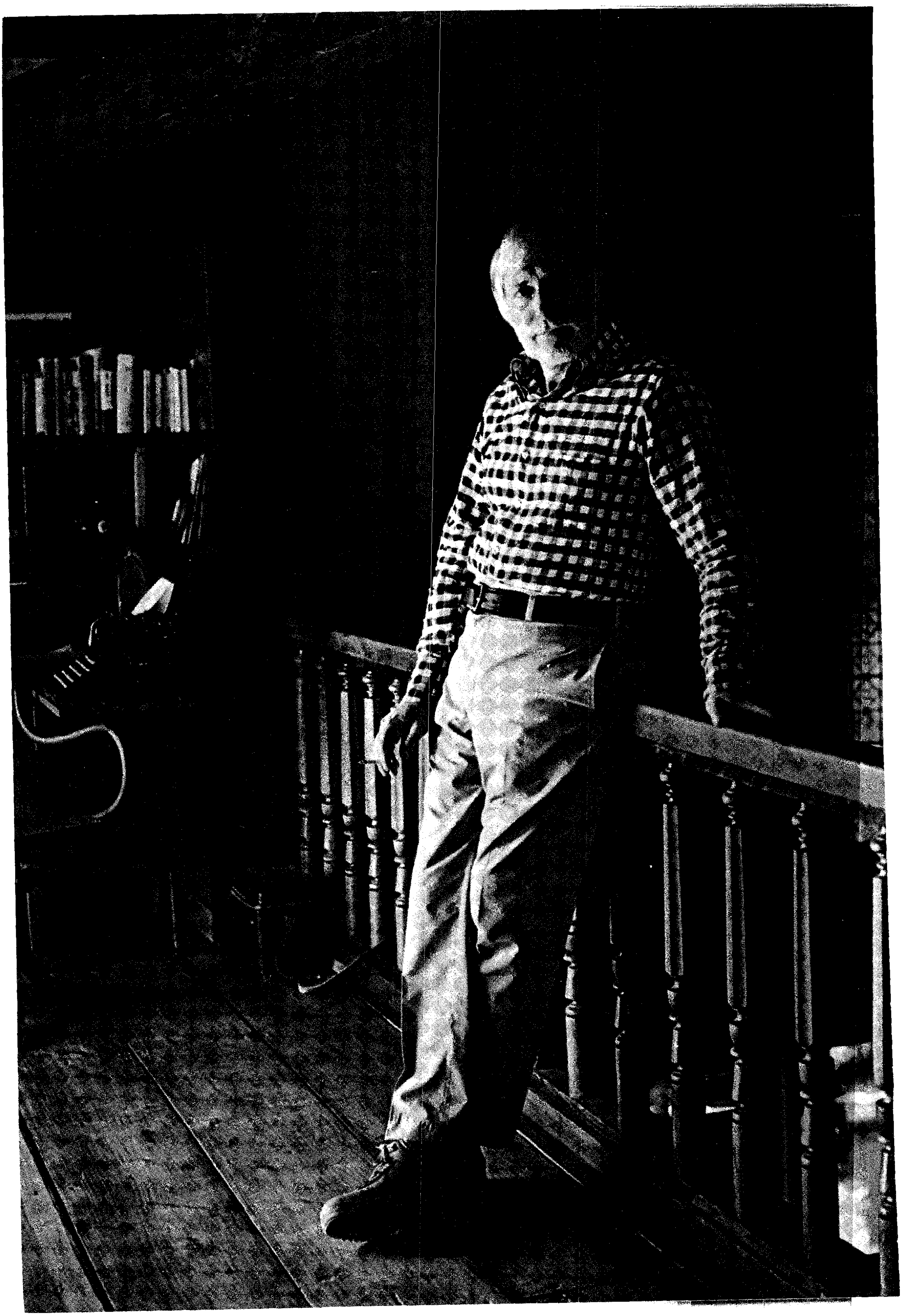

After a hard day's work in Brussels r Rio or Frankfurt, it's nice to come ome to Goodlettsville, Tennessee."

"A phone call from New York can have e on the next plane to Europe or South merica. Sound glamorous? It is. The first zen times. After that it's just another ugh day at the office."

George Mitchell, better known as Mitch", has been in the advertising busi-ss for more than 25 years. Now Mitch goes here the problems are. When there's a crisis ith a multi-national client and a big adver-sing idea is needed, he's usually the one ey send for. He has authored some of the ore notable advertising campaigns in the orld.

"When you've knocked around and ved as many places as Naomi (his wife of) years) and I have, you get a pretty good lea of what living is all about and where you ant to put down your roots. For us, it was the hills of Tennessee. You can travel a t of the world and not find countryside ith the quiet beauty and arm of Tennessee.

"Naturally, when we nnounced the move to ur friends on Madison venue, they thought we ad flipped out. But the ore we enthused about e life style we were after nd the more they hought about those ortheast winters and he New York hassle, e less sure they were. n fact, they became rather curious.

"I guess Nay and I are romantics and e're happy that our daughter Debby and ur son Berry are, too. Deb got married here last year. The groom and best man arrived on horseback and the actual ceremony was on a favorite hilltop on her Grandfather's horse farm.

"Our son, Berry, came down from New York shortly after we did. He's as happy as a clam working in the budding film business here in Nashville.

"Nay and I love to grow things—everything from onions to orchids. So we designed and built our home so that we could do it year 'round. The house, incidentally, was built out of five barns and two log houses that we dismantled and put back together. We needed the space to accommodate all the stuff we picked up living in Europe and Japan. The coffee tables are from . . . 'Excuse me, the phone's ringing.' 'Hello.' 'Hi, Gene. Just fine . . .' 'Next Thursday? Yes, I'm free . . .' 'Dusseldorf? O.K.' 'Who's the client?' "

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Bothering with Byways

GIOVANNI BATTISTA SAMMARTINI, to whom we pay lip service as an influence upon the symphonic form brought to perfection by Haydn and Mozart, is unmentioned in Charles Rosen's "The Classical Style" (Norton)—even in the chapter on that style's origins. That is because Mr. Rosen's concern—to our profit—is with Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, in whose works alone "all the contemporary elements . . . work coherently together." Johann Stamitz, another stepping stone toward them, does rate a passing mention, but only as an example of a composer in whom the old baroque and the new classical elements diffuse the effect of, instead of reinforcing, one another. If Sammartini figures at all in Mr. Rosen's argument it must be as one among "the mass of minor composers, many of them very fine, who understood only imperfectly the direction in which they were going, holding on to habits of the past which no longer made complete sense in the new context, experimenting with ideas they had not quite the power to render coherent." Sammartini is a stepping stone between the baroque and the classical on which many trod. Vivaldi conducted a work of his in Amsterdam in 1738. He taught Gluck. Mozart met him. He may have influenced the early Haydn (although in later life Haydn indignantly denied it). Last Wednesday was the two-hundredth anniversary of his death, and Clarion Concerts marked the occasion with a commemorative program in Alice Tully Hall.

"Martin of Milan" (distinguished thus from his brother Giuseppe Sammartini, who was "Martin of London," and deemed by Hawkins the greatest of all oboists) is undoubtedly an Interesting Historical Figure. Though he stayed put in Milan, he was performed and published in Paris and London and known throughout Europe. In "A Sentimental Journey," Sterne can remark casually "I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan" and expect his readers to follow. The nineteenth century forgot him. Early in the twentieth, a few Italian patriots restaked his claims. But his St. Martin's Summer did not really begin until Bathia Churgin and Newell Jenkins, in the last decade, started to bring his music to light again. Miss Churgin is editing volumes of symphonies for the Harvard University Press. Mr. Jenkins, music director of Clarion, performs and has recorded him. Together they have compiled a Sammartini catalogue (the first volume is due later this year), assigning their "JC" numbers to the authentic compositions.

The Clarion concert raised two questions: How interesting, to us, is the music of this I.H.F.?, and Is it sensible to roam foothills while peaks remain unexplored? (To put the second personally, Why do I spend an evening listening to Sammartini when there are symphonies and string quartets by Haydn I have never heard?) The first question is, on the strength of the concert and of the recital of Sammartini chamber music that Clarion presented in Town Hall the week before, easily answered. Sammartini's music does have the virtues allotted it by Giuseppe Carpani in "Le Haydine" (a copy of which lies open in the Sammartini exhibition in the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center). It has "abundance, fire, and novelty;" it has "certain beautiful eccentricities;" second violins and violas do lead more independent lives than in the scores of his predecessors. It is also true, as Carpani said, that Sammartini lacked harmonic science. He was an adventurer, and the first movement of his G-Minor Symphony, JC 57, proved to be full of surprises—strange harmonic drifts, unpredictable turns, suddenness of a kind we associate with Haydn's piano sonatas. The adventures do not lead anywhere—except, often, to a da capo. The member of the audience who left Town Hall exclaiming that the man couldn't compose—couldn't put things together properly—had a point. Haydn called him *ein Schmierer*, a dauber; Carpani said that, in contrast to the contrapuntal and rational Haydn, he "rashly followed the impulses of his fervid imagination." But the boldness, the "fire and vivacity" (Carpani), the "fire and invention" (Burney) that excited his contemporaries can excite us still, and his melodies can still charm us. There were further astonishments in the outer movements of his late E-Flat String Quintet (three violins, viola, and cello); in its central andantino and in a Notturno for flute there was lyric beauty. Those were the highlights, but none of the eight works done at these two concerts was just musical wallpaper; none settled into commonplace. Something kept happening to engage the attention. Sammartini evidently brings out the best in Mr. Jenkins, and of the G-Minor Symphony he conducted an inspired performance. One small criticism: ears suggested, and tallies of Milanese eighteenth-century orchestras confirm, that his band, founded on a single double bass, was top-heavy.

The second part of the Tully Hall concert was the 1751 Lenten cantata, "The Tears of the Magdalen at the Sepulchre"—arias for Mary Cleophas (soprano), Mary Magdalen (alto), and the Angel (tenor), and a final *coro* using the three voices, all framed in masses of recitative that now and again rises to highly eloquent *accompagnato*. The words are emotional. The first Mary sings "I go between tears and shudders to press a thousand kisses on the beloved but lifeless Body of my Lord," and the second "I pant, I burn, I freeze. Father . . . Husband . . . I seek." But the music is not like that of mid-century opera; it harks back to the jagged Passion figures, the baroque musical symbols of sighs and tears and trembling hearts, and the entwined solo-voice and solo-oboe textures of earlier decades. Then, suddenly, a phrase that starts out like Bach cadences in Mozartian fashion, and Sammartini surprises us again. The cantata does go on, rather. It needed better singing than it had—yet even the best singers might not banish memories of Burney's comment after hearing a Sammartini Mass in Milan in 1770: "It might, however, sometimes be wished that he would ride his *Pegasus* with a curb-bridle; for he seems absolutely to run away with him." Nevertheless, I look forward to hearing more—and more has been promised by Clarion before the bicentennial year has run.

THAT second question—should we say "Bother the byways!" or "Byways can be worth the bother"?—is frequently clarioned by Mr. Jenkins' programs. For example, Niccolò Piccinni and J. M. Kraus figure in his next concerts. Although I own to being an Elephant's Child, there are better reasons than just 'satiable curiosity for wanting to hear an opera by Gluck's rival (Piccinni's "Didon," announced by Clarion, is counted his masterpiece, and held the Paris Opera boards for over half a century) or more music by Gustaf III's *Kapellmästare* (the scraps of Kraus I have heard reveal a distinct and engaging personality). Pierre Boulez once said that only works that rise like peaks above sea level are worth attention, that nice determination of how many fathoms below the surface Verdi or Britten may lie is so much waste of time. This makes him a different kind of conductor from, say, Beecham, who delighted to share with audiences his enthusiasm for small trouvailles of no consequence and much charm. Consistently, when introducing his first Prospective Encounter in the Great Hall of Cooper Union, last Friday, Mr. Boulez brushed aside as of no concern the historical resonances of the place. It meant nothing to him that he was treading where Abraham Lincoln had trod. His loss—and our gain, since his brisk no-nonsense focus on work in hand can reveal things complementary to those discovered by more generously romantic, more comprehensive interpreters sensitive to extra-musical incidentals. For his purposes Mr. Boulez was right. For his *purpose* of defining classical style Mr. Rosen was right to concentrate on those composers who commanded it completely, to find in three exceptions his norm. In his preface Mr. Rosen writes:

> There is a belief, which I do not share, that the greatest artists make their effect only when seen against a background of the mediocrity that surrounded them: in other words, the dramatic qualities of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are due to their violation of the patterns to which the public was conditioned by their contemporaries.

Put that way, particularly in those tendentious "other words," the article of faith is easily demolished. But let us try a less restrictive formulation without the "only." There is a belief, which I share, that the greatest artists make their effects in many different ways and for many different reasons, some intrinsic and observable in isolation, others more readily understood when they are viewed against their backgrounds. Mr. Rosen sets up three standards for judging a work of art: coherence, power, and richness of allusion. The third of them calls for a knowledge of history—and not just musical history. To borrow an example from "The Classical Style" itself: the ringing C-major cries of "Viva la libertà!" that fill the central episode of the first-act finale in "Don Giovanni" can well be interpreted in purely musical terms—"which . . . is not to deny the importance of the extra-musical significance" of such an

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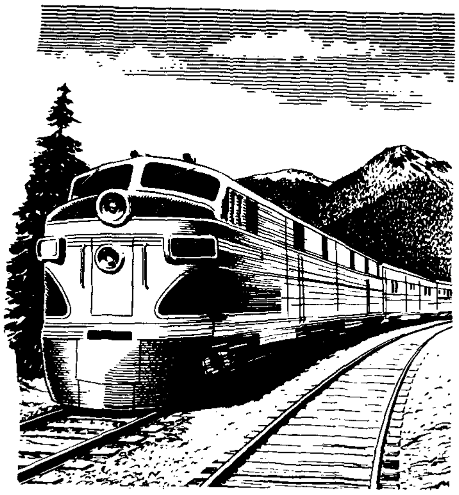

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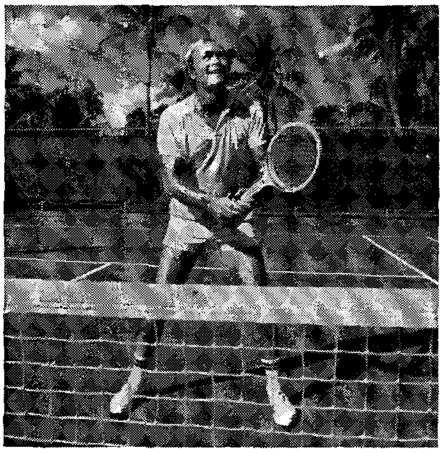

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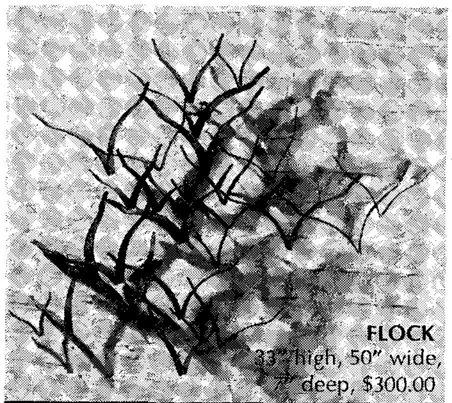

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outburst in the revolutionary atmosphere of 1787.

SO there are several good reasons for exploring byways. A few may prove to be forgotten highways worth reopening. Many of them provide both pleasures in themselves and new routes to, new aspects of, the great monuments; and along the way we often find, in raw state, the materials from which the monuments are built. Paths *from* peaks can also be rewarding—backward glances as if through another's eyes. It is always instructive to hear one composer through another's ears—whether the view is forward, backward, upward, downward, or from one eminence to another. Listening to and studying what men as different as Stravinsky, Bartók, Schoenberg, and Puccini heard in "Pelléas" tells us much both about them and about Debussy's opera. Hearing the aria Wagner wrote for insertion into "Norma" tells us what Bellini sounded like to him. The echoes from the first-act finale of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" in Schubert's Great C-Major Symphony are more than amusing aftertraces of the Rossini fever that broke out in Vienna in 1817 and was rampant by the eighteen-twenties (even Beethoven had a mild attack); Rossini is needed to explain late Schubert. Their names are not often coupled, except in connection with Schubert's two Overtures "in the Italian Style." (But Mr. Rosen links them as reintroducers of a dotted rhythm almost unknown in the latter half of the eighteenth century.) That a change came over Schubert between his early quartets and first six symphonies, and the large-scale compositions of his late years is generally agreed. Mr. Rosen calls it an unexpected return to a more thoroughly classical spirit. Elizabeth Norman McKay has plausibly linked it to Schubert's work in and for the theatre during the early eighteen-twenties. (Her paper appears in the 1966-67 Proceedings of the Royal Musical Association.) The stage forced him "to temper his genius for lyrical expansion," and to work with motifs that could be powerfully and pithily developed. His operas were failures, but he returned to the concert hall master of a new kind of thematic material and new ways of handling it.

Schubert's operas form another kind of byway—unfamiliar paths amid the works of an otherwise known composer. They are trodden from time to time, it is true; the European radio stations mount studio performances, and presumably pirated tapes of those

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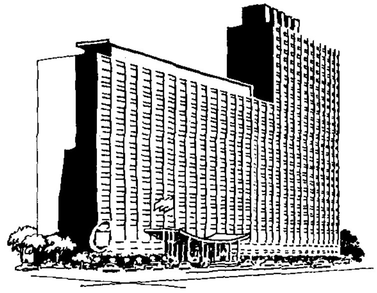

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circulate here. "Alfonso und Estrella" and "Fierrabras" contain marvellous music. They are deemed unstageable because of their silly plots and faulty dramatic timing, but I believe the second of them, at least, might successfully be revived in the theatre. Only one of Schubert's operas, the one-act *Singspiel* "Die Verschworenen," or "The Conspirators," is done with any frequency (nineteen well-spaced performances during the six seasons covered by the Central Opera Service's "Opera Repertory U.S.A. 1966-72"). It was composed in 1823. It was most recently produced by the Bronx Opera Company in the auditorium of the Bronx High School of Science, and then brought to Hunter College for two Manhattan performances. If Tully Hall or the Juilliard Theatre is free for a couple of hours during the impending Schubert Mini-Festival, Mr. Boulez should invite the Bronx troupe to repeat "The Conspirators" there, for Philharmonic audiences. Because this aspect of Schubert is otherwise unrepresented in his programs. Because the score does indeed fill a gap between early and late instrumental pieces that do figure there. Because the metamorphosis of Rossini into pure Schubert can be observed and enjoyed. And because the Bronx performance is deft and delightful.

It was done in simple scenery (by Jim Steere), handsomely costumed (by Dona Granata), lit (by Stephen Ommerle) with blessed steadiness doubly welcome after the jerky, distracting spotlights favored by the big Manhattan companies. Michael Spierman conducted buoyantly, and sensitively molded such things as the woodwind obbligati to Helen's romance. The orchestra required is not small. Schubert planned his piece for the Kärtnertor theater, and the instrumental forces are those of the "Unfinished" and the Great C-Major (but are used all at once only in the conjuration chorus). They were all there, barring only the second trumpet and the second and third trombones, which are needed in one number only. Although the high-school auditorium has no pit, the balance of singers and players was good. Best of all, perhaps, Louis Galterio staged the comedy (a "Lysistrata" shifted to medieval Austria) with style and accomplishment. All things conspired to provide a fresh and exhilarating experience.

"The Conspirators" was done on a double bill with Offenbach's "Ba-Ta-Clan," of 1855, the year of "Les Vêpres Siciliennes." This high-spirited score could provide more texts for reflection upon musical reflections: Offenbach affectionately mocks Meyerbeer, and Verdi, and the performing-practice of great prima donnas. But there is no need to be solemn about it. Enough to say that the Mozart of the Boulevards is a very good composer who deserves to have theses and dissertations written about him. The production, by the same team, had the same merits. Among the talented young casts, Kate Hurney's sparkling heroine, Neil Rosenshein's debonair hero, and George Mirabella's witty master of ceremonies in the Offenbach, and Robert Vega's bright Ben in the Schubert, deserve special mention. Operatic comedy needs a delicate touch. A week before, Bel Canto Opera had been horribly ham-fisted over Donizetti's "Le Convenienze ed Inconvenienze Teatrali." The Bronx style was neat, witty, and much funnier. George Barker's and Humphry Trevelyan's edition of the Schubert and Ian Strasfogel's of the Offenbach were used. —ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

American History

WITH the recording of "Pastimes and Piano Rags," which concerns the work of James Scott and Artie Matthews (Nonesuch H-71299; single disc), the present vogue of ragtime is at last moving away from its exclusive preoccupation with Scott Joplin, who, gifted though he was, was by no means the only rag composer of consequence. (William Bolcom is the pianist.) Scott and Matthews, who were Missourians, appear to have been nearly as accomplished. But then, between 1890 and 1910 there were thousands of ragtime composers all over the United States, some of them fully as ingenious and interesting as Joplin. (In "Jazz: Hot and Hybrid," a book I wrote many years ago, I devoted a chapter to a large number of remarkable rags that might now likewise be revived.) The ragtime era did not really die out completely until the early twenties; Zez Confrey's "Kitten on the Keys" may have been the last example. The technical development of ragtime went far past Joplin in complexity. The Nonesuch disc is not the only new sample of ragtime recordings. There are, as well, "Piano Rags by Scott Joplin, Volumes I and II," for which Joshua Rifkin is the pianist (Nonesuch HB-73026; two discs), and "Magnetic Rag," which involves several compositions by Joplin. George Sponhaltz, who arranged them, conducts the Southland Stingers and Ralph

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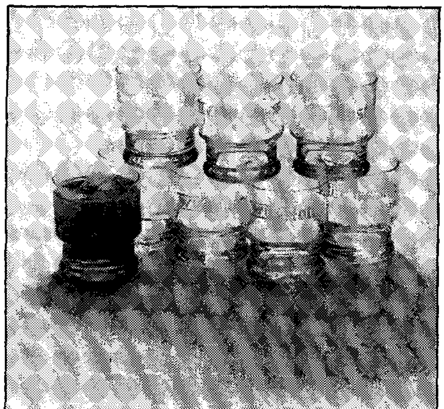

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Grierson, pianist (Angel S-36078; single disc). Rifkin's performances are done *con amore;* I have always found Sponhaltz's arrangements rather on the heavy side, but they are certainly effective.

THE recent centennial of Charles Ives' birth brought forth a number of new recordings of his music. The most important one is the early Symphony No. 2, completed in 1902, and presented by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (R.C.A. ARL 1-0663; single disc). It is a highly professional work (how did that story that Ives was an insurance man first and an amateur composer second ever get started?) and a conservative one, with an idiom not unrelated to Brahms, except for its final chord, in which Ives thumbs his nose at his audience with a smashing dissonance. The chord is the sole blemish on a splendid composition. If Rimsky-Korsakov, that inveterate arranger of other people's music, were around now he would probably amputate it. But doing such things is looked at askance nowadays.

Ives' Symphony No. 4, written between 1910 and 1916, and performed by the London Philharmonic and the John Alldis Choir, José Serebrier conducting (R.C.A. ARL 1-0589; single disc), is another matter. It has been called "the most impressive symphonic work ever written by an American." True, it is an "interesting" work, influenced by some of the decadent musical ideas of its time, and, in fact, prefiguring some others. The orchestration is highly inventive, and the third movement, Fugue, proclaims a composer of major abilities. But a great deal of the work is windy, incoherent, and unnecessarily complex. The performance is rather a tour de force, and Mr. Serebrier, who was assistant to Leopold Stokowski for its première, several years ago, does it full justice.

Then there are the Ives Sonatas for Violin and Piano, recorded by Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Gilbert Kalish, piano (Nonesuch HB-73025; four sides). These reveal the inconsistency of inspiration that besets the Fourth Symphony. The Third Sonata, which is simple and very eloquent, is a small masterpiece, and there are nice passages in the Fourth. But the others leave me cold, and bored. A Largo from his "Pre-First Sonata," which has been appended, is worthwhile and, in part, moving. The Messrs. Zukofsky and Kalish perform superbly. It is to be noted that these sonatas, like the Fourth Symphony, are all later Ives.

THERE is music from European sources, too. Eugen Zádor is one of the most important composers to come out of Hungary since Béla Bartók. (He has for a long time been an American citizen.) His style of composition, which reminds one of Bartók, is nonserial and easy to take, and he is given to elaborate but tightly knit forms and extraordinarily imaginative orchestration. "Studies for Orchestra" and "Quintet for Brass," played, respectively, by the Westphalian Symphony Orchestra, Paul Freeman conducting, and the Modern Brass Quintet of Los Angeles (Orion ORS 7-4140; single disc), are fine examples of his work, and not as well known as they should be. The performances are magnificent.

Moussorgsky's familiar opera "Khovanshchina" has been recorded by the Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre, Boris Khaikin conducting (Melodiya/Angel SRDL-4125; eight sides). Irina Arkhipova, Aleksei Krivchanya, Vladislav Pyavko, Aleksei Maslennikov, Viktor Nechipailo, Aleksander Ognivtsev, and other singers totally unknown over here are the artists. This is not the first recording of the opera, but, enhanced by splendid Russian basses and baritones, it is the best. The Westerner may be forgiven his ignorance of the political and religious contest between Prince Khovansky and the Old Believers, on the one hand, and Peter the Great, on the other. This is the basis of the plot. The music is first-rate Moussorgsky, but this version of the opera was put together by Rimsky-Korsakov. (Another version was put together by Shostakovich.) There are passages of vast tenderness and passages of exotic Slavic musical barbarity, along with Russian folk idioms, much suffering, and—at the end—a bonfire in which the Old Believers burn themselves up. It is a great opera, despite the fact that there is not a single scene that can compare to the death scene of "Boris Godunov."

Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette" is presented by the Vienna Philharmonic, under Lorin Maazel (London FFrr OSA 12102; four sides). Christa Ludwig, Michel Sénéchal, Nicolai Ghiaurov, the Vienna State Opera Chorus, and Les Soloistes des Chœurs de l'O.R.T.F. are the performers. The recording is notable mainly for the marvellous singing of Miss Ludwig, and it is excellent in other respects, too. The work contains some of Berlioz's most beautiful sequences, and some episodes that seem to me uninspired, but then I am not a dedicated Berlioz enthusiast.

The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the Brighton Festival Chorus, the soprano Teresa Kubiak, the contralto Anne Collins, the tenor Robert Tear, the bass Wolfgang Schöne, and the organist John Birch, all under the baton of Rudolf Kempe, have recorded Janáček's Glagolitic Mass (London FFrr OS 26338; single disc). Glagolitic is neither a language nor a reference to a people; it is an alphabet said to have been invented by St. Cyril of Thessalonica in order to write in Old Slavonic, a language that stands in relation to modern Russian, Polish, and Czech much as Latin stands in relation to modern Italian, French, and Spanish. It was reputedly used in Moravia in the ninth century. One can forget the alphabet as far as the Mass is concerned. It is sung in Old Slavonic. It is a fascinating, granitic composition—highly original (like all of Janáček's music), wonderfully orchestrated, and very moving, in its medieval way. The performances of all concerned are to be commended.

Humperdinck's dear old children's opera, "Hansel and Gretel," has been recorded before, but a new production, by the Bavarian Radio Orchestra, Anna Moffo, Helen Donath, Charlotte Berthold, Christa Ludwig, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (R.C.A. ARL 2-0637; four sides), is a superior one, and it presents the composer's enchanting melodies in the proper style. Kurt Eichhorn is the conductor.

Mozart's String Quartets K. 169, 170, 171, and 172 have rarely been recorded. The reason is that they are very early Mozart and slightly immature. But they contain a great deal of beautiful string writing. The Quartetto Italiano presides with all its usual suavity and sensitivity (Philips 6500-644; single disc).

Nearly every living conductor is bent on putting his imprimatur on Richard Strauss's old war-horse "Also Sprach Zarathustra." The latest to try it is Bernard Haitink, in charge of the Concertgebouw Orchestra (Philips 6500-624; single disc). His is a rather leisurely reading, and a fine one indeed.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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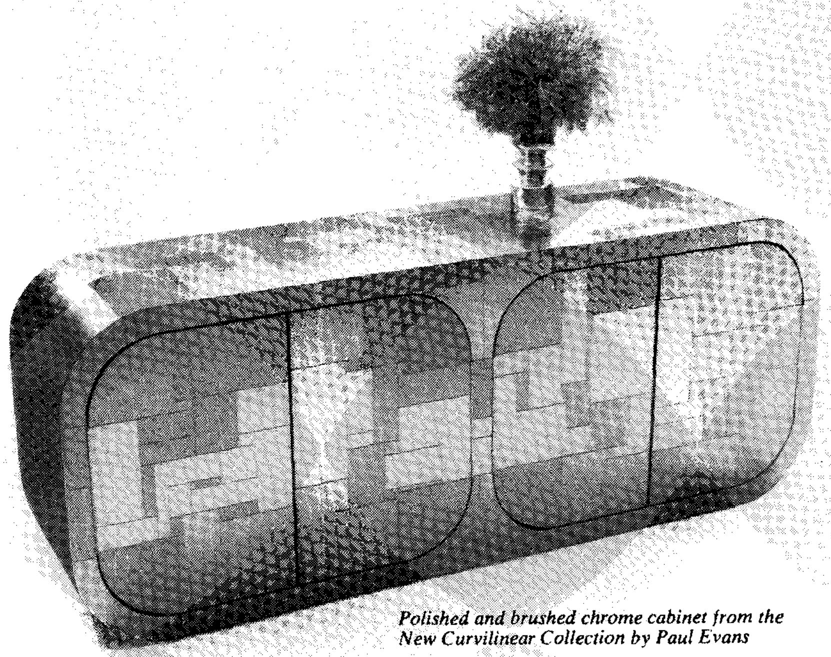

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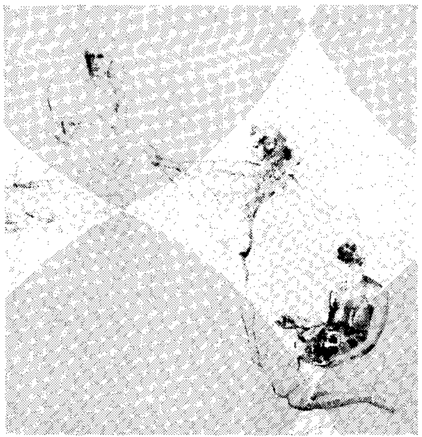

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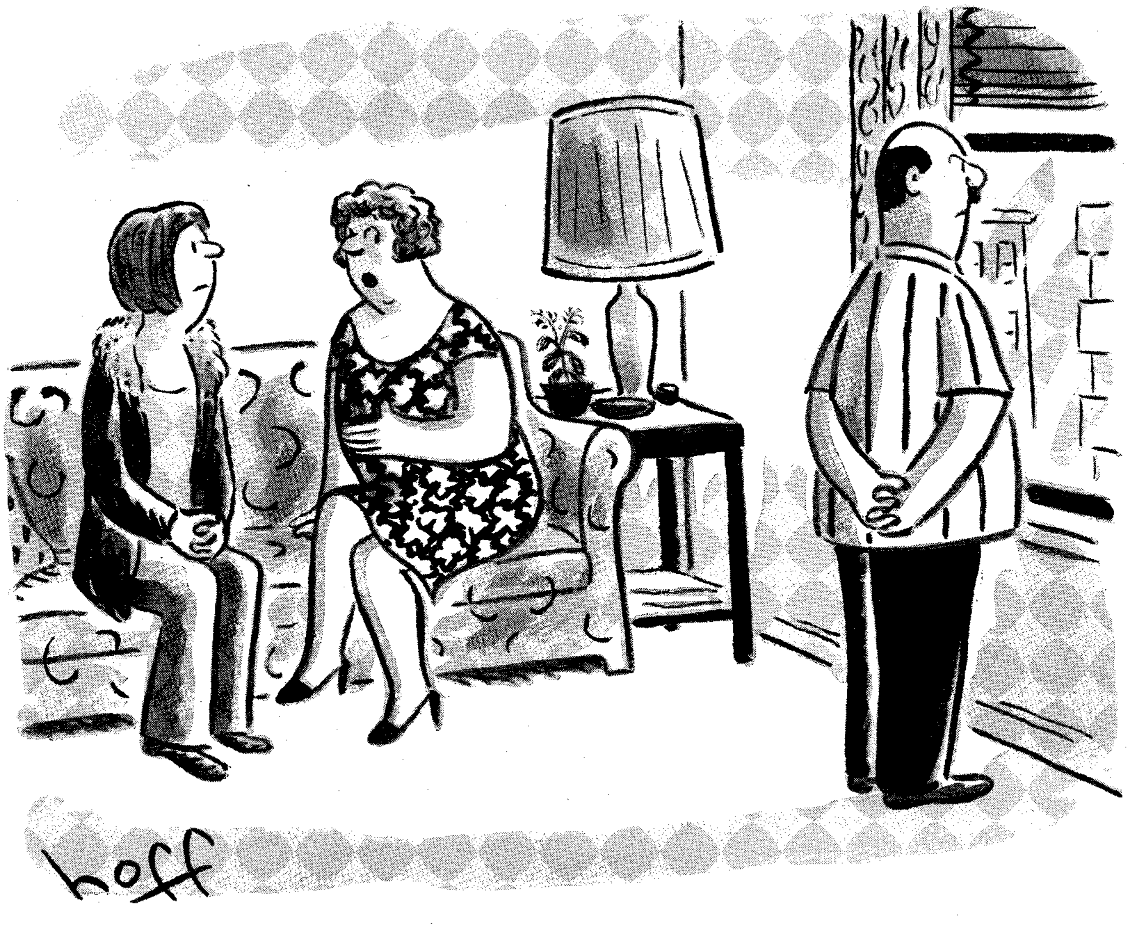
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hardboiled Valentine

SHAW'S "Pygmalion" seems to be foolproof—actor-proof and director-proof, that is, and even adapter-proof. And so, possibly, is Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's "The Front Page." Like "Pygmalion," "The Front Page" is really *built*. The high-potency melodrama and the cynical farce are joined so unerringly that the play comes across no matter what you do to it. Bulging with the embellishments added by the director, Billy Wilder, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, the structure still stands up in the new movie version. However, this new "Front Page," with Walter Matthau as the glib, unscrupulous Walter Burns, the editor who will stop at nothing to prevent his star reporter, Hildy Johnson (Jack Lemmon), from leaving the paper, is a thick-necked, broad-beamed show. Opening with a ragtime tune, it comes riding in on "The Sting." It's enjoyable, but, with about half of the dialogue rewritten for the worse—uglified—it's enjoyable on a very low level. If one didn't know the play, or the previous film versions, one could never guess from the new production that it is based on a classic American play. In box-office terms, this probably represents a triumph for Wilder and Diamond—the movie has no style or distinction to scare people off. But something singular and marvellous has been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. It's quite possible that if the film had been done in a modern equivalent of the play's original style it wouldn't get the laughs it does. (Even so, "M*A*S*H," which was close to a modern equivalent in style, was a big hit.) But it would have been worth Billy Wilder's attempting (though the producer, Paul Monash, and the executive producer, Jennings Lang, may not agree). This way, Wilder's got a box-office success; the other way, he might have come back in glory.

Hecht and MacArthur had intended to write a hardboiled exposé of the tabloid journalism of their youth, but, as Hecht said in his autobiography, "A Child of the Century," "our friendship was founded on a mutual obsession." They went on into other fields, but "we remained newspaper reporters and continued to keep our hats on before the boss, drop ashes on the floor, and disdain all practical people." And so, as they admitted, "The Front Page" turned into a "valentine." But it's a hardboiled valentine: ribald, caustic, prankish—a celebration of a profession that once had its own wisecracking camaraderie. People became reporters because that's what they'd dreamed of being. The rewards certainly weren't financial; Sherman Reilly Duffy, another newspaperman of the period, noted, "Socially a journalist fits in somewhere between a whore and a bartender, but spiritually he stands beside Galileo. He knows the world is round." There are reporters from eight rival Chicago papers in the one-set play; it all takes place in the pressroom of the courthouse on the night before a timid, dazed anarchist is to be hanged for murder. The play lovingly satirizes the addiction to excitement that the newspapermen felt in the era when competitive papers, itching for scoops, tried to outreach each other in sensationalism; the reporters—razzing musketeers—play poker, bait the mayor and the sheriff, and run out after hot leads. Celebrating the lowdown talk of a cynical, male profession, Hecht and MacArthur achieved what American dramatists had long been trying to do: they demonstrated the expressive vitality of plain American speech. The rapid-fire dialogue that rips along can be so faultlessly rhythmed that the words snap into place. And when the phrasing is right "The Front Page" can give audiences the sharp pleasure that one gets from a perfectly orchestrated feat. It can be, and has often been, almost intoxicatingly skillful—a sustained high. That's what the new movie version isn't. It keeps you *up*, all right, but in the way that, say, TV's "Kojak" does—just because there's so much happening all the time. In Wilder's "Front Page," the sound keeps blasting you. The engineer seems to have rammed the microphones into the performers' faces, as if to cover the noise of the slot machines at Vegas. The overlapping, hollering lines, which were funny in the past because they were so precise, are bellowed chaotically now and turned into sheer noise. I don't know whether the movie (which is still mostly set



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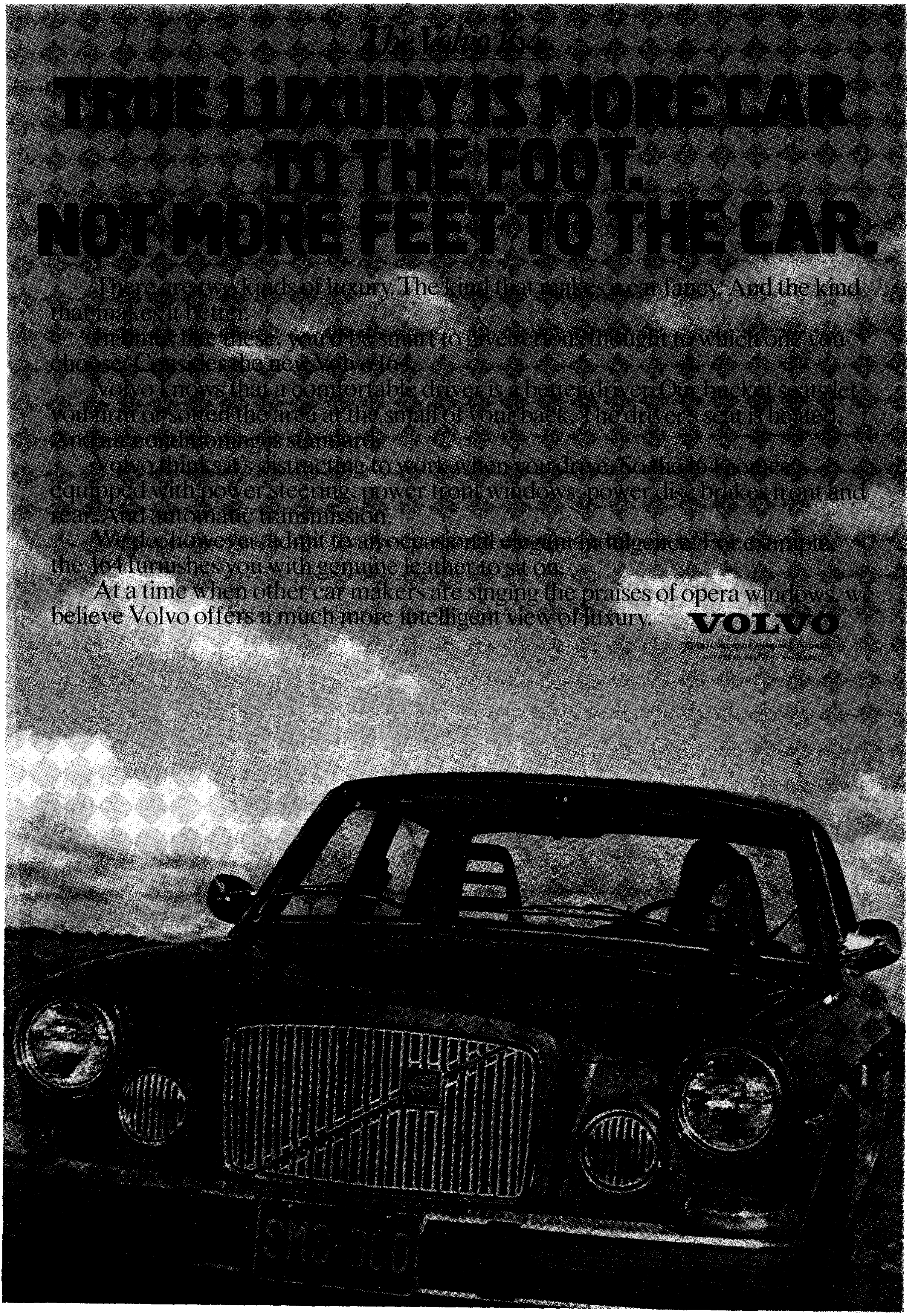

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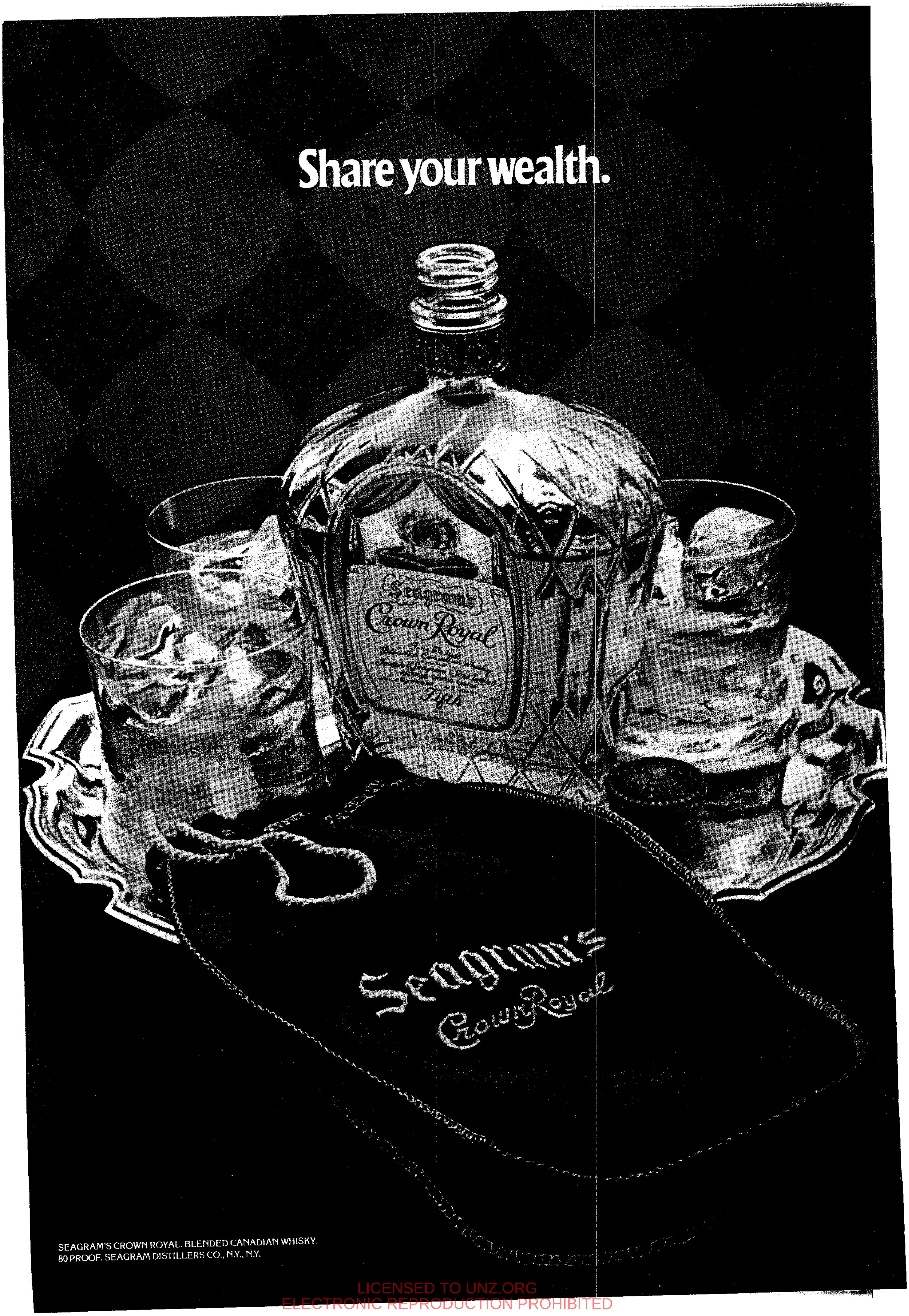
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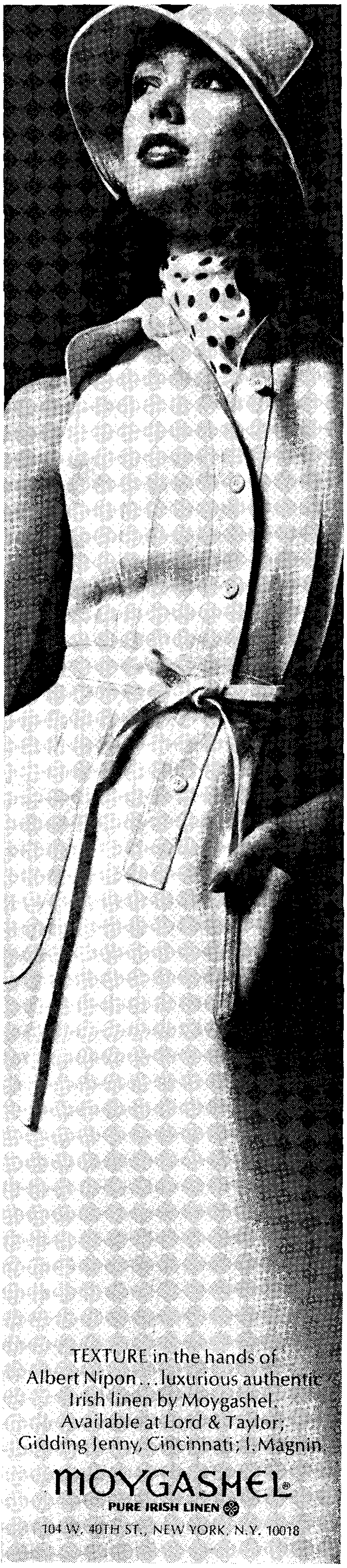
in one room) was actually post-synched, but it has that sour, dead post-synch tone, and with such extreme variations that in order to hear some of the actors at all you have to have Matthau's lines blistering your eardrums. Godard got sensitive live sound in the sixties on minuscule budgets, and Altman proved in "California Split" that audiences would respond to multiple-track "overheard" humor—why this barbaric, hog-callers' track? I won't deny that it works with many in the audience, but I imagine that it will also keep others away. The sound is insulting: it assumes that we're deaf to actors' verbal styles.

Suppose that instead of remaining a journalist a man like H. L. Mencken became a movie director. Would he stop warring with boob taste and try to satisfy it? And after a while would he be as divided as Billy Wilder, sometimes complaining that the public won't accept finesse anymore, and at other times deriding those who attempt it? Billy Wilder is a smart, sharp-toothed, sixty-eight-year-old venomous wit; he's too smart and too old not to know what he's doing here. He's debauching the Hecht-and-MacArthur play, exploiting a beautiful apparatus to produce a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. There are additions, such as having Walter Burns go to see Hildy's fiancée (Susan Sarandon), that are totally out of character: Burns wouldn't go to see the woman; she was no more than an obstacle to be brushed aside. And every once in a while Wilder slips into attitudes that pass beyond tough-guy cynicism into cretinous misanthropy. In one scene, the other reporters start pummelling Hildy, as if to beat him to death, and in the scene in which the streetwalker Mollie Malloy (Carol Burnett), whom the reporters have been jeering at, leaps out the press-room window, the reporters' exclamations, which in the original express stupefied guilt mixed with the recognition that she's provided them with a story, have been altered to such unfeeling dumb cracks that the spirit of the play is violated. One can't deny Wilder his right to make a happy, high-spirited play more acrid, but this is Three Stooges acrid. Most of the performers seem badly in need of a director; you feel they've been told to shout, and not much else.

Walter Burns, the egomaniac who doesn't care about anything in the world but his newspaper, would seem to be a perfect Wilder hero—the Satan of the double-cross, the funny mean guy. And Burns, who knows that Hildy secretly wants to be saved from the boring respectability of marriage and a job in advertising, is an ideal role for Walter Matthau. It should be a cinch for him. One of the best hyperbolic comedians in movies since W. C. Fields, Matthau has the witty body of a caricaturist, and as Burns he should be able to uncoil to his full height and use the aplomb he's been storing up. Here's his opportunity to be suavely funny, and to develop in us the awe in which Walter Burns is held by newspapermen; Burns' maniacal spirit should itself be awe-inspiring. One would think that Matthau was already prepared for the role and that practically all he needed to do was to watch out for his squashed face, which can look waggish even when it isn't meant to, and be careful not to be droll and not to be facetious. He should be perfectly self-possessed for this character, who is a cartoon and yet mythic. How many great roles are there for Matthau? Walter Burns, maybe Saul Bellow's Tamkin—not very many. Yet, with this chance to play a really classy American character, he plays it like a rerun of other Matthau parts, with growling distortions. He mugs along cheerily, booming out the expletives and gags and jokes about flashers that Wilder and Diamond have contributed. What's funny about Walter Burns is his dapper confidence, his mad nonchalance. Matthau isn't the legendary *Herald Examiner* editor the play is written around; he's more like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau doesn't even use his body for its line, for its design factor. He was infinitely better as Whiplash Willie, in the only performance that made Wilder's "The Fortune Cookie" worth sitting through. Is it possible that he's one of those performers who look great in crap and can't rise to real occasions? Or is it that he has got too lazy to work out a role the way he used to?

Matthau, however, still gets his laughs; Jack Lemmon doesn't. He's about fifteen years too paunchy for the role of Hildy, but maybe he could get by if he didn't look so logy and heartsick. Maybe he's played the tenderhearted fall guy so often that by now he takes one look at Matthau's dirty grin and figures that once again he's stuck playing the guy who doesn't have it and can't make it—the guy who lets himself be used. But that's not what Hildy Johnson is meant to be: Hildy isn't a schnooky victim—he's the top reporter in Chicago, he's cock of the walk. Anyone who saw the



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newspaper movies of the thirties knows the style in which Hildy Johnson is meant to be played. Lee Tracy, who created the part, never got to play it on the screen, but he brought Hildy to his performances in dozens of movies ("Blessed Event," "Dinner at Eight," "Bombshell"), and just about everyone else who played a newspaperman learned from Tracy's strutting style. Tracy could point up a line with a jabbing forefinger or a jiggle of the thumb, and you knew the raffish, cocksure pride that a reporter took in being a reporter. Hildy is conceived as an ace word-slinger who has a sense of showmanship about his profession. When he rants at Burns on the phone, he's proud of his invective, he gets a swingy rhythm to his insults; he's a virtuoso playing the violin—spiccato—when he tells off his boss. Lemmon's Hildy Johnson isn't big-time; Lemmon has been playing the patsy so long that even his most manic lines droop. There used to be a breezy, euphoric craziness in him; he had it when he played the drums in "Bell, Book and Candle," and he certainly had it in Wilder's "Some Like It Hot." Maybe it's not good for an actor to play so many defeatist roles; Lemmon carries them with him and plays Hildy Johnson like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling.

A great many fine performers are poorly used (like Carol Burnett) or not quite brought out (like Herbert Edelman and Doro Merande). And a little of Vincent Gardenia goes too far with me. (He looks strikingly like Mayor Daley here, but he plays the sheriff.) But if one needs a reason to see the movie, there is one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton's, as the nut-loner, the condemned man, Earl Williams. In this production, Earl is a fuddled court jester out of Woody Allen. Sniffling from a cold, speaking softly but hurriedly, the words tumbling together in a touching slight stammer, he has his own madman's sweetness and dignity. Pendleton provides the only touch of innocence in this loud production; he provides a luminous bit of nonsense—almost a pastoral touch. He's like a rabbit paralyzed by the noise of the locomotive coming at it. I wonder how Wilder let even this much innocence get through.

—PAULINE KAEL

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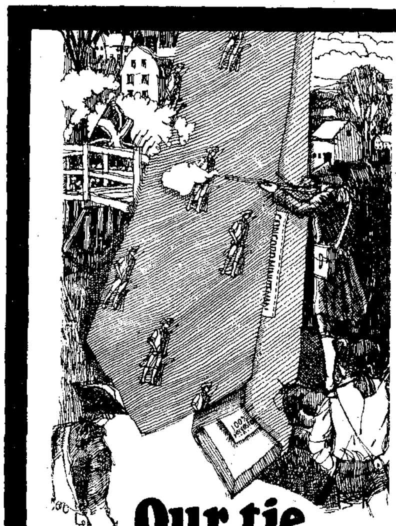

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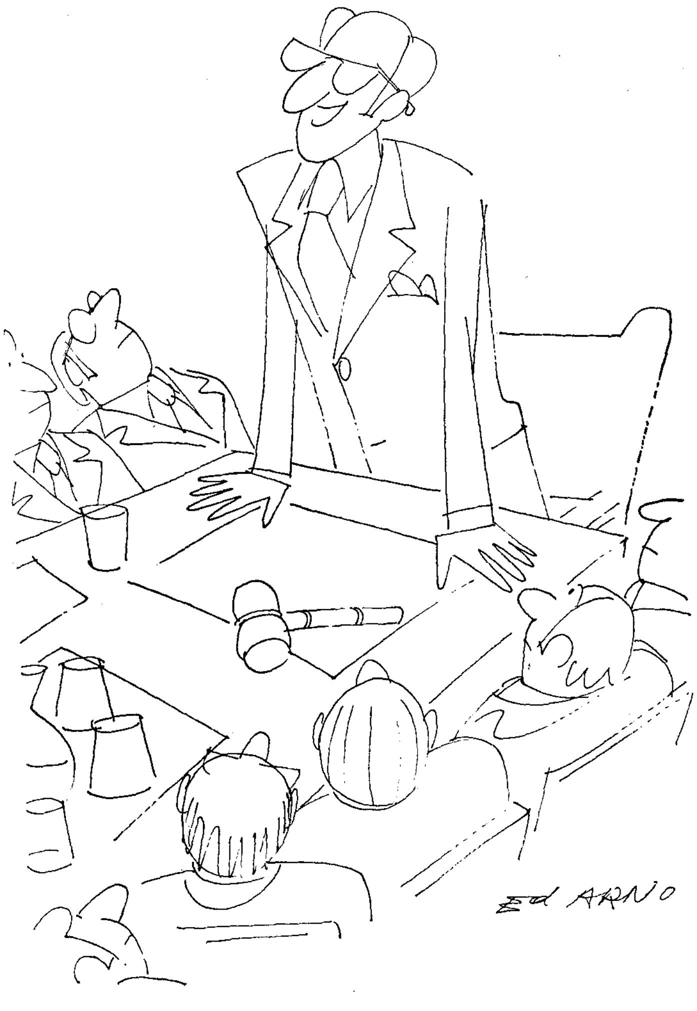
The Outsider

WRITTEN off in his lifetime and for forty years afterward as an amateur, dilettante, and fussing anecdotalist of small historical items, and remembered as a sometimes coarse and provoking wit in the Paris salons, Stendhal travelled late into fame. Mérimée and Balzac—the latter also despised—said that "La Chartreuse de Parme" was a great novel, perhaps the most important French novel of their time. Stendhal's originality was discomforting. He was half eighteenth-century man of the world and half a Romantic who rejected the bourgeois satisfactions: half Count Mosca, half Fabrice. He was also a changeable egotist and an enraptured solitary; he had the aplomb to say that he would not be understood until the eighteen-eighties. The prophecy was correct. He was also a Machiavellian, but one for whom, Zola said, "man was composed of soul alone. . . . One always feels him there, coldly attentive to the working of his machine. Each of the characters he creates is a psychologist's experiment which he ventures to try on man."

By the beginning of this century, Henri Beyle, the figure hidden behind more than two hundred pseudonyms, had become a cosmopolitan cult, and since then the Stendhal-Beyliste documentation has become enormous. Every inch of his restless career in Grenoble, Paris, Italy, and Germany, in Russia with Napoleon's armies, and in England, too, has been accounted for, every strut of his parlous love affairs and intrigues—some important to his life—has been set down. He was compulsively a man of secrecies and disguises, and the disguise called Stendhal is now seen as the precursor of Romanticism, the father of the modern psychological novel, an early exemplar of Existentialism, a prophet of the *nouveau roman*, or novel without a center, and, in Julien Sorel, the creator of the outsider and anti-hero. Miss Joanna Richardson, whose brisk yet careful "Stendhal" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) is the first serious biography of the man to be done in English for thirty years, joins those who regard him as "modern man." Stendhal is something else, too—almost a monastic atheist—but he certainly foreshadows the large population of outsiders and disaffecteds who have been formed by the wars, revolutions, police states, and social crises that have revived something of the climate of the Napoleonic period and the years of ambiguity that followed. Stendhal's response is mixed and personal. Miss Richardson says that he was "a provincial born outside the Establishment, enjoying none of the privileges of birth, wealth, or education. His sense of inequality and grievance led him, bitterly, to make himself amends. He despised authority, he professed to scorn nobility, and yet—like Julien Sorel—he wanted to conquer them. He ridiculed the dignitaries in the Tuileries, and yet, with monotonous persistence, he tried to ensure himself a barony. He professed to despise ambition but all his life he was conscious of status."

The social type, right down to the self-mistrust, is recognizable, but we have to turn to the novels—and to "Lucien Leuwen" rather than "Le Rouge et le Noir"—for what Stendhal called "the exact chemistry" of such a predicament. His aim was to reinvent himself as "a superior man," and he sought a style: the highest life is known in exquisite moments of revelation, and lies beyond politics or even personal relationships, but the revelation can be scientifically sought through introspection—at the height of passionate love, in the reveries of memory and contemplation. Back to Zola: Stendhal's heroes are souls, but souls outside bourgeois morality, souls as some Elizabethan dramatist might have seen them.

Stendhal's novels are Beyle-orchestrated. Miss Richardson has her views on them, and she collects the utterances of a long line of critics, but the life is her chief concern. Here she is in competition with Stendhal's habit of being a perpetual autobiographer, not only in the novels but in his letters, the exhaustive Journal of his life as a young man, and books like "Souvenirs d'Égotisme" and "La Vie de Henri Brulard." Stendhal was enclosed in himself. He saw himself as a conspiracy. He was given to minute research into the moral history of his attitudes, so the biographer is left chiefly with the problem of deciding where, if ever, the candor ceased to be fantasy or petulance, where calculation in love was coxcombry, and where they were signs of a fatally split nature. There is no doubt that his celebrated hatred of his father and his sensual passion for his mother, who died when he was seven, reiterated the old Oedipus story, but it was political as well. Stendhal despised his father for being a bourgeois lawyer and a supporter of the Bourbons; very early the boy convinced himself that he was a putative aristocrat and yet at the same time a child of the French Revolution. He also despised his father for being a shrewd Dauphinois and a speculator



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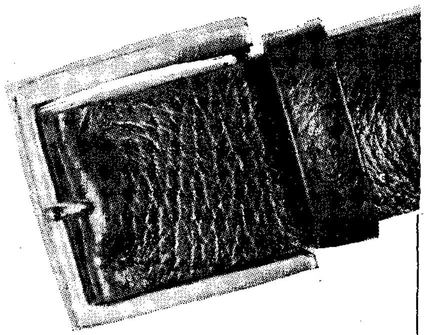

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in property, despised him even more for being unsuccessful in this, and resented the loss of a good deal of his inheritance. Stendhal was even jealous of his widowed father's grief, and went on to imagine that on the mother's side the family were of Italian origin and that they combined passionate Italian traits with the pride he oddly loved to call *espagnolisme*. Here, rather than in social snobbery, was the root of his aristocratic idea: he felt he belonged to the élite of another age and another country. Yet his truculence covered deep timidity. His temperament was lazy, but he read and worked like a diligent bourgeois. Only those who work, he said, were equipped for the true end of living—the study of the arts and the pursuit of pleasure.

For one who thought himself born into the wrong class, Stendhal was lucky in "the bastard," "the Jesuit" (his father) who gave him a decent allowance and sent him to Paris to study. He was lucky also in family friends—the Darus, who took the conceited youth into their house. He refused to go to the École Polytechnique, and they got him a job in the Ministry of War. Stendhal thrived on influence. In a few months, at the age of seventeen, he was commissioned an officer in Napoleon's reserve army in Italy. Italy transformed him. Freedom was Italy, hearing music for the first time—"the Scala formed me"—and looking for passionate love, dodging his duties. Italy intoxicated him; a lifelong dislike of France—indeed, the pretense that he was not really French—began. He fell in love with Angela Pietragrua, a married woman—older than himself—whom he was too timid to approach; she fulfilled his need for the remote goddess. There were untouched remote goddesses to follow; there was also syphilis, caught in the brothels of Milan, which affected his health for the rest of his life. The only woman he was really devoted to for many years was one of his sisters, and in his letters to her a tutorial figure appears and one begins to see that he is constructing his own system of self-education and behavior. The outsider is studying and acting out a role, creating a self from scratch; it is defiant, touching, and a good deal absurd. In his love affairs—he was determined on seduction—the tactics, the search for a style, the analysis of his amorous campaigns have the fidgetiness of artificial comedy; he spent half his youth putting obstacles in his own way, as Miss Richardson says. In the pursuit of these passions, he believed in the *coup de foudre:* when it occurred, he was paralyzed and in tears; if he was encouraged, he fell into long storms of melancholy; if he was victorious, boredom arrived sooner or later, generally sooner. The perpetual cry of this energetic man, whether he is with Napoleon's army in Germany or Russia, whether he is back in Italy, is that he is bored to death. He is one of those who exhaust an experience before the experience occurs: it is the Romantic malady. It is also a result of Romantic freedom, and it becomes a pose that is second nature. But if he did not succeed in creating an impenetrable new self and in becoming the superior man of sensibility, he had fitted himself to become a master of comedy in which scornful epigram and abrupt observation go off like rifle shots and leave the dry smell of gunpowder. Each sentence of his plain prose is a separate shock.

The later Romantics were too young for the Napoleonic glory, but in his harsh, sardonic way Stendhal had known it on the battlefield, though not as a fighting officer. From Smolensk he wrote in 1812, when he was twenty-nine:

> How man changes! My former thirst for seeing things is completely quenched, after seeing Milan and Italy, everything repels me by its coarseness. . . . In this ocean of barbarity, there isn't a single sound that replies to my soul.

He was thinking of the music of Cimarosa and his love for Angela Pietragrua. When he watched Moscow burning, he had a toothache and read a few lines of "Virginie," which revived him morally. He had taken the manuscript of his unfinished "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie" with him, read Mme. du Deffand, pillaged a volume of Voltaire, whom he detested, and tried to think of the "score of comedies" he would write "between the ages of thirty-four and fifty-four" if only his father would die and leave him some money. He shows off to his correspondents, and rescues an early mistress who had married a Russian (she is very "chilly"), but when the great fire starts he seems to keep his head and to display sang-froid—or so people reported. He was unconsciously collecting the material for the superb Waterloo chapter in "La Chartreuse de Parme," and one catches its accent. (He was not at Waterloo.) Of the beginning of the retreat he wrote in his diary, as one seeing the scene *staged* for his benefit:

> We broke through the lines, arguing with some of the King of Naples' carters. I later noticed that we were following the Tverskoï, or Tver Street. We left the city, illuminated by the finest fire in the world, which formed an immense pyramid which, like the prayers of the faithful, had its base on earth and its apex in heaven. [Very much like Stendhal's own nature.] The moon appeared above this atmosphere of flame and smoke. It was an imposing sight, but it would have been necessary to be alone or else surrounded by intelligent people in order to enjoy it. What has spoiled the Russian campaign for me is to have taken part in it with people who would have belittled the Colosseum or the Bay of Naples.

An aesthete's comment? Not entirely. It is an introspection we shall see transmuted when we find him examining the illusion of Napoleonic glory. At every stage the Stendhalian hero is a psychologist studying a militant self as it changes.

History dished this outsider. He was the victim, he said, of the mediocrity that characterizes an age of transition. His hopes of a high reward for his services in Napoleon's army—a barony, a sinecure in a grand embassy—were not fulfilled. He was made a consul in Trieste, but the Austrians rejected him, on the suspicion that he was a French spy. He had to settle for the minor post of consul in the dreary port of Civitavecchia. There he managed to follow his old practice of being at his post as little as possible, though his truancies were held in check by changes of government in Paris. He was very poor. It was noted that as a writer on painting and music he was superficial, but in his comments on travel in Italy his dry intelligence caught the eye. Yet he was inclined toward plagiarism.

Stendhal despised what he called *amour-goût* and was carried away by the fever (and the delicacy) of *amour-passion*, the feeling that evokes what Miss Richardson calls "the deepest energies of his soul. . . . He talked of love like a musician. . . . Beyle understood the poetry of the inaccessible." He was a "hearty physical lover," though liable to fiasco: what interested the author of "De l'Amour," which he wrote when he was thirty-seven, after the most painful love affair of his life, was "inner tension and desire;" i.e., Italian love. The book annoyed the French, who laughed at "hours of pleasure which hold the senses only by memories," at his tender yet mathematical analysis of his experiences, and at sentences like "The greatest happiness that love can

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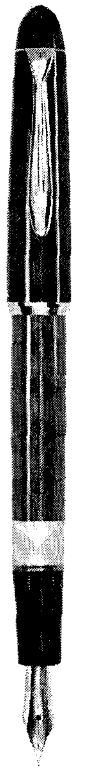

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give is the first time that the woman you love clasps your hand.” Passion awakened Stendhal’s imagination. Miss Richardson gives a succinct account of the famous love affairs and makes the interesting feminist point that Stendhal observed women closely but did not examine woman’s role because society had made it defensive or passive. At the end of his life, he did try to create a female Julien Sorel in “Lamiel.” It reads like a sketch for an operetta and is too playfully didactic. The character lacks Julien Sorel’s ruthlessness.

In 1829, a year before Louis Philippe ousted the Bourbons, Stendhal began “Le Rouge et le Noir.” He was forty-six. He had certainly lived before he became a novelist, yet in the required sense he was not a novelist born. The case against him, which Miss Richardson echoes, is that he was perversely fascinated by detail, lacked inventive power and the ability to create situation. (I think this last is untrue.) There is no dynamism or visual sense of the Balzacian kind. His ambition to be a playwright, which is set out in detail in his early Journal, failed, for this reason: in theatre, he constructed arid, moral types, which did not move. His mind was in the theatre of the eighteenth century. Yet, after all, Stendhal *did* create real novels—novels that were quite unlike what was expected; as other great writers had done, he capitalized on his defects by finding a way round them. If he could not invent, he could make given material luminous; a delicate sunlight, an animal health pervade his researches and his memories. If he was shut up in his autobiography, he could transmute it. His people speak out, like actors addressing the audience in a dramatic narrative of asides from their inner lives as they change from hour to hour. They are moving into a future, and he easily lengthens or foreshortens time as he pleases. Because of his love of the operas he had seen in Milan, he introduced the preposterous with the suddenness of an orchestral clash or a singer’s aria. The influence of music is always there. As for the “unbelievable” scenes, he did not have to invent them: newspapers and archives provided them. Julien Sorel is autobiography in the sense of being a possible ossature; but the violent end comes from a real murder case. (A good-looking young worker, not uneducated, had shot his mistress dead and then had tried to kill himself.) Mathilde is perhaps drawn from Giulia Rinieri, a willful and turbulent young woman who had thrown herself at Stendhal when he began the book. Mme. de Rênal is a reverie based on Métilde, the coquette who had devastated him in Milan but is now changed by an artist’s compensation for failure into a figure of gentleness. Miss Richardson writes, “She shows how faithfully he could portray the virtues he himself did not possess.” Julien is the young Stendhal saying to himself, “Did I fail in anything which I owed to myself? Have I played my part well?” That sentence contains the clue to his modern note. Like Stendhal himself, his novels are staged: that is the lasting reward of his failure in the theatre. Failure has prompted the new mutation. He wrote, “Always work for the twentieth century.”

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE UNDERSTUDY, by Elia Kazan (Stein & Day). There is just enough excitement in this show-biz cops-and-robbers adventure blockbuster to tease you on to the end, but not enough to enable you to overlook its slickness, its sentimentality, and its made-for-the-movies underpinnings. The narrator is a popular but not particularly brilliant Broadway actor, who is struggling with a bad marriage to a law-and-order hysteric, with a self-image that grows more unflattering every day, and with an exasperating old family friend, a once famous star of the Yiddish and legitimate theatres who helped him get his start but is now on the skids. The younger man was once the older man’s understudy, but for years the roles have been reversed, and a sort of Sinbad-and-the-old-man relationship has developed, much to the order-loving wife’s consternation. Despite the thick slatherings of schmalz, the bond between the guilt-burdened narrator and the hammy old Yiddish star is an interesting one, revealing a lot about the way theatre people work and think. However, their story is constantly being shouldered aside to make room for duller episodes. Nearly a third of the book, for example, is taken up with the narrator’s Abercrombie & Fitch trip to the African bush, and what it is supposed to reveal is not quite clear, unless it is that the author seems to know a great deal about Thomson’s gazelles and buffalo and lions.

COBRA, by Severo Sarduy, translated from the Spanish by Suzanne Jill Levine (Dutton). Now a transvestite revue, now an orgy, now a nightmare, now a painting of parrotlike brilliance, now a voodoo ceremony, now a medical operation, now a subway trip, now an excursion with a motorcycle gang, now a sequence of homosexual lyrics, now rude, now superb, now punning and playful, now a satire of jet-age mystics, now a blank page, now an orgy, now a nightmare, now an evocation of Oriental wonders—this constantly shifting novel glorifies the principle of metamorphosis. It would be futile to try to make full sense of the figments that appear and reappear on the pages, with names like Cobra, Pup, Tundra, and Totem, and it would be impossible for one reader, at least, to pretend that he has grasped all of Sarduy's celebrated humor. (The book won the Prix Médicis in France.) The facetiousness is harsh, and much of the wordplay is untranslatable. Such order as the book possesses is largely that of self-parody. What is impressive is the rich vocabulary, the freewheeling imagination, and the utter cockiness. When, in a footnote, the author addresses us as "moronic reader," he has a certain charm.

GENERAL

THE EVENING COLONNADE, by Cyril Connolly (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Nearly a hundred short pieces—book reviews, literary appreciations, travel essays—that Mr. Connolly, shortly before his death last November, gathered together from his contributions over the past ten years or so to (for the most part) the *Sunday Times* of London. The travel pieces (visits to South Africa, Uganda, Kenya, Tanzania, Senegal) are the least interesting, being both too short and too general, but even they are quickened by the author's elegantly cranky posturing: "A very depressing beginning to a fiasco." Mr. Connolly is, as always, more comfortable with books, and most of the writers under scrutiny here are those with whom he has always felt most comfortable: Pope, Voltaire, Proust, Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Orwell, James. But, as always, his reviews, or appreciations, are something more (or less) than ordinary criticism. Any book under discussion has always been to him merely an inducement to reverie or recollection or reflection, and here in these last writings, as much as in his first, he has the wonderful capacity for en-

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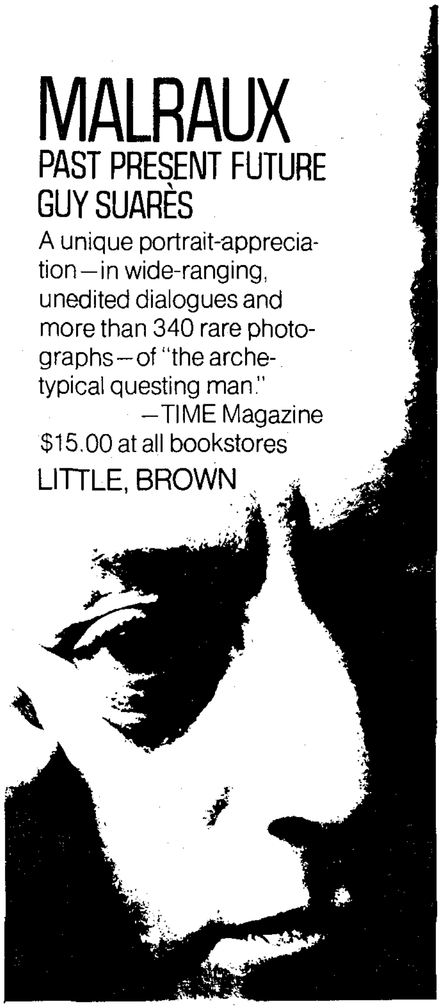

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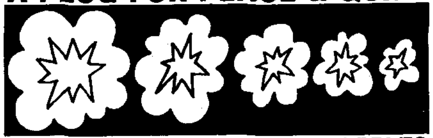

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thusiasm, for exciting in us his own unflagging joy in the presence of genius.

THE BANKERS, by Martin Mayer (Weybright & Talley). This big, informative book does several jobs. For one, it offers an introductory course in modern finance and American economic history for readers who evaded the dismal science in their school days. For another, it tells the career stories of a fistful of living bankers, and thereby illustrates the diversity of banking in the United States today. And, for yet another, it attempts to assess recent and foreseeable developments in the American banking system and their effects on our economy. Charming and hardworking though Mayer finds most bankers, he nonetheless believes that the system they run—the American money market—has been, and is, contributing to inflation. He thinks that bankers have overexpanded short-term credit and have helped speed the velocity of money—they made an already fast buck go faster. They have ignored the harmful effects of high interest rates on many businesses (and individuals), as well as the things that go wrong with a country in which savings are not available to finance long-term investments, such as mortgages. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GEORGE GROSZ, by Hans Hess (Macmillan). Hans Hess's commentary, with its steady diet of trite schnitzels ("Grosz felt pursued by a demon: the demon was Grosz himself") and marzipan philosophizing ("Half-digested knowledge with ill-assorted urges makes something like a private hell of a schoolboy's weird and dirty mind"), is virtually impossible to slog through, but admirers of the great German social satirist will almost certainly be pleased by the beautifully reproduced and elegantly laid-out selection of his works. All is arranged chronologically, from Grosz's earliest days in the provincial town of Stolp, where his widowed mother was housekeeper for an élite officers' regiment, to his last, unhappy, and uninspired ones in America and Germany. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

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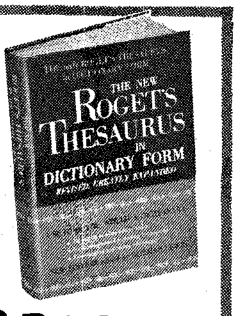

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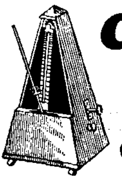

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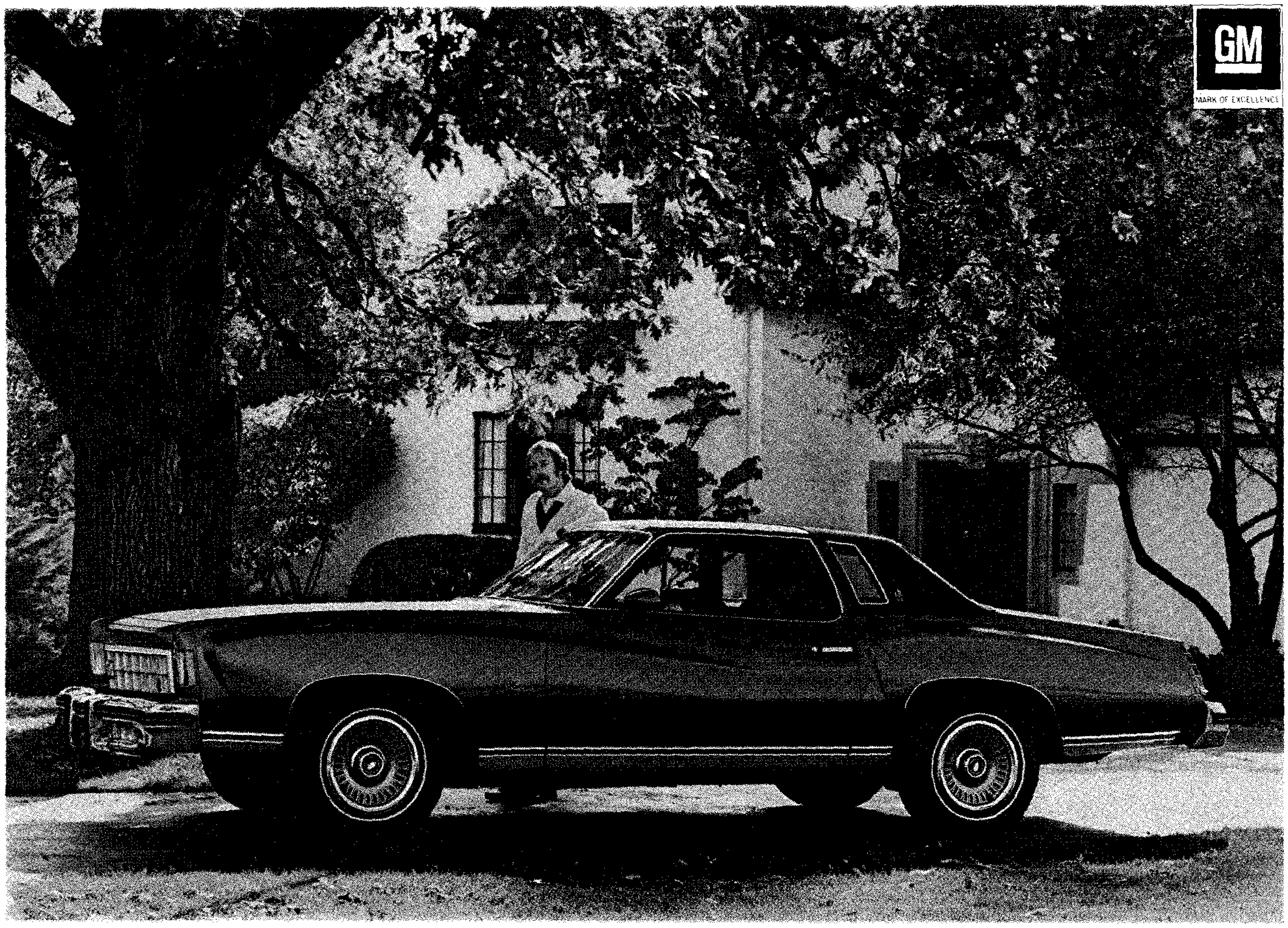

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